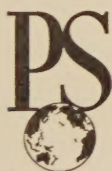


THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

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THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR *takes pleasure in announcing that the following colleges have recently been added to the number of the quarterly's supporting institutions:*

CHICO STATE COLLEGE

Chico, California

GEORGE PEPPERDINE COLLEGE

Los Angeles, California

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Saint Mary's College, California

To satisfy our own curiosity, we computed the other day the number of teachers and students on the faculties and in the student bodies of our twenty-seven supporting groups. The computation showed 131,183 students and 7,482 teachers—this according to tabulations provided by the last World Almanac. We do not flatter ourselves that all of the 131,183 students, or even all of the 7,482 teachers, read the quarterly for which they are partly responsible, but we do congratulate ourselves that a good many of the 7,482 write for it, and write authoritatively—five in the present issue.

John W. Dodds

THE ANIMATED FILM:

by James Algar

LAST SPRING IT WAS ANNOUNCED in magazine articles and press releases that Mickey Mouse had come of age. The world-famous little fellow, so the publicity said, was twenty-one years old. Mickey had grown up at last. His public took this news more or less in stride. Since Mickey was neither man nor mouse but a piece of American folklore, he seemed entitled to a certain amount of whimsy. If having birthdays and arriving at a man-made maturity was part of the game of make-believe, then so be it; the public, which had long ago accommodated itself to Mickey's vagaries, could pretend too.

Most movie-goers, of course, feel Mickey is ageless—no more grown-up than he was when he appeared in the first sound cartoon, playing a xylophone solo on a cow's teeth. That was back in 1928, however, which in terms of movies is a long time ago—twenty-one full years. So, on the face of it, the publicity men must be granted their point: chronologically at least, Mickey is a ripe old twenty-one.

Paralleling those twenty-one years, there is another story, less publicized perhaps, yet a story with a significance just beginning to be recognized outside the realm of films. In the time it took Mickey to reach voting age, there was growing up with him, in a very literal sense, the technique that had produced him. The animated cartoon itself has also come of age.

As a medium of expression, the animated film is a thing of our generation; the refinements in its technique have been made since Mickey was first teamed up with a sound track in *Steamboat Willie*. Of course there had been a period of pioneering, one going all the way back to Winsor McCay's animated dinosaur of 1909; and the intervening years had produced Felix the Cat, the *Aesop's Fables* cartoons, the Out of the Ink Well series, and several others. But the really great forward strides in the medium came with the advent of Walt Disney.

FANTASY AND FACT

His contribution was a good deal more than a black-and-white mouse. He set out to make the animated cartoon important. Before his time, it had been a novelty—a new way of making money. Disney saw in it a new way of saying things. He brought to the medium the enthusiasm of a born salesman, the vision of a dreamer, and a burning desire always to be the best. Thus—to paraphrase an old saying—he made a better mouse, and the world beat a path to his box office.

By 1932 he had produced the first animated cartoon in color. It was a musical dance of animated trees and blossoms, and was called simply *Flowers and Trees*. Mickey Mouse didn't figure in this one, for this was a different series, a companion set to the Mickey films, to be known as Silly Symphonies. Soon others followed—*The Three Little Pigs*, *The Tortoise and the Hare*, *The Flying Mouse*, and many more.

Those first Silly Symphonies were made by a producer who was bidding for a profit in a highly competitive business. They were designed strictly for entertainment, and the Walt Disney of those days would have laughed if he had been referred to as a teacher. And yet in a certain sense, the early Symphonies gave the first hint of a new kind of animated film that was to come along several years later.

Since the Symphonies dramatized old fairy tales that in themselves contained a moral, they became to that degree minor morality plays—allegories with an inferred comment on some phase of human behavior. The Third Little Pig was an example of what industriousness could bring; except for him, his lazy and frivolous brothers would have been goners. The tortoise proved that the race is not always won by the speedy, and the mouse who wanted to fly learned instead to be himself. Simple teachings, but effective and not easily forgotten.

Five years later the fairy tale was enlarged to the dimensions of the feature-length motion picture, and the ambitious under-

THE ANIMATED FILM

taking became *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Other feature-length productions followed: first *Pinocchio* and then *Fantasia*; next *The Reluctant Dragon*, then a picture, *Dumbo*, about a little elephant who could fly; and after that a woodland tale about a deer, *Bambi*, and an adventure in South America called *Saludos Amigos*; and in 1943, in the middle of the war, *Victory Through Air Power*.

This last film struck a new note. Animation left the field of fantasy and ventured into the field of fact. The film's story was simply the story of how to win the war with long-range aircraft. By means of maps and animated airplanes and charts and arrows and supply lines, it demonstrated the military problems of warfare and presented the case for strategic bombing. *Victory Through Air Power* gave the animated cartoon its first big budget, with which to show what it could do as a medium of education. The film did not confine itself to animation exclusively but also used live action; the two techniques were made to complement each other, as it has been discovered they can do so successfully in the true teaching film.

Right here, it might be helpful to define these two terms, "animation" and "live action." Like many trade terms which are perfectly clear to the men who use them every day, they are often confusing to others.

In the field of the animated film, "animation" has two meanings, one specific, the other general. In its special, technical sense it means the effect created by an artist called an animator. He is the one who makes Mickey Mouse move. When his drawings of Mickey are photographed on film and the film is run through a projector, the image of Mickey projected on the screen seems to move. Something has been added to a series of still drawings; an illusion has been created and that illusion is called "animation." The word is also used in a larger sense to indicate the entire medium of the animated cartoon—in other words, to describe any film that is produced by photographing drawings. Any form of drawing—a simple diagram, some dotted lines, a moving arrow, a map, a character—is covered by the general term. This is the sense in

JAMES ALGAR

which it is used in this paper, as a designation intended to distinguish this sort of material from "live action."

"Live action," generally means footage acted by living people—live actors. This definition, however, is broadened by animators finally to mean all photography of actual people or scenes. Perhaps the best way to understand the distinction is to view these terms from the vantage point of the animator. If he has to draw it, it's "animation"; if he can take a picture of it, it's "live action." Each technique has a definite place in the film dealing with ideas.

The truly great teaching films have yet to be made in appreciable numbers. A few have been created, but they stand out as milestones—and not all of them placed on the same highways or leading in the same directions. The long-range educational plan that would co-ordinate teaching films in a genuinely effective program has yet to be worked out. But toward that time, it may be helpful to consider some of the potentialities of such films from the viewpoint of the film makers. By now, many men in motion pictures have evolved ideas as to what the teaching film of the future should accomplish. And they feel their medium is ready to do the job.

A good way to get an impression of these films is to ask some questions about them. We have touched on the two possible techniques—animation and live action—and most of us are reasonably familiar with the methods of live action. What, then, are the problems of the animated cartoon? How is it made? How does it differ from other films? What are its limitations, if any, and what are its advantages?

Visitors to the Disney Studio invariably have one question they want answered: "What makes Mickey Mouse move?" Well, what does? In brief, an optical illusion.

Most of us are familiar with motion picture film. Even if we've never handled any, we know what it looks like: a series of rectangular pictures coming one after another on a strip of celluloid. If we were to examine a piece of film from a regular movie, picture by picture, we would discover that the actors had been caught by the camera in a series of attitudes, each slightly different from the other; taken as single pictures, no two of them would be exactly

THE ANIMATED FILM

alike. In this situation, the camera has photographed a flowing piece of movement and has broken it up—frozen it—in a series of stopped poses. When this film is run through a high-speed projector, twenty-four of these tiny pictures pass the projection lens each second; and the actors seem to move on the screen exactly as we see them in real life. The projector, as it were, “melts” these frozen poses into a continuous flowing action.

Animation manages the same effect, except that the animator must start at the midpoint. He has no live actors to photograph, only fanciful characters in his head. So he makes a series of drawings—hundreds of them because he knows how fast the projector will gobble them up. (In actuality, he makes only the key poses; the in-between drawings are made by his assistants; and the total number may run into the thousands.) The animator’s special art is that of “timing”—spacing his drawings so that when they are projected, they will create the illusion of motion he had in mind. The principle he works on is as simple as that of the booklets that used to come as prizes in a box of popcorn. When you flipped the pages of those little books, the figure appearing on the successive pages seemed to move.

One of the visitors to the Walt Disney Studio once made a remark that has become a byword with us. He was a big, rawboned man, a farmer more than likely; he had come to Hollywood on vacation and he and his family were seeing the sights, one of which was the home of Mickey Mouse. During the course of their tour through the studio, they came into an animator’s room and stood looking over his shoulder as he made quick sketches to demonstrate how Mickey is made to move. The man took it all in very solemnly. Finally he shook his head and said, “If I could draw like that, I’d never do another lick of work in my life!” His admiration was genuine and his intentions complimentary; but his conclusion was somewhat mistaken. Because animated cartoons do seem almost a kind of magic, it is sometimes taken for granted that they are easy to make. Unfortunately, such is not the case.

All movie making is a co-operative enterprise. But the making of an animated cartoon in particular—from storyman to director

JAMES ALGAR

to background designer to animator to musician to inker to painter to cameraman to projectionist to audience—is a process involving hundreds of hands and minds and literally thousands of drawings. As has been mentioned earlier, a drawing must be made for each picture on the film strip. The finished film goes through the projector at the rate of ninety feet of film a minute; a foot of film contains sixteen pictures; by a little quick arithmetic we discover that sixteen times ninety times the time element, say ten minutes, equals 14,400 pictures. In ten minutes of screen entertainment the hungry projector has gobbled up nearly fifteen thousand drawings!

Because animation is custom-made, it follows naturally that it is costly. It is for this reason, mainly, that so little of this unusual medium has been used in teaching films. The schools which could use such films couldn't afford to pay for their production; and the studios which could make them couldn't afford to produce them. Up to now, it has been only the revenue from theatrical releases that could return the film maker enough profit to justify his business risk. It sounds like a vicious circle: a puzzle without solution. It is not, however, as discouraging as it might appear.

In the first place, there are types of animation technique that do not require the thousands of drawings needed in the usual entertainment picture. Expensive character animation can be saved for important highlights and a diagrammatic approach predominate elsewhere. Simplified designs and "chalk-talk" assemblies can go together in ways that seem to animate. Actually, the problem is not so much "to animate" as to teach effectively, and that means, essentially, to hold interest. Furthermore, the possibilities of animation-and-live-action-in-combination offer many opportunities to cut cost. There is no implication intended that animation is "better" than live action—each technique has powers peculiar to itself, and therefore is "better" only when properly used in its own field.

The live-action camera might be likened to the physical eye, which sees the objective world about us. The animation camera, on the other hand, might be said to represent the mind's eye, able to visualize imaginary things. It enjoys these peculiar advantages

THE ANIMATED FILM

over the live-action camera: *the ability, first, to re-create objects no longer existing; second, to make invisible things visible; and, third, to make inanimate objects move.*

For example, in the "Rite of Spring" sequence of *Fantasia*, the dinosaurs and pterodactyls of a forgotten era were made to live and move again. Such invisibles as sound waves, the pull of gravity, magnetic fields, and electrical current can be shown. Even the housekeeping inside an atom can be revealed and theorized upon. Inanimate things, touched with the wand of animation, come to life. In the *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, a broomstick carried buckets of water. And when Mickey Mouse could not remember the magic words to stop the broom and chopped it into pieces with an ax, each splinter rose and became a new broom carrying more and more buckets of water until the scene took on the qualities of a nightmare.

Animation also possesses the power of selection. Whereas live-action scenes sometimes are cluttered with extraneous material, the animated scene is a thing of discipline. Only those things appear in it that are wanted. For instance, at the beginning of *Seal Island* we wanted to tell the audience where the story took place. So an animated paintbrush sketched in a blue sky and a global horizon. Then it painted the North Pole and then Alaska and next Asia; and by that time, with the audience pretty well oriented, it was ready to dab in two tiny dots rather hard to find on the ordinary map. These were the Pribilof Islands, in the middle of the Bering Sea. When the camera moved down on these tiny dots and cross-dissolved to an actual live-action view of them, the stage had been set.

Animation has also the power of exaggeration. In a picture which told of the advantages of the lightweight metal, magnesium, we wanted to demonstrate a magnesium lawnmower. First we showed an ordinary, heavy lawnmower in action. As a typical cartoon husband pushed this machine along, it got bigger and bigger until he was pushing a lawnmower the size of a steamroller. Through exaggeration we were emphasizing the "feel" of a heavy object. In the next scene (this being a commercially sponsored

JAMES ALGAR

film) the magnesium lawnmower practically skimmed over the grass by itself.

Animation has another power, too, that is perhaps its greatest: the power to get at principles. Much teaching is done by analogy—by likening the unfamiliar to the familiar. In Toynbee's book, *A Study of History*, for example, the thing most readers could get hold of best was his image of the climbing figures. He asked us to imagine for a moment that the civilizations of the world were individual mountain climbers, all of them trying to scale the face of a precipice. On the lower ledges lay the exhausted and dying figures, representing the declining societies, and higher up the cliff face were the more vigorous climbers, representing the hardier social orders. That particular scene could easily have come out of an animated cartoon. For in the realm of analogy, animation is very much at home.

During the war, the Disney Studio made a series of health films for release in Latin-American countries. They were designed for use among native populations living far from the metropolitan centers. We had, that is, an audience which, for the most part, could not read or write and which knew less about sanitation than beginners in the usual hygiene class. And yet, we realized, these people, though ignorant perhaps, certainly were not stupid. Our problem was to forget the professional tricks of movie making—the cross-dissolves and montages and fancy writing and editing stunts—and somehow to relate the information to things they knew. One of the first stumbling blocks in the making of the films was our discovery that we must make them for an audience that had no conception of what a germ was. We knew, though, that most of the people who would see the films were farmers, so we tried to make our points with examples that would come within the experience of an agricultural people. In one film on tuberculosis, for instance, we drew the outline of a man; then inside his chest we drew a simplified shape to represent his lungs. And because we knew that for the most part the audience had no knowledge of germs, we superimposed over the lungs the matching shapes of two green leaves. Next we showed how tiny insects sometimes eat leaves, and

THE ANIMATED FILM

through this analogy tried to demonstrate what the disease could do to the human lungs.

This was almost child's play compared to another problem that occurred in one of our pictures called *Reason and Emotion*. In this instance we wanted to show that human beings are motivated by two kinds of forces: the intellect and the emotions. To do this, we drew a man's head in cross section and fitted out his cranium like the inside of an automobile with a front seat and a back seat and—most prominent fixture of all—a steering wheel. Inside this control chamber were two little caricatured figures. The back-seat driver, an uncouth little cave man, was Emotion, and the bookish type at the wheel who wore glasses was, of course, Reason.

Through the windshield, which represented the eyes of the man, a pretty girl could be seen walking by. Immediately Emotion began jumping around, wanting to take the wheel and arguing that they should whistle at her. Reason, of course, was horrified at the idea of such conduct. But Emotion wanted to "live dangerously," and he couldn't bear to waste time arguing, so he kicked Reason out of the driver's seat, turned the man around and sent him after the girl. When he caught up with her, he leered at her and shouted "Hi, Babel!" The girl slapped his face and walked off in a huff. Then inside the girl's head we saw a prim little female sitting in the driver's seat with her nose disdainfully in the air. She was Miss Reason. In the back seat was her feminine counterpart, Miss Emotion, a rather full-blown little doll with a pout, who said: "Ya shouldn't have slapped him . . . he was kinda cute! Ya wanta be an old maid all your life?"

Animation has yet one other advantage: it is impersonal. Sometimes the point of a teaching film is obscured or lost sight of because the audience is reacting, for good or bad, to the personalities of the actors. A demonstration of this was seen in some of the Army training films. It was discovered that a little animated character, with perhaps a "sad sack" quality about him, could appear on the screen and explain something and the trainees would laugh and listen and retain the information. When an officer, filled with importance as well as his subject, appeared on the screen

there was an immediate antagonism, especially if he was a sergeant. Army privates simply are psychologically conditioned to resent all sergeants!

But even with all its advantages, the animation medium is not without its disadvantages. It should never attempt to compete with photography on its own ground. There is a broad area of teaching where the live-action camera is superior. When it comes to showing things in facsimile, it is much better to photograph them direct. If the brute strength and surging power of a bulldozer is what's desired, it is best to take a picture of the real piece of machinery. An artist's drawing, no matter how faithfully done, is apt to look like a Technicolor toy!

In a Disney film on jet planes both techniques were employed effectively. Animation was used to explain the principle and the workings of the jet engine. But when it came to showing the plane itself in performance, nothing could surpass the photography of the breath-taking ship in the air. The actual craft had an aesthetic quality that could not have been matched in drawings.

Some idea of the wide variety of subject matter that can be shown in animation can be gained from an examination of the Disney catalogue. It includes, naturally, entertainment films of the Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck variety and also the theatrical features, but these are not our concern at the moment. Dating from the war years, the backlog includes training films, commercially sponsored films, and government films. Donald Duck, for instance, appeared in a film showing how to fill in your income tax. Various Disney characters have appeared in bond drives, Community Chest films, and campaigns to conserve fats and foods. There are also films, since turned over to the military, on fighter tactics, aircraft identification, torpedo maintenance, weather maps, navigation, and hundreds of other military problems. There are other films—still in use—on the making of tires, on magnesium, on spark plugs, on the proper use of hand tools, on arc welding—even on bathing a baby!

The Latin-American series, made with both Spanish and Portuguese sound tracks, includes films on tuberculosis, hookworm,

THE ANIMATED FILM

disease germs, insects as carriers of disease; on personal hygiene, diet, infant care, and community sanitation problems.

Some of these, naturally, were more successful than others, though sometimes the "success" depends on the point of view. Some were ordered for reasons of military necessity, some for reasons of propaganda, some to do a public relations job for an industrial sponsor, and some to teach. One of the industrial sponsors ordered 200 prints of his particular film for a widespread distribution. If we could see the day when a good teaching film enjoyed that kind of a print order and that kind of distribution, we would see the era in which costs descended within the reach of many school systems.

One of the interesting developments in teaching films has been the recent announcement that Louis de Rochemont, former March of Time producer, will make a series of live-action geography films intended for use with fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-grade textbooks. These are to be an experiment in what he calls "human geography." What he is trying to show, he claims, is that people whose ways of life are different from ours are not, therefore, freaks. His attempt could and should be a great venture in human understanding.

According to report, he has prepared thirty-six scripts and has made plans to send camera crews into thirty countries. Five of these films, thus far, have been finished. One on Malaya, called *Nomads of the Jungle*, is the story of a nomadic family that lives off the produce of the jungle without recourse to agriculture. The film is a picture story of the simple methods of food gathering, fishing, bridge building, and trading for knives and clothes and cigarettes from an outside world. Another on Norway, *Farmer-Fisherman*, is the story of a people who work the sea half of the year and the land the other half. Another, *Horsemen of the Pampas*, is the story of cattle raising in Argentina. A fourth concerns itself with the railroad connecting the mountains and lowlands of Java and describes the exports; while the fifth, on Guatemala, shows the mahogany forests, the coffee plantations, and the mountain areas of a typical Central American country.

To gain some idea of the costs involved in the over-all program

of thirty-six films, one needs only to read that de Rochemont persuaded a Hollywood film maker and a British producer to earmark \$3,000,000 for the ambitious venture.

If even live-action films are so expensive, and if animation, relatively, costs more yet—what is the hope of getting good teaching films? There are several opinions on this question. Some members of the movie industry feel that some form of endowment from outside the industry itself will supply the answer. A sizable grant from one of the philanthropic foundations is considered the eventual hope. Others claim that smaller studios launched during the war may be able to produce such films at less cost because they are able to escape the problems of overhead of the larger studios. Others look to the nonprofessional film units being set up by various universities. Four universities now offer curriculums in film making; they are New York University, the College of the City of New York, the University of Southern California, and the University of California at Los Angeles. The New School for Social Research in New York also has a film course, and all told, some thirty educational institutions support production units.

The university film is making a place for itself in much the same fashion that the university press has. It is at its best when it essays a functional goal, when it tends to serve a specific purpose or do a special job for a community. One of the big raw film corporations revealed recently that more film is bought for these purposes than is used by amateurs for homemade movies, a demand which in itself consumes millions of feet of film every year. More than a dozen college production units have formed an organization called the University Film Producers Council. A recent survey revealed that some of these colleges turn out a hundred reels of silent film a year, and perhaps twenty-odd reels of sound film. Others produce, on a much smaller scale, only three or four reels a year. But big or small, they are beginning to satisfy their own film needs and those of the regions in which they work.

A university film unit comes into being, as a rule, to meet the need for visual demonstration materials. Or perhaps because a state law, as in California, requires all new teachers to have some

THE ANIMATED FILM

training in the use of films. The University of Southern California, for instance, wanted to raise funds for its new Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts. The project was suggested as a film subject for a Master's thesis in the motion picture class. Two students took on the assignment and produced a film called *Music from the Mountains*.

It was a co-operative effort all around. The Department of Cinema made the actual picture. The Fine Arts Department made titles and sets; the Department of Architecture drew maps for insert sequences; the Drama Department supplied the actors; and the Music Department provided a score and an orchestra to play it. Thus there was duplicated, almost, the departmental organization found in regular movie making.

This was production on a fairly grand scale for a university. Most campus films are less ambitious. Their average cost will run to about \$300 per reel of silent black-and-white film, and around \$1,300 per reel for sound and color.

You cannot make too ambitious a film for this money; yet, on the other hand, if you have a clear-cut idea of what you want to say, you can make a very serviceable film within this cost. A scientist at Pennsylvania State College, for instance, developed a method for taking bubbles out of an oil solution by passing ultrasonic frequencies through it. For a modest cost he was able to make a film which clearly explained his process.

There are many uses for the university film. A graduate student at the University of California recently chose as his thesis for a Master's degree the geology and flora and fauna of the Coachella Valley. And as he got into the subject, the strange wildlife of the region, the sandstorms, the Indian customs all looked like good material for a film. So he wrote and shot a 16-millimeter color film, which was submitted as the major part of his thesis.

We read often of films being used to teach football teams how to improve their play. Syracuse goes so far as to record the diction of students so that they can hear themselves and improve their way of speaking. The University of Minnesota has made a picture-story on how the Speech Clinic aids people with speech defects.

JAMES ALGAR

The University of Southern California is making a film for the Los Angeles County sheriff's office and its Law Department has sponsored another.

The university film list covers a wide variety of subjects, ranging all the way from Nebraska's *Farm Sewage Disposal Systems* to the University of Virginia's *Thomas Jefferson of Monticello*.

The university film unit, of course, is not equipped to tackle all subjects and all techniques. In the matter of using animation, it probably would be able to undertake only the simplest kinds, if any at all. The trend represents, however, a sort of grass-roots movement in film making, one producing useful films which under commercial conditions would never have been made. And out of this university effort may come many practical films which will be widely used as more and more schools get used to teaching by this means.

In the United States alone there are said to be more than a hundred thousand electrically serviced schools of more than one room, a potential market for print orders in the thousands. These electrical facilities mean, potentially at least, projectors—and projectors mean movies. Kenneth Macgowan at U.C.L.A. has called the teaching film the "celluloid book" and the projector, "the incandescent printing press."

When we take account of the fact that the Walt Disney entertainment films have been dubbed in as many as fourteen foreign languages, we begin to see the implications of that comparison in a truer perspective. The Mickey Mouse short subjects are translated into French, Italian, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese, as a routine thing—the original picture with new sound tracks. And some of the Disney pictures have been equipped with sound tracks in Danish, Czechoslovakian, Polish, Dutch, German, Russian, Greek, and Chinese, and a version of *Bambi* was made in Hindustani, using, in addition to the language, native Hindustani music.

It should be realized, though, that teaching films will never completely replace textbooks and teachers. The "celluloid book" Mr. Macgowan speaks of is merely a supplementary text, sometimes

THE ANIMATED FILM

a shortcut but never a cure-all. The gigantic training job that films were called upon to do during the war gave rise to the belief in some quarters that they could do *everything* in education. It is true that films did a stupendous job of equipping millions of men for war, and that they did the job practically overnight; but much of that teaching was the "how" of things: how to dismantle an anti-aircraft gun, how to administer first aid, what to do if downed at sea, and so on and so on. All of this was a monumental achievement in itself. But it must be remembered that education involves the "why" as well as the "what-when-where-and-how." The basic books of our human heritage will always remain valid.

Walt Disney himself has said that the real worth of teaching films will be established only when the men who teach join with the men who make films to present their thoughts in a way which will hold their classes. In other words, it is his belief that you can educate through entertainment. His early Silly Symphonies bore out this philosophy; the animated symphony concert, *Fantasia*, continued it; *Victory Through Air Power* upheld it; and the recent *Seal Island* maintains it further.

Seal Island is the first of a new series of entertainment films to be called True-Life Adventures. It tells the story of the Alaska fur seal herd that returns every summer to the Pribilof Islands. The films in this series are to be mostly live action, with an occasional animation insert when that medium can explain something better.

The series is to be based on the premise that information can be entertainment if interestingly presented. One film will tell the story of the Eskimo. Another will portray nature's architect and engineer, the beaver. Another will explain the making of the Grand Canyon. And yet another will explore the peacetime uses of atomic energy. The fact that they are being made to compete in the realm of regular movie fare is perhaps a direct expression of Walt Disney's basic philosophy regarding factual films. And in this there may be a hint for educators.

One of the mistakes often made in the teaching film is that of oversight. It comes from taking for granted the audience's "desire

to learn." This is something that has to be awakened; rarely is it something automatically at hand and already aroused. The fact of the pupil's being present in the class does not necessarily indicate that he *wanted* to be there in the first place.

Too many so-called educational films fall under the supervision of people who know their subject thoroughly but their medium very little. They remind us in the film business of some of the technical advisers assigned to training films during the war. A technical expert usually loves his subject—it follows that he must have liked it to have become an expert in it. And often the man who loves his subject cannot understand why everyone else does not love it too. So he makes a film which takes for granted that you are interested and want to learn. And sadly enough, the thing turns out dull and fails of its purpose.

One of the first lessons of film making in the entertainment field is this: you must win your audience. All entertainers know this, instinctively. And it is a discipline that can well be carried over into the teaching film of the future. It is in this respect, perhaps, that *Seal Island* offers something new.

The long-range educational program that would use film to its fullest potential is a big thing and an exciting thing to contemplate. From the film makers' viewpoint, it should not be approached by making one film at a time; teaching films are most costly when made individually. It should begin with a great blueprint—a plan that has been carefully thought out by properly qualified people. The program should involve the talents of both showman and scholar: the showman to help the scholar dramatize his teaching, and the scholar in turn to tell the showman what is to be taught. Properly trained film makers and properly chosen educator-editors must eventually join forces.

And whoever finally undertakes the task should understand his medium well enough to understand his responsibilities also, for the integrity of the maker must enter very strongly into the making of the film of ideas. When the film maker sends his product into a classroom, he should be aware of the hypnotic effect film has on an audience. When a group of humans is assembled in a darkened

THE ANIMATED FILM

room, their attention focused on a lighted screen, they are momentarily disarmed—robbed, in effect, of their native faculties for critical judgment. This is especially true of young humans, who lack experience. It is well to recall that the eye remembers while the ear forgets. The power of the lighted screen is very great, and should be handled with some respect.

Among all the modern methods of transmitting knowledge, certainly films have a place. Somehow, the problem of cost, which after all is a rather workaday one, will be solved. If the problem were one of technique, we might have something to worry about. But since it is one, merely, of finance, it surely will be worked out. At least some of us, who are idealists, like to indulge ourselves in that certainty.

When Mickey Mouse turned twenty-one, those of us on the film-making end knew the medium was ready. We cannot doubt that the great era of the teaching film is near. We know that films can help enlighten the world, can bring about the meeting of mind and mind, can even, perhaps, supply a universal language for the meeting of race and race.

Free verse is not a desertion of prosody; it is an exploration, intentional or unintentional, of the mysteries lying at the metrical core of speech.

—GROVER JACOBY, *Variegation*

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?

by Lawrence A. Harper

TO SIGN or not to sign" is the question which many professors at the University of California have been asking themselves since the so-called loyalty oath was first introduced there. It is not merely an academic question. Public interest in what is happening in our schools has been stimulated by the Soviet challenge to freedom in general and America in particular. But the public interest in the problem is accompanied by general uncertainty about the reasons for the various faculty attitudes on the issue.

It would be presumptuous for any one member of the faculty to attempt to speak for his fellows. This article is authorized by no official or group; it is not the statement of an official nor of an "unofficial spokesman"; it is merely the effort of one professor to state, as best he can, the points which are involved and to explain the reasons why some members of the faculty object to signing the oath.

The relevant history of the controversy may be summarized very briefly. The objections center around additions to the customary oath of allegiance to the Constitution which were added by the Regents in the spring of 1949—presumably as a preventive back-fire against the threat of stronger measures pending in the State Legislature. At the request of the Academic Senate, the Regents amended the first draft of the oath during the summer. They eliminated certain features which had been found objectionable but added others. Although the Regents subsequently failed to accede to a faculty request that they ask only for the traditional oath of allegiance, they sought to obviate individual scruples about the phraseology of the new oath by expressing a willingness to accept an equivalent affirmation. They have also stated their readiness to continue discussions on the issue with faculty representatives.

The oath, as it now stands pending further conferences, consists of three parts: (1) the standard oath prescribed for state officials by the state constitution to which no one objects; (2) an abjuration

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?

of membership in the Communist party; and (3) an assurance that the oath is being taken without reservation. To quote:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California, and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my office according to the best of my ability; that I am not a member of the Communist party, or under any oath, or a party to any agreement, or under any commitment that is in conflict with my obligations under this oath.

Many of those who signed the oath without objection welcomed the opportunity to reassure the public as to the loyalty of the faculty. Some had taken even stronger oaths while working on projects for the federal government. Others when first confronted with the oath were surprised and often indignant at the implied challenge to their loyalty—indignation which would be much the same if one were asked to swear that he was neither a thief nor a keeper of a house of ill-fame. Yet on reflection they realized that in the present disturbed era, with the threat which totalitarian Russia offers to free America, it was inevitable that some of the public should worry about Communist infiltration in our schools and that it would require repeated reassurances to remove such fears.

Those who accepted the oath found in it no intention to attack any basic principle of academic freedom. They saw it merely as a combination of two earlier policies of the Regents—the previous requirement of the traditional oath to support the Constitution and the Regents' declaration in 1940 that "membership in the Communist party is incompatible with membership in the faculty of a state university." They did not believe that the oath would lead to a purge of the faculty. They knew their colleagues and were confident that few, if any, were Communists. Their confidence that the basic principles of academic freedom were safe was based on the record of the many years during which the Regents maintained the essentials of academic freedom and at the same time helped the University attain its present material stature.

Their attitude is entirely understandable. Although they regret that the Regents did not feel able to speak out for academic freedom in the ringing words of the Harvard Board of Overseers when a po-

tential alumnus donor asked for greater control of the activities of Harvard's faculty, they know that the University of California is a state institution—and as such answerable to the public. They note that throughout the country the positive stands against loyalty checks have been taken by the heads of private, not public, institutions. In state universities the task of governing bodies like the Board of Regents at California is to act as a buffer between a public which may misunderstand academic attitudes and a faculty which, however right it may be in its stand, is not always articulate so far as the average citizen is concerned.

To the challenge that the public's attitude toward the oath is wrong, the signers answer that the fault is not the Regents'. It is not the Regents who have the burden of teaching the people of the state. It is the faculty which does and it is the professors themselves who are to blame if the public's attitude is unenlightened about the finer points of academic freedom. The Regents have merely tried to preserve its essentials by yielding to public opinion in the minor matter of the oath.

The position of those who have not signed (as also of some who for one reason or another have done so) is more complex. They object to the oath not because of any subservience to or sympathy for Russian totalitarianism. They realize that Communism offers a definite threat to us, and that we must protect ourselves against it. They believe, however, that the "loyalty" oath is not a good means of achieving that end. To understand their objections one must keep in mind at least a half dozen separate points.

1. Foremost is the fear that imposition of the oath threatens academic freedom. Those holding this belief argue that academic tenure and therefore academic freedom is imperiled when the conditions under which a professor has accepted employment may subsequently be changed without his consent by the imposition of a new oath, beyond the traditional oath of support to the Constitution. They answer the argument that no threat to tenure is intended and any which may technically exist is slight, by replying that the Regents' action constitutes a breach of academic freedom and even a small breach in a dike is dangerous.

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?

Insistence upon academic freedom, like maintenance of freedom of the press, they point out, has social values far beyond the immediate interest of those personally involved. The real scholar is impartially engaged in the pursuit of truth. He knows that his inquiries may sometimes lead to temporary public outcry but he pursues them nonetheless, realizing that the heresy of today frequently becomes the orthodoxy of tomorrow. It is significant that there are three professions which traditionally wear a gown in public ceremonies: the priest, the judge, and the scholar. All three must exercise independent judgment subject only to the dictates of their consciences, and their responsibility to God. Free countries, unlike totalitarian states, guarantee freedom of religion. In the United States we have set up many guaranties, including life-tenure, to secure the independence of the judiciary. Similarly the scholar asks that he be permitted to follow the truth wherever it leads him. Universities, after a period of probation in which an institution may test an individual's competence, grant tenure to their professors. As in the case of judges the reason for such action is to enable the professor to seek the truth as he sees it, free from material considerations concerning the effect of his search or its results upon the retention of his job.

2. Closely akin thereto is the constitutional argument. Article XX, Section 3, of the California State Constitution provides that "no other oath, declaration, or test, shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust" than an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of California, and to discharge the duties of the office according to the best of one's ability. The supporters of this point maintain that since the University of California is stated elsewhere in the Constitution to be a public trust, its staff should be required to take only the first part of the oath as proposed by the Regents—the standard constitutional oath—to which all members of the faculty are ready to subscribe. It is also claimed that when the Regents added the controversial clauses they did not heed the injunction of Article IX, Section 9, of the state Constitution that they keep the University free from sectarian and political influences, and ran afoul of the

prohibitions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution by restricting freedom of political affiliations.

3. There are also, of course, personal reasons for objecting to the oath. Some feel insulted by its wording. The affiant is in effect asked to swear to his loyalty to the Constitution, to reaffirm it by declaring that he is not a member of the Communist party, and then again avow that he is not lying. The objectors believe that with adults one statement should suffice. Among youngsters such redundancy is to be expected, as witnessed by the case of the five-year-old who reassured her twin brother, "But I promise—I really do—cross my heart—on the Bible—Boy Scout's honor."

The element of duress worries a good number. They have no objection in personal conversation to stating that they are not Communists but that they belong to the Republican or Democratic or Prohibitionist or some other party, as the case may be. But they object to being forced to make a statement under the implied threat that otherwise they may lose their jobs. They oppose the oath not because they are Communists but because they believe that the insistence upon such inquiries into party membership is totalitarian in effect, however different it is in purpose. They are irritated by being forced into an "either-or" position where, by adhering to their antitotalitarian principles, they appear in the eyes of many to be Communists. They believe the principle for which they stand is correct and important; they feel that to yield merely for the sake of expediency is stultifying. To them the issue becomes: "Are we men or mice?" Thus one such academic dissenter declared, "I have *killed* Communists, but I shall never take the oath."

4. Many believe the forced abjuration of membership in any legally constituted party is un-American. These points are stressed: that our government goes to great pains to insure electoral freedom and the secrecy of the ballot; that party membership like religious affiliation is a private and personal matter; and that the maintenance of our free institutions depends upon political freedom to join all legally constituted parties, a status the Communist party still has, at least in California. Today in California it is membership in the Communist party, and that only, which is proscribed to faculty

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?

members. Already in the Midwest, it is said, membership in the Progressive party of Henry Wallace has been found cause for academic dismissal; tomorrow it may be the Republican party in Mississippi or the Democratic party in Vermont.

Faculty members are fully aware that Communists and other devotees of totalitarian doctrines are highly unlikely to be good faculty material. The dogmatic character of the party line, the mandatory party discipline, the party's tortuous tactics, all accord badly with the true scholar's objective pursuit of truth. The differences of opinion which arise revolve about how best to handle the Communist menace. Some say that a member of the party by the mere act of joining puts himself beyond the academic pale just as a woman who dresses immodestly, flirts suggestively, and keeps bawdy company is apt to be treated like a prostitute and excluded from polite society. On the other extreme some would not object to admitting a few Communists under carefully controlled conditions for demonstration or experimental purposes much as the university laboratories keep some deadly viruses or poisons under lock and key. Most of those who object to the enforced abjuration, however, would probably not go so far. They concede that membership in the Communist party raises a presumption of academic incompetence, but as a matter of principle they decline to agree that that presumption is necessarily irrebuttable in all cases. They do not wish to employ or to defend subversive individuals. But they believe that questions of disloyalty and academic incompetence should not be determined by assumptions resting upon party membership, religious creed, race, color, or any ground other than the traditional American basis of individual guilt determined by full and careful inquiry into specific cases as they arise.

The distinction is subtle. The practical results probably would be much the same under either formula in case a Communist should attempt to worm his way into the faculty. Yet many sincere Americans, who might well be called one hundred percent Americans if that term had not been so abused, firmly believe that the difference in procedure is important. To emphasize the importance of proper techniques one need merely call attention to a lesson learned in

high-school chemistry. One can safely pour sulphuric acid into a beaker of water, but if one attempts to pour water into a beaker of sulphuric acid disaster results.

5. Adoption of the oath, some believe, deprives the University of California of the position of leadership which it should assume. They contend that many state universities and other public institutions look to the University of California for leadership and that it has therefore a special responsibility to provide the best possible example. They argue that instead of giving way to popular excitement and embarking upon a "loyalty check" with all the dangers to American principles involved in such a program, the University—confident in the patriotism and integrity of its staff—should stand fast and lead the way to sounder public thinking on the issue.

6. Even if the issue is reduced merely to one of relative expediency the opponents of the oath believe that theirs is the better case. They do not believe that the oath can achieve its purpose of driving subversive elements from the University's ranks. One who is willing to commit treason will scarcely draw the line at perjury. They feel that, whatever good results, the price is too great. By adopting a new oath the University of California has failed to maintain the position of the American Association of University Professors, which would judge the competence and loyalty of scholars in individual cases rather than by virtue of oaths or party membership. As one of the truly great institutions in the country, the principal competition of the University of California is with institutions like Harvard, Columbia, and Chicago, which do not require such an oath, and the University now suffers from a great handicap in adding to its staff because scholars elsewhere see in the oath a threat to academic freedom. Also, within the University, it places faculty members under a disadvantage when they discuss current political problems with their students. There are a few of these who tend to fall prey to Communist propaganda because of youthful impatience with the defects from which the American system suffers—like all other systems. These students are the ones who most need sound guidance, but they dismiss faculty arguments almost in advance in

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?

the belief that the poor professor is bound by his oath and dare not form an objective judgment.

There remain two points which should be stressed.

First, all members of the faculty wish sincerely to uphold academic freedom. The difference of opinion arises over the problem of how best to maintain the essentials of such freedom against the threat offered it by totalitarian Communists. Some say the wisest solution is to follow our customary policy of tolerance of political differences. They believe that it involves no risk, because if there are any Communists in the faculty their number is negligible. Others believe Communists to be so treacherous and dangerous that their presence in the faculty, in however small numbers, may pervert academic freedom within the University and may cause the public to misjudge the entire institution and thus lead to irreparable damage. To those holding this point of view the oath is not a threat to academic freedom; it is merely a device to protect the University against greater dangers. The Regents and those of the faculty who accept the oath are in the position of a pilot who learns of tempestuous seas ahead. He may well shift his course slightly to avoid the full fury of the gale. He does not abandon his original destination; he seeks only to reach it more quickly and more safely.

Second, those who object to the oath do not refrain from signing because they are Communists or disloyal. They contend that it is sounder seamanship in times of stress to follow traditional routes even directly into the teeth of the storm than to go into uncharted waters and risk wreck on hidden reefs and shoals. More specifically they believe that the oath imperils academic freedom and academic tenure and is unconstitutional; that it injures them personally by challenging their veracity and forcing them to choose between their integrity and their job; that it goes counter to established American principles of political freedom and imperils the University's leadership, and that, even considered as a matter of expediency, it will not keep out Communists but will keep distinguished scholars from joining the faculty and will diminish the effectiveness of those now teaching at the University. The points they raise are anything

LAWRENCE A. HARPER

but totalitarian or alien. The very diversity of views demonstrates an abhorrence of authoritarianism.

Critics who may think that the nonjurors are merely impractical theorists should remember that the star dust in their eyes does not come from the Red Star of Moscow; it descends from the long line of American idealists who struggled for the principles they believed to be right. The motto of the dissenters is not taken from the gospel of Karl Marx; it is the good old American maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

ONE THING OR ANOTHER

CLEO SIBLEY GROSS

Downward and swift the heavy wings
Splintered the impartial air,
And summer grasses felt a small
Anguish bleed to silence there.

Furred and broken, my heart pulsed
The captive's terror into death;
But beaked and taloned, too, it crouched,
The predator with blood-stained breath.

How can it bleed the death of one
And share the hunger of the other?
O for its quiet, heart should be
Wholly one thing or another.

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST*

by Bernard DeVoto

IN THE UNITED STATES puppet shows are so often given for children or for rapt souls who think them precious, that an adult of unperturbed tastes cannot easily find one in the pure state. Tony Sarg's repertory included a production called *Don Quixote* that was built around the few episodes which, as Mr. Cabell once said, everyone is familiar with, since they occur early in Part One. Since Mr. Sarg was a master of his art, the performance was enchanting. But at the end he did a shocking thing.

The puppets hung suspended in their last tableau. The stage was fully lighted and it was as big as the world. One's pleasure still ran clear; the illusion was untouched. But suddenly, from behind the backdrop that so truly suggested a landscape in Spain, an enormous foot appeared. A leg followed, a leg the size of an oak log. Then Mr. Sarg in his awful entirety was before us, a giant bent double, who smiled and waved a vast hand in answer to the children's cries.

The illusion had been so strong that for a moment he was as big as Og, the King of Bashan, who slept in an iron bedstead nine cubits long. But he beckoned the realities in with both arms and abruptly was just a life-sized man, and Don Quixote and Dulcinea and their companions, lately alive, were now small, ridiculous dolls, the poor puppets that Cervantes' puppetmaster had called them in the novel.

One disliked Mr. Sarg. For the surprise of children, he had sinned against his art. There had been Spain, castles, the bemused knight, his mistress, his squire, and ho! such bugs and goblins finally drowned in laughter as would make any theater alive. But now there was just a litter of miniature stage lumber, some hanged

* "The Invisible Novelist" forms a chapter of Mr. DeVoto's forthcoming book, *The World of Fiction*, to be brought out this year by the Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company.

figures, and disgust. The producer of the illusion had destroyed it by stepping into it.

When Henry Fielding wanted to put into *Tom Jones* some of his ideas about the credibility of the marvelous, he put them in straight, without reference to the story of his novel and in his own person. He wrote chapter i of Book VIII, a gentleman's essay by Henry Fielding, just such an essay as under the name of Sir Alexander Drawcansir he might have published in his newspaper, *The Covent Garden Journal*. There is a passage in *Anthony Adverse* which discusses an aspect of the same subject, but Hervey Allen, the novelist, did not write an essay in his own person; he presented the ideas as a meditation of Anthony's. This device, the presentation of the author's ideas by means of a character, was not a modern novelty; within a few years after *Tom Jones*, Sterne had Mr. Shandy present ideas about the marvelous in a monologue. But there is a difference. Mr. Allen was forced to express his ideas about the marvelous through the mechanism of the novel, whereas Sterne was not forced to.

Thackeray's passages in *Vanity Fair* on the waste and suffering of war are not independent essays but a natural outgrowth of the novel's action and they are in tune with the emotions of the characters. They are closer to the story that Thackeray was writing than Fielding's essay was to his story. But they are not fused with the story—they are separable from it. Mr. Hemingway's feeling about war is the same as Thackeray's but it does not appear as such in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and it cannot be separated from the novel. Mr. Hemingway himself is not present in the novel. As the puppet-master he may move the characters about as he likes and put into their mouths such words and sentiments as he chooses, so long as the reader accepts them as the words and actions of the puppets. But he may not appear on the stage in his own person.

Between Fielding's time and ours the art of fiction has developed a sentiment or convention which holds: that an essay is one kind of thing and a novel another kind of thing, that a mixture of kinds is improper (to be understood as ineffective), and especially that the

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST

interposition of the novelist in person is discordant. Certainly the sentiment is not universal; there are readers who do not share it and some novelists who do not observe it. But as a psychological rather than an aesthetic principle it is binding on most readers and most novelists. We may say that it is one of the determining principles of modern fiction and one of the refinements, or purifications, that fiction has achieved on the way to its implicit methods. Interpolated essays or apostrophes by the novelist are, of course, a blatant violation of the principle, whose greatest importance is in its subtlest applications.

But all stories are told and the uniqueness of the novel is that it is related: it is told by the novelist, without being projected through actors on a stage or a screen. How can a novelist relate his fiction without appearing in his own person? How, especially, can he do so under the requirement that he must make past time appear to be present time?

Sometimes a dramatist introduces between the scenes of a play a robed and masked or otherwise stylized figure who narrates to the audience action which cannot take place on the stage but which the audience must know about because it bears on what does take place there. This expository device, whose legitimacy is one of the perennial debates of dramatic criticism, usually bores the audience painfully. The audience has so far witnessed the action of the play; it has been present on the spot. It has seen the French ambassadors deliver the tennis balls to King Henry, and has heard the King's anger break out in a declaration of war. Action and emotion have been rendered directly. But when the Chorus, on an empty stage, describes a conspiracy of three corrupted men that is to have an effect on the play, it does not see the conspirators or hear them conspiring. Consequently, it is less anxious about the King's success. It saw the presentation of the tennis balls, it heard the declaration of war, but it learns about the conspiracy at second hand.

Now the novelist must always be performing the function of this robed, anonymous figure. What is firsthand on the stage can be only secondhand in fiction. The audience sees, but the reader must be told. And he can be told only about the immutable: the play is pres-

ent time, the novel past time. The novelist, as Chorus, relates an event now ended, set in its final form forever, but he must persuade us that something whose issue we know is already settled is nevertheless continuous with our perception of it, the outcome still in doubt. He must deal with Molly Bloom's erotic reverie of this morning at a separation as complete as that of a historian who is translating an inscription by Octavius Caesar on a pediment in Rome.

The narrative methods of fiction, then, are determined by a convention implicit in the medium, a pretense that the novelist has and has had nothing to do with what is happening. The pretense may be simple or elaborately contrived, sometimes it is transparently thin, but it is part of all fiction's narratives, and as the novel has developed it has steadily tended toward the absolute. What makes the reader uncomfortable when he encounters such interpositions of the author as I have mentioned is the fact that they call attention to exactly the function of the novelist which ordinarily he takes the greatest care to conceal. An apostrophe on war by Thackeray in his own person brings him on the stage in robe and mask as Chorus. So he abruptly reminds the reader that he has been hidden in the wings all along, that Dobbin, Amelia, and Becky Sharp, after all, have not been living of their own right but only jerking to the strings he pulled.

As we move away from the animism of children such a reminder becomes increasingly fatal to the illusion of fiction. You can tell a child a story in your own person and he will disregard you entirely, with a faith in the events themselves so lively that every beanstalk is a practicable ladder to the sky. The primary effects of fiction, the effects that are called a story, are on exactly that plane. Basically they are as simple as a fairy tale, but it must be remembered that they are eternal effects, that they are the roots of fiction. If a novelist has a good enough story—if the events are absorbing enough, vivid or powerful or arresting, for the maintenance of his illusion—he need have little else; and especially, he need have little technical skill beyond that of narrative. If the story is good enough, the reader will show a tolerance for inner illogicalities, contradictions, and

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST

disparities, and even for emptiness, that contradicts everything the theorist of technique asserts.

But the moment you ask a story to have logic, the moment you require that its events be related to one another, you forsake the naïveté of a listening child. You have limited the area of illusion and you have set conditions which the novelist must meet. And you have reached a state of mind that resents Thackeray's speaking for himself in his novel. . . . I repeat that these restrictions and requirements must not be thought of as a reader's conscious perceptions. Such an objection as he feels is ordinarily well within what I have called his tolerance. He is a little bored by the passage, he hurries through it, he skips over it—which is to say, he gets on to fiction that will once more move in its own terms. But his tolerance can be exhausted as well by a sum of small strains as by a single severe one.

The first step, therefore, is to get the Chorus into the play and to devise means of keeping it there. The event which is seen at second hand will appear much more readily to be seen at first hand if it is related, not by the puppetmaster, but by someone who takes part in it or who has an emotional stake in it. "Then Arderay swore that his foe had done wrong to the daughter of the King, and Amis made oath that he lied." This is the Chorus in its most elementary form relating an event. If the novelist has Amis relate it, in any of the conventions that permit him to, or if he relates it by means of Amis from within the event itself, then the reader's perception will be from within the story, not from outside it. Amis is an actor in the event; the King's daughter has an emotional stake in it and though she is a spectator of the event she is inside the story; there are various ways of leading the reader to perceive the event through her. The effects of the methods will be different, and the novelist will choose according to the effect he desires, but with any of them the illusion will be stronger than in an unattached relation by the Chorus. The point of view of the story will be within the story.

"Point of view" is a textbook phrase. We are forced to use such terms to designate processes, but they have no virtue of their own. Actually, I suppose "means of perception" would be more accurate

here, for the principle is that the reader perceives the story, its events and meanings, from within the story. What is required is a means of getting him inside the story that will also serve as a fixed point by which he may thereafter orient what goes on. Usually the device is a character about whom authoritative statements can be made or who can speak authoritatively for himself.

I have attributed to the first novelist an elementary and inevitable device, a narrator who speaks in his own person but is a character in the story. He is an "I" who relates it with the authority that comes from having taken part in it. This is a natural narrative method and it is dramatic. "Amis made oath that he lied" is impersonal, it is a statement in indirect discourse, and it is clearly at second hand. If you change it to, "I said, 'By the body of Christ, you lie,' " you have dramatized it, brought it into direct discourse, and made it seem to be at first hand. As will soon appear, however, though this is direct discourse, it is still not the direct rendition of event. But it is much nearer to direct rendition than was the simple narrative statement it has replaced, and it is immensely more vivid.

This use of a character as a narrative "I" is a common method in stories of vigorous, hurried, or somewhat implausible action. It is frequently used in detective stories, for instance, whether the "I" is the principal character, as with Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, or a less important one whose function is to convey the activities of the principal character, as with Dr. Watson or Rex Stout's Archie Goodwin. (The reader will see at once that effects are open to each method that are impossible to the other. Marlowe cannot admire himself as Archie admires Nero Wolfe, for instance; and the reader must be in possession of all the information that Marlowe has, while Nero Wolfe can have information that Archie has not, and so it can be withheld from the reader.) It is the method most often used in stories of the fantastic or the supernatural; a reader is more willing to accept an improbable event if someone who was there at the time assures him that it occurred (*is occurring*). It is useful when the values of the story require the reader to be kept in ignorance of forces that are operating beyond the immediate scene: there is psychological plausibility in his knowing no more and

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST

understanding no further than the narrator. Furthermore, it enables the novelist to convey any information to the reader or make any comments he may choose to, for he need only make information or comment natural to the narrator in the circumstances. In proportion as the narrator is a meditative, analytical, or inquisitive person, it permits any kind of speculation and makes it legitimate by investing it with emotions derived from the story.

A common axiom in Somerset Maugham's novels is that we cannot know the personality and the true motives of other people, that we can only speculate about them. It is, therefore, entirely proper for the "I," who is so often his narrator, to speculate about the motives of other characters. And it is a first-rate effect of fiction when this speculation by a character gets itself accepted as the certainty which the novelist has but makes his narrator impugn. The complicated double "I" of Conrad's narrator plus his Marlow creates the ether of doubt in which alone the tentative, half-frustrated psychological probing that is the essence of his art could exist. In James's *Turn of the Screw*, the unnamed "I" who introduces the story achieves a comparable effect. Besides handily dramatizing the expository preliminaries which without him would be inert, he provides the reader with a point of orientation that makes the desired uncertainty inevitable as soon as the governess, a second "I," begins to tell her story. James used a personal narrator in various short novels and short stories. The method enabled him to make extremely fine differentiations of feeling and extreme attenuations of doubt and belief. His "I" could be preoccupied with bewilderment about the motives of other characters, a bewilderment that is sometimes the principal substance of the story. No other narrative method could sustain bewilderment so long without accessory substance. Only an "I," for whom bewilderment is, for the time being, the core of experience, could make it the core of a reader's interest.

The most complex and versatile "I" in fiction is the never-named narrator in *Remembrance of Things Past*.* In Proust's hands the

* This is the statement usually made in the texts. Actually he is named at least twice, if once only by indirection, in chapter i of *The Captive*. "As soon as she [Albertine] was able to speak she said: 'My ——' or 'My dearest ——' followed by my Christian name, which if we give the narrator the same name as the author of this book, would be,

method achieves effects that were new to the novel, of a kind not before achieved in any literary form. It is not necessary to describe them, but two observations are pertinent. The narrator's auto-analysis, which again is the ether in which the great work exists, would not be possible with any other technique, for its culminating value is his awareness of his self-analysis together with his appraisal of it. And also the "I" repeatedly drops out for short or long passages and a different narrative method is used. We are asked to assume that the "I" has so identified himself with Swann or whoever else is conveying the story that he is reproducing out of sympathy what had happened. But once this convention by assumption has been hinted, Proust retires the "I" out of sight.

There are, that is, effects which an "I" cannot achieve and ends of fiction which he cannot serve. If the reader must be *certain* about the motives, thoughts, or entirely private experience of any character other than the narrator, an "I" will not do. He was not along when Swann was meditating in solitude or when he was in bed with Odette. With whatever perspicuity he may speculate about such occasions, he is debarred when the end in view requires us to know exactly. Nor can he be used when the novelist must deal with the content of more minds than one. It is natural for a person to tell you what he thinks and feels, and so a reader accepts what a character says he thinks and feels. But when someone tells you what another person thinks or feels, he can, like yourself, only guess at it by interpreting

'My Marcel' or 'My dearest Marcel.'" And, 116 pages later, Albertine says, "The ideas you get into your head! What a Marcel! What a Marcel!" Here we may notice that in a letter written while *Swann's Way* was still in manuscript and a publisher had not been found, Proust spoke of "the character who narrates, who calls himself 'I' (and who is not I)."

Proust did not, I believe, give *The Captive* a final revision. It is reasonable to suppose that if he had done so he would have found a satisfactory way of not naming the "I," for to do so violates his very stringent discipline. He would probably also have smoothed out an awkwardness in chapter ii. There has been a party at the Verdurins'. One of the intense scenes in the long process of their break with Charlus has taken place at it. The narrator, "I," has been present during most of it. Then M. Verdurin and his wife are left alone and talk about Charlus and others who were present at the party. Probably no reader would have noticed the discrepancy, for by now the method has been established so long and so memorably that it seems to be inclosing everything. But for the only time (so far as I am aware) Proust becomes self-conscious about the fact that, after all, there was no one to overhear this dialogue and report it. So he is at pains to explain that "I" heard about it some years later.

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST

speech and expression and behavior in the light of what he knows. Consequently, an "I" who undertakes to tell the reader what is going on in the mind of another character, no matter how sensitive and sympathetic he may be, risks a disbelief that will destroy the illusion. He is within the illusion so long as he presents it as a guess or a hypothesis, and sometimes the reader may be induced to forget that it is no more, but when he represents it as certainty he is outside the illusion and the effect is gone. The unformulated skepticism that is always hovering at the margin of the reader's mind pounces and rejects. So the novelist is constrained to use some means of perception, some substitute for the Chorus, other than an "I."

But we must face a hard fact, that a personal narrator, an "I" must always be, if only shadowily, something of a Chorus or expositor. He is within the logic and belief of fiction, for he is engaged with the events of the novel and affected by its emotions. Since that is true, there are many areas of fiction where it does not matter in the least that he is also an agent in the secondhand presentation of fiction. But there are other areas and occupations where the illusion requires that there be no such agency—requires the apparent elimination of all expository, interpretive, or summarizing instruments which relay the event to the reader. Most of them occur as the direct rendition of thought and emotion, which as I have said is a unique ability of fiction. No other literary form presents the behavior of imaginary characters in terms that are both psychological and dramatic. At the point where the device of the first-person narrative breaks down and the elimination of expository agencies is required, we reach the most complex convention of fiction. It is the convention which removes not merely the fourth wall of a room, as the stage convention does, but a section of the human skull as well, and enables the reader to believe that he perceives what is going on inside.

When you tell a friend an amusing incident of your vacation or, with more art, an anecdote about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, your instinctive method is one which a novelist is usually at pains to avoid. You relate what you did, break off to explain what your wife thought about it, abandon her to describe

what the traffic cop had been doing before you reached the corner, and leave the cop to bring in the amusing misconceptions of the bystanders. You do the same with the farmer, his daughter, and the traveling salesman. You are careful to make clear what was in the minds of all of them, for the flavor of the story comes from their saying one thing while thinking something else. You are the narrator, and it is your privilege to take any position in space that pleases you, to occupy several in succession or even at one time, and to move in and out of the minds of all your characters as convenience may suggest.

Such a method suffices for a dinner-table story but it creates resistance when used in fiction. The imaginary world of a novel is always at some variance with the commonsense world of the reader's experience but must never challenge its axioms. No one can be in more than one place at a time or learn what is going on elsewhere by any but natural means of communication. The novelist's abrupt shift of scene from Raleigh in Virginia to Elizabeth in England, or from John in this room to Mary in the next one, is as unaxiomatic as a magic carpet. The reader is willing to travel those distances between one scene and the next but he is not willing to have one place superimposed on another place in the same scene, even though they may be separated by only a few inches. He cannot even look at both John and Mary simultaneously; both optics and psychology forbid. When he is asked to do so, the puppet-strings become visible and the illusion has been impaired. Again, though in a subtler way, the novelist has come upon the stage.*

The reader's tolerance establishes an area of indifference within which this principle may be safely disregarded. That area becomes progressively smaller as fiction turns from physical action to thought and emotion. No one can be directly aware of any thoughts and

* I avoid technical terms as much as possible but it is time to make two definitions. I use the word "scene" to mean direct, dramatized narrative—action, dialogue, immediate emotion, etc.—as opposed to indirect discourse, summary, and other kinds of static substance that will presently be described. I use the phrase "a scene" as it is used in the stage directions of Restoration drama: to mean a passage of direct dramatized discourse during which neither the setting nor the number of characters whom the reader sees changes. A scene ends and another begins when a character exits, a new character enters, or the setting changes to another place.

THE INVISIBLE NOVELIST

emotions except his own. One can read his own mind but can get at the minds of companions only imaginatively, by interpreting what they do and say. When the reader comes on a group of characters in a novel, he must make his perception of the group coincide with that of one member of it. The novelist would severely strain his belief by asking him to see the group first as one member does, and then, a moment later, as another one does. Among the least effective scenes in fiction are those in which the means of perception, the channel of thought and emotion, changes as the speakers in the dialogue change. The novelist who tells you what Mary said, what she thought as she said it, what John thought as he heard it, and what he then said in answer is employing a device guaranteed to defeat his intention. The reader's marginal skepticism is at once alerted. He grants that if he were Mary and said what she says he might well think as she does, and he could certainly hear what John replies. But so long as he was Mary he would not know what John was thinking. When he is told directly instead of being led to infer it, he protests. He cannot be in two minds at once, nor can he shift from one to the other when both are present.

. . . . He [Jimmy] saw in Ed's way of calling his vocation a "job" a desire to express modesty about something Ed was secretly proud of and this hypocrisy, as Jimmy felt it to be, irritated him. He sensed that Ed was distressed by his, Jimmy's, mocking use of the words "saving souls," and understood that they had a grave and precious meaning in Ed's mind part of that complicated inexplicable whole which had robbed him of Ed.

"Saving souls," he repeated maliciously, "and practicing humility."

He hit the nail on the head. Of the many things which troubled Ed, want of humility was dominant. [The means of perception has shifted from Jimmy. This is a statement by the author, though by implication it may pass as in Ed's mind.]

"We are trained to strive for humility," he said carefully, listening to the tone of his own voice which he tried to invest with candor and modesty, and aware that he was trying, that neither candor nor modesty were genuine; and ashamed that it was so. [We are within Ed's mind.]

"You talk of it as if it's something you can get, like going into a store and buying yourself a new suit."

Which again hit the nail on the head. It was exactly what Ed often became doubtful about, whether it could be acquired. Would he ever be deemed worthy to be thus blessed?

"That's why you want to be a priest. To feel superior. You think you're superior. And that one," Jimmy jerked his head at Mack viciously, "he thinks he's superior too." [We are back with Jimmy.]

"Me, superior!" Mack was dumbfounded. His mouth hanging open, the spoon heaped with ice cream poised in mid-air, he stared. The thought had never entered his honest head. [This is alternately by means of Mack, the third mind we have entered, and by statement of the author.]

He suddenly turned and addressed Ed:

"It's no use talking to him. He just won't give a guy credit. If a guy makes good at a job, he says the job is easy, and if a guy tries to live decent, he calls him a coward, says he runs away from life. Mom, I'd like another cup of coffee."

"Why, Mack, of course," his mother cried, grateful for the interruption. [This is Mom, the fourth means of the reader's perception.]

Always resourceful, she had not dared stop the argument since Ed was taking part in it. She had sat there on pins and needles, casting frantic glances at her husband for advice. Poor Joe never quite got over the shock of being father to a future priest. [Inferentially a fifth mind?] . . . Now, in answer to her anxious glances, he made a gesture, signifying "Let well enough alone," and started on his dessert.*

A principle of psychological plausibility operates against such a passage, and probably one of optical validity as well. The narrative method used more frequently than others to satisfy these requirements is the fixation in one character of the point of view from which the reader observes the scene. The scene unfolds as this character experiences it, and his understanding of it provides the first step in the reader's understanding of it, if not further steps. (The principle leaves the novelist free to call on another character to perform the same function when a new scene begins, if he chooses to, or to use the same one throughout.) The character so chosen is the medium by which the scene, with all its implications and significance, is transmitted to the reader. He is the means of perception, the reader's eyes and ears and the fulcrum of his judgment if not, as in some scenes, the lever as well. The relation of this character to the events of the scene, or to its principal emotions, may be anything, from that of an observant bystander to that of the central

* Natalie Anderson Scott, *The Story of Mrs. Murphy*, pp. 59-60. Published and copyrighted, 1947, by E. P. Dutton, Inc.

figure. But he is the novelist's deputy as an expositor and the reader's means of engagement with the novel.

At the simplest he is a mere conveyer. He need have little more personality than is required for acceptable reporting. Yet all the material of the immediate scene, whether straight physical action or the subtlest and most secret emotions, must be transmitted and translated by means of what he does, feels, knows, perceives, and understands. Therefore the greater the demands of the scene, the greater will be the need for him to have personality, and the more complex will be the reader's relationship to him. One of the richnesses of fiction depends on the fact that as a character he has individuality. No matter what the events are and who the other characters are, he has attitudes of his own toward them, and so his personality adds another dimension to the scene. There is the event itself, there is the other character as he really is (that is, as the reader ultimately makes him out to be)—and also there are both the event and the other character or characters as understood by the one through whom the reader sees them, as colored by his sympathies and prejudices, the extent of his understanding of this scene and of life in general, the defects of his intelligence, the emotion he is feeling, the eccentricities or insufficiencies of his nature. So he provides refraction and parallax, which enable the novelist to control the effect on the reader since the reader allows for them. His deviations or known errors furnish another bearing to help the reader steer a true course. Thus the reader always has at least a dual relationship to the character whose eyes and mind he is using. In part he identifies himself with the character, as he shares his perceptions, and in part uses him impersonally as a point of orientation. The duality or multiplicity of this relationship is a property unique to fiction and it creates one of the additional levels of significance—beyond that of the immediate fact—on which a skillfully written novel may move simultaneously.

By restricting the means of perception to one character, the novelist accepts severe limitations of his freedom. There are many characters in his novel and they are all necessary for the effect he

has set out to produce. The simplest of the corollaries which follow is remarkably complex: he must so manipulate the character in whom the perception is fixed that the story will flow freely, the understanding of the reader will be precisely what he wants it to be, and everything will seem as natural and unforced as if the character had the omniscience which the novelist has, but dares not visibly use. This implies skill in contriving to have the character in the right place at the right time for the right reason. What is more important, it implies having the character see, feel, understand, speculate, meditate, guess, be mistaken, be deceived, be correct, in precisely the right way to precisely the right degree. All this must be done in character, though it is at the behest of the novelist. He must control every item of the scene but must control it in terms of the character. If John is allowed to see something which not he but someone else would have seen, the illusion is marred. If he is allowed to feel an emotion that he would not have felt, it is destroyed.

John is a fallible human being with his own personal limitations, but he acts in place of the novelist, who is omniscient and infallible. At almost every moment while the novelist is working through John, more must be done than John is by nature qualified to do. The more complex a novel is, and especially the more subjective its material is, the more John tends to become (we hope without the reader's noticing it) an astonishingly observant, thoughtful, intuitive, and philosophical person. The path ends in Henry James's third-person onlooker, who is even more sensitive to the experience of others than his first-person narrator. This onlooker is so concerned with the emotions of his friends and so attuned to them that he almost becomes the heroine he is reporting. Only the thinnest identity of his own, an identity forever being restored at the point where it was about to merge with Isabel, keeps him interpreting what he feels rather than expressing it for her—and reminds us that we are seeing her through him. Henry James is at the end of the path—so far—but most novels go some distance down it. Much of the spadework in any novel is John seeming to present his own emotions but presenting them in such a way that actually he is interpreting Isabel's. He is acting for the author and he does so because if the author

interpreted Isabel himself, the machinery would again show beneath the flies. The reader has been cajoled into accepting an interpretation because it is apparently made at first hand. It is expressed through a character who is within the novel.

And Kate, these days, was altogether in the phase of forgiving her [Milly] so much bliss; in the phase moreover of believing that, should they continue to go on together, she would abide in that generosity. She had, at such a point as this, no suspicion of a rift within the lute—by which we mean not only none of anything's coming between them, but none of any definite flaw in so much clearness of quality. [In this last sentence the puppet-master appears on stage.] Yet, all the same, if Milly, at Mrs. Lowder's banquet, had described herself to Lord Mark as kindly used by the young woman on the other side because of some faintly-felt special propriety in it, so there really did match with this, privately, on the young woman's part, a feeling not analyzed but divided, a latent impression that Mildred Theale was not, after all, a person to change places, to change even chances with. Kate, verily, would perhaps not quite have known what she meant by this reservation, and she came near naming it only when she said to herself that, rich as Milly was, one probably wouldn't—which was singular—ever hate her for it. The handsome girl had, with herself, these felicities and crudities: it wasn't obscure to her that, without some very particular reason to help, it might have proved a test of one philosophy not to be irritated by a mistress of millions, or whatever they were, who, as a girl, so easily might have been, like herself, only vague and cruelly female. . . . *

The passage is from *The Wings of the Dove*. Coming on such a fragment out of its context a reader might be unable to determine which character is reporting the other. More likely, however, the minute registration of Kate would make him suppose that he was seeing matters through Kate's eyes. But actually it is Milly who is reporting for the novelist.

The novelist's relationship to this prime character must be noted. As we have seen, the validity of the "I did," "I thought," "I felt," of a simple adventure story comes from their being within the fiction. The "he did," "he thought," "he felt," of any novel are flagrantly expository, but they come inside the fiction because the expositor relinquishes the omniscience of the novelist, and the reader accepts

* Henry James, *The Wings of the Dove* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York edition, 1922), I, 175-76.

the limitation of perception to a single character. Clearly there are degrees of the novelist's retirement into that character. He is only a little way in when he reports, by way of John, what John did, said, and thought and then discusses those data objectively. He has been further absorbed when what John said and did comes into relationship with the discussion of John and dominates it in personal terms. He has all but disappeared when it turns out that not John himself but Isabel by means of John is the burden of the scene, the point both of rendition and of discussion.

These stages—there are many more than the three I have differentiated—move in a common direction: toward the presentation of John, or even of Isabel through him, directly in terms of himself alone. Toward, that is, the immediate expression of thought and emotion. The illusion sought after is an illusion that behavior, thought, and emotion are being rendered directly. If not at the moment of their occurrence, as on the stage, then at least without being transmitted through any medium or along any channel or perception.

That illusion can never be complete. There must always be an expositor. But completeness is approximated when the novelist appears to drop out entirely, when he works within character rather than by means of character. He puts not only the means of perception inside the fiction but the perception itself. He makes the act of perception not something reported or assisted but something in process of occurring.

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH AT GRAVELLY FORD, NEVADA

AT a rather early age I became acquainted with Bryant's lines:

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

As I grew a little older, these lines seemed to me to contain, and to state forcefully, a profound reality. On growing still older and slightly more critical, however, I was inclined to believe that their truth was really truism, scarcely needing to be stated—for, I thought, whenever an error has been exposed and the truth revealed, surely that truth will naturally endure and the corresponding error die; but if truth is not known, the situation will be subject to revelation by anyone at any time.

I continued to grow older, and possibly wiser, in a troubled era of wars and revolutions, and I began to realize that the situation is seldom simple. Yet still for a long time, I held to the idea that at least in cases of simple factual problems, the thesis of Bryant's lines might be maintained. Finally, however, I have been forced into skepticism even here.

Let me illustrate by a detail of history, in itself of slight importance but illustrating the simplest kind of problem in truth. In this case I need not raise the issue of what happened

or when. Truth and Error clash about the place. . . .

The matter is actually so unimportant as to call for explanation as to why I am bothered to write about it at all. My reason is, of course, partly personal. I am the valiant partisan of Truth who thought he had slain this particular little Error only to find it, not writhing in pain and dying, but springing up Antaeus-like and surrounded by a whole circle of worshipers. Perhaps also, this unimportant matter has assumed importance as representing the final stage of my disillusionment. . . .

Some years ago, I began to work on a book about the Donner Party, that most famous of covered-wagon companies. The chief authority on the subject at that time was the book by C. F. McGlashan. As I progressed with my research, I found this earlier work to contain many errors, among them the small one that I now consider.

On October 5, occurred the fatal altercation between James F. Reed and John Snyder. Reed knifed his opponent, and Snyder died within a few minutes. At first threatened with hanging, Reed was in the end banished from the company. According to McGlashan, this incident occurred at Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River near the present Beowawe,

by George R. Stewart

Nevada. As I worked at the story, however, I soon discovered that on October 5 the Donner Party must have been at least two days' journey to the west of Gravelly Ford. Mere exigencies of time and space required it. Moreover, as I investigated further, I even discovered the cause of McGlashan's error to be apparently his own careless reading of one of his sources, the reminiscences of W. C. Graves in the *Russian River Flag*.

When I wrote my own book, I therefore stated the truth as I had discovered it to be, and in a footnote detailed the evidence upon which I corrected the error. Did Error thereupon die? Not at all. Consult almost any of the numerous recent accounts of the Donner Party, and you will find them declaring that Snyder was killed at Gravelly Ford. Nay more, you can still go to Gravelly Ford and find his so-called grave, complete with a grave marker and his name upon it!

This does not mean, at least in all instances, that these later writers do not know of my book, for in some cases they refer to it. It does not mean, moreover, that they have found additional evidence to refute the position, for they adduce none. What it seems to mean is that Error frequently has all the lives of a cat and fights viciously for existence.

In this case, I think that I can see certain reasons for its continued

flourishing. The very name—Gravelly Ford—is a good one. It is of the earth. It suggests just the kind of place where covered wagons should be passing and where men might well be killed. Moreover, the very fact of a local habitation is an aid to Error. There is no special satisfaction to be gained from knowing that Snyder was killed somewhere along the Humboldt. Gravelly Ford, the spot, is much more satisfactory. And if some deluded enthusiast thinks that he has spotted the very grave and puts up a marker above it, that makes the place only more attractive. I have little doubt—as my skepticism passes on into cynicism—that before long the grave will be made a historical shrine and the present marker be replaced by an enduring one in granite and bronze.

And, actually, new evidence is moving the site even farther from Gravelly Ford. A recently discovered diary, published in 1947 in *The Donner Miscellany*, indicates that the scene of Snyder's death is not two days' journey west of the Ford, but five or six! That would move it fifty or sixty or seventy miles farther along the trail, almost to Winnemucca.

Just the other day I talked with Mr. Harrison C. Ryker. He has recently, as a hobby, been investigating the emigrant road, and has made a particular search for the scene of the Reed-Snyder affair. He agrees with

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH

my general idea as to its location, and he has recently found a particular steep little hill, in the proper area, on the emigrant road, close to the river—thus fulfilling all the requirements. He now believes that Error will die. . . . We shall see.

So when I finally join the innumerable caravan (to quote Bryant again), and cross a deeper river than Humboldt and come to a fairer place than California, then perhaps I shall hunt up the long-white-bearded Mr. Bryant. I shall say to him, "Sir, you were wrong about Truth and Error. It was a good idea, and you said it well. Still, you were wrong. You were wrong in your optimism, just the way your great contemporary was too, when he said his say about mousetraps. That case of Snyder shows it." He will look at me, and

perhaps he will say first, "Who was this Snyder? What does it matter about him?" But he will go on to say, "Yes, of course I was wrong. I was only a young fellow in my forties when I wrote 'The Battlefield.' I lived a long time after that, and was the editor of a newspaper for years and years. I learned more about the ways of Truth and Error."

But I shall have one further little remark to make also. "Sir," I shall say, "there's one other detail, too. In those lines you refer to Truth as feminine, '*hers*.' That's natural enough—to refer to an abstract quality as feminine; besides, you needed the rhyme. But why did you have to refer to Error with a masculine pronoun, '*his* worshippers'? I'm afraid I'm a little of a skeptic in that matter also."

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

by James Donohoe

THE STORY of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah has much in common with the recent history of Germany. But there is this difference: Sodom and Gomorrah were obliterated because Abraham was unable to find even ten just persons. In the history of Germany from 1933 to 1945 more and more information is coming to light which reveals the presence of ten, and many times ten, who sickened at Nazi iniquities. Some Germans offered up their lives as testimony to the world that at least they, and they hoped others, were "just persons" who would no longer endure the "iniquities" of the Hitlerites. Such a group were the Munich students who from January 1942 until February 18, 1943, circulated the "White Rose" leaflets—broadsheets which urged the people to refuse to support a government that brought nothing but evil into the world. Their activities are generally called the "Munich Student Revolt of 1943."*

Actually the revolt was not a single demonstration. It was, instead, a long-time struggle. The activities of the group began with the work of Hans Scholl and Alexander Schmorell in January 1942 and reached their climax in the arrests, trials, and executions of several students and one professor at Munich. The movement was vague in its beginnings and was terminated only by the liberation of the students still in prison in May 1945. It was a movement which seemed both rootless and branchless—one which rested always in the realm of the ideal. Certain forces in Bavarian life might, however, have been expected to contribute to it, and it is worth while to examine these before tracing the course of the movement itself.

* In gathering material for this article I am especially grateful to Miss Inge Scholl, sister of Hans and Sophie Scholl, who has, in addition to answering many specific questions, given me a manuscript entitled "*Das Andere Deutschland*," from which I have borrowed extensively. Also I am grateful for the help of Dr. Georg Smolka, a friend and neighbor of Professor Huber.

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

One of these forces was separatism. In the history of modern Bavaria separatism has been more than just a leitmotiv; sometimes it has been the entire opera. National Socialism, for all of its emphasis on national unity, failed to root out the Bavarians' deep-seated hatred of Prussia. By 1944, Bavarians were talking of separation in order to avoid the contagion of guilt. But those who spoke in this fashion were not the members of the Munich group. These, though distrusting and despising Prussian militarism, seemed as prepared to accept the northerners as any other human beings. Several of those implicated with Scholl and Schmorell, the leaders in the movement, were, in fact, born in Prussia. Inge Scholl, Hans Scholl's sister, writes:

Bavarian separatism had nothing—I repeat, absolutely nothing—to do with the action of the Munich students. They would have set it aside whenever they met it. It is fundamentally in opposition to all the progressive and modern notions which they held. In a word: it is reaction incarnate.

This evidence stands without contradiction. It was not separatism which roused the students to action.

Neither can the historian look to university life—that life of supposed critical scholarship—as a causal factor. Even in prewar days at the University of Munich, there had already been established a tradition of booing and egg-throwing, as Party speakers learned to their chagrin. Hassell in his *Diaries* reports such a “revolt” on July 4, 1939, when students who did not like the requirement of harvest work used these means to emphasize their disapproval. As Hassell writes:

A Party speaker was hissed out of one student gathering; in another he was bombarded with eggs, and the affair resulted in about ten students being sent to Dachau. The halls of the university were plastered during the night with inscriptions: “Down with Hitler,” and with slogans comparing Hitler with Napoleon, whose rule also had a quick end.

This in 1939; the 1943 “revolt,” the one with which this paper is concerned, was on a higher level—perhaps unfortunately. Had the students limited themselves to booing, egg-throwing, and other minor forms of violence, they perhaps might have been a part of

the German scene today. That the group wished to free their university from its Babylonian captivity, to make it again a community of scholars devoted to truth, we know from statements in the broadsheet of February 8, 1943. It is questionable, however, whether this alone, or this chiefly, explains the members' quixotic gallantry.

There remain left-wing trade-unionism and communism as possible motivating forces. If, as many writers assert, Communists were the most active element in the underground in Germany, then one might suppose some contact between students and Communists. Apparently, however, there was little or none. Seydewitz does say that the students established a relation with illegal labor groups in southern Germany, for which groups they wrote leaflets for distribution in factories. This is the only mention of such a contact, and if it ever existed, it ended apparently in naught. That it did so end—or did not exist at all—is part of that great tragedy in German history which denies to the German a unified "soul and body," a coherence of theory and action. The intellectual has never wished to see problems outside the realm of the ideal; the worker cannot see, cannot believe, that such an ideal world exists. Reality is denied to both.

From none of these three possible sources, then, does the Munich Student Revolt appear to have drawn its strength. But if unity and inspiration were not gained from these, there was left one great storehouse of values—Christianity. The entire thought and vocabulary of the movement was Christian. It is perhaps even more accurate to say that it was Catholic; not because of clerical influence, for there seems to have been none, but because of the important place which Karl Muth and Theodore Haecker had in influencing the thinking of all of the students concerned. Karl Muth (1867–1947) had been the editor of *Hochland* and was receiving daily visits from Hans Scholl when the first broadsheet came out. Theodore Haecker (1879–1945), author of studies of Virgil and Kierkegaard, and such works as *Der Christ und die Geschichte*, contributed also; it was on his hectograph that many of the leaflets

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

of the "White Rose" were printed. These two scholars filled the minds and hearts of these students with the traditional Christian values. Before their contacts with Muth and Haecker, the leaders of the movement were of many persuasions. Kurt Huber and Willi Graf were practicing Catholics. The Scholls had been brought up in a loose Protestantism. Christoph Probst styled himself a free-thinker. Alexander Schmorell, though nominally a Russian Orthodox, had been lax in his religious practices. All came presently under the spiritual guidance of the Catholic church. The fact is the more striking in that, as said, there seems to have been no political guidance.

The Christian orientation and idiom of the Scholls and Schmorell is strikingly evidenced by their comparison of Hitler to Satan. Consider this passage from the fourth broadsheet:

Every word that comes from Hitler's mouth is a lie. If he says peace, he means war; if by some chance he uses the name of the Almighty, he means nothing less than the Power of Evil, the Fallen Angel, Satan himself. His mouth is but the stinking abyss of Hell. His power is utterly infamous. To be sure you must fight against the terror of National Socialism by rational means; but if you for a moment forget the Devil's existence, then you are in danger of misunderstanding the whole metaphysical background of this war.

This is not the idiom used by those who define the present crisis in terms of diplomacy or economics; it deals with the problem of evil in religious terms. The action of the Munich students who gave their lives in the cause of revolt has meaning only in this light. Hans Scholl wrote in his diary:

Had Christ not lived and had He not died, would there be any meaning to all of this? In senseless tears and in self-destruction—that would be the end.

The lives of all the leaders exhibit this same spirit, though their material backgrounds were as various as their early religious affiliations.

The two Scholls, Hans and Sophie, were born in Württemberg; Hans on September 22, 1918, at Ingerstein an der Jagst; Sophie on

JAMES I. DONOHOE

May 9, 1921, in the village of Forchtenberg. Their father was a burgomaster in a number of villages, changing from place to place possibly because his advanced social views clashed with those of the local intelligentsia. He later gave up that kind of public life and took his family to Ulm where he became a *Wirtschaftsberater*. The children were reared as Protestants but with little emphasis on doctrine; the values in which they were instructed were those of cosmopolitanism and pacifism. These values conflicted with the indoctrination which Hans received as a Hitler Youth Leader. After discussion with his father, Hans abandoned with some regret the logic of National Socialism. By the time he was ready for his Work Service and Military Service he found himself in complete disagreement with his Nazi superiors. After serving in France in the Medical Corps, and for some time at the University of Göttingen, he joined the Medical Student Company at the University of Munich in the fall of 1941. There he met Alexander Schmorell and Christoph Probst. More important, it was not long before he met Karl Muth. His sister, Sophie, joined him at the University to study natural sciences and philosophy. It was easy for her to come in contact with her brother's friends, among them Professor Huber, under whom she read Leibnitz.

Alexander Schmorell was born in Orenburg in the Ural Mountains, September 17, 1917. His father was a German doctor; his mother, the daughter of a Russian priest. He was proud of his Russian background and continued to attend the Orthodox services after he and his father settled in Munich in 1921. Dr. Schmorell remarried in 1926 into a family closely associated with the National Socialists. As a result "Schurik," as Alexander was called, was an enthusiastic Hitler Youth Leader until he, like Hans, discovered that one must not question any article of Nazi doctrine. It was only through the efforts of his stepmother's brothers that he was released from a concentration camp after he had renounced National Socialism. In the fall of 1941 he joined the Medical Student Company at the University of Munich where he found his best friend, Christoph Probst.

Christoph Probst, called Christel, was the favorite of the entire

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

group. He was the only Bavarian among them, born of an old family which had lived in the Kaufbeuren area since the sixteenth century. His father, who appears to have spent most of his life either in mountain climbing or in learning Persian and Sanskrit, reared Christoph and his sister Angelika without much reference to formal Christianity. Young Christoph styled himself a free-thinker, but by 1943, through associations with Muth and Haecker, he was receiving Catholic instruction and was baptized just before his execution.

Willi Graf, born in Kuchenheim in the Saarland, January 2, 1918, is least known of all those who participated in the movement. The most important factor in his life is his Catholicism, which involved him in a prison sentence in Bonn, led him to the Muth and Haecker circles and ultimately to his connection with those who put out the "White Rose" leaflets. His attitude toward the movement reflects the Hamletlike indecision of many German intellectuals, particularly those who styled their passivity "an inner emigration." In his diary is this note, which has been related to the revolt of the Munich students:

Is this really the right way to go about it? Sometimes I believe firmly that it is, other times I have serious doubts. But in spite of it all, I shall do it—even though it is such a bother.

The position which Professor Kurt Huber held in the group was not that of a leader. Apparently he felt that whatever action the students took should arise from their convictions and decisions as members of that segment of German society most influenced by Nazi ideology. Nonetheless he seems to have provided courage and strength. In 1942, he met, for the first time, the Scholls, Schmorell, and the others. He did not know of their work at first; when he learned of it, he contributed to it by writing the famous manifesto of the Munich students after the Stalingrad defeat.

More, of course, than these few were associated with the group. Hans Carl Leipelt, whose mother was Jewish, was arrested on October 8, 1943, because he was suspected of aiding the Scholls. He was executed on January 29, 1944. Others who were arrested

were given prison sentences. All of them must have known the risk they were taking in circulating the "White Rose" leaflets among other students. What did they hope to accomplish by this?

As has already been said, their orientation was profoundly religious. They wanted to bring Germany back to the path of "righteousness, freedom of the individual, law, purity, honesty, and humanity." But they were vague and indecisive as to what could be done. They were certain of but one thing: something had to be done. In an early broadsheet they wrote:

Although we know that the power of National Socialism can be broken only by military force, what we seek to do is to rejuvenate the sore-encrusted soul of Germany. This rebirth must have, however, a full acknowledgment of German guilt which the Germans have heaped upon themselves. There must be an unrelenting fight against Hitler and all his adjutants. With resolute courage the separation of the better half of the German people from all that goes to make up National Socialism must be accomplished at once.

Their "unrelenting fight" took the form of what Hans Scholl called "passive resistance." In the third leaflet of the "White Rose," the prescription is made clear:

Every opponent of National Socialism must ask himself: How can we best rid ourselves of this present state? There is but one answer: passive resistance. . . . Sabotage all armament and important war industries; sabotage all Party gatherings, celebrations, and organizations. The war machine must be halted; it works only for the salvation of the National Socialist Party and its dictatorship. . . . Don't give one red cent to those street collectors; the government neither needs the money nor spends it in the right places.

The above quotations state the program of the Munich students in 1942. There were three events which altered and intensified the movement and finally brought about its collapse.

In the spring of 1942 the Medical Student Company was transferred to the Russian front. Conditions in the East—maltreatment of Russian prisoners of war and of the civilian population—and contact with stricter militarism convinced the students that Nazism must go. On their return to Munich in November, they continued to publish the leaflets. But now they called themselves: "The

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

Resistance Movement in Germany" in order to be at one with other repudiators of National Socialism.

The second event occurred when Gauleiter Giessler visited the University. He made coarse and brutal references to the women students who were not contributing their share to the victory; if nothing else, they might bear children. The result was more than "passive resistance." The Gauleiter's speech was booed, and in the scuffle which followed, several of the SS troopers and Gestapo underlings were thrown down the stairs.

The last event before the trials of the students was the writing and printing of what has come to be called the "Munich Student Manifesto." It was written by Professor Kurt Huber on February 7/8, 1943, as a rallying cry to the students and all Germans to renounce the mad Party which was leading them to their ruin. The broadsheet, publication of which was directly associated with the defeat at Stalingrad, offers no program nor promise save that personal liberty will be restored. There is no plan for what is to follow the overthrow of the regime; there is only a denunciation of soiled values and ideals. There is the cry for a return to "freedom and honor"; the refutation is wholly in the realm of the ideal.

The broadsheet follows in its entirety:

Fellow Students! The defeat of our soldiers at Stalingrad has deeply shaken our country. Senselessly and irresponsibly, 330,000 German men have been led into death and destruction by the strategy of a corporal. Our Führer, we thank thee!

The people of Germany grow restive. Shall we continue to entrust the fate of our armies to a dilettante? Shall we sacrifice the remnants of German youth to the low instinct of a power-greedy party clique? Never! The day of revenge has come. It is time for our German youth to settle accounts with the most hated tyranny our people ever had to endure. In the name of all German youth we demand the restoration of personal liberty, our most treasured possession, which has been filched from us through base treachery.

We have grown up in a state which ruthlessly muzzled every free expression of opinion. The Hitler Youth, the SA and the SS have resorted to the most criminal means to regiment and to drug us in the most impressionable years of our lives. "Ideological education" is what they call their contemptible method of drowning every attempt to think independently, in a

deluge of empty phraseology. A devilish and narrow-minded "Führer Selection" is raising a generation of unscrupulous exploiters and murderers, as godless as they are shameless and brainless, to be the blind and stupid party leaders of the future. They would like to have us "brain-workers" become the lackeys of this new superclass. Front soldiers are being treated like schoolboys by so-called student leaders and by other arrogant Nazi youths. Women students are being offended by the lewd "jokes" of party leaders. German women studying at the University of Munich have given an unequivocal answer to such filthy defilement of their honor. German students have stood up for their women colleagues. That is a beginning in the struggle for our right of self-determination, without which any really creative work is impossible. We all owe gratitude to those brave comrades, young men and young women, who have set a shining example for us.

For us there is only one rallying cry: Fight against the party! Renounce your membership in party organizations which hope to strangle us politically. Walk out of the lectures of those professors who in reality are nothing but SS leaders and party stool pigeons. We struggle for a genuine academic and intellectual freedom. They cannot frighten us with any threat, nor by closing the universities. Each and every one of us must struggle for our future, our freedom, and honor as members of a morally responsible nation.

Freedom and honor! For ten years now these two fair German words have been misused, twisted, and degraded by Hitler and his clique of dilettantes, who have cast the nation's highest values into the mire. They have given more than ample proof of what freedom and honor really mean to them by destroying in this one decade every trace of material and spiritual freedom and every moral substance of the German people. Even the simplest of all Germans must have had his eyes opened by this terrible carnage in the name of "freedom and honor" in which they drenched all Europe. They are still doing it, day after day, and have heaped shame and dishonor upon Germany—lasting shame and dishonor, unless German youth finally rallies to annihilate its destroyers and to help build a new Europe.

Fellow Students! The German people look to us, they expect us to emulate the example set by academic youth in 1813 and to destroy the terrorism of 1943 with the might of the spirit. Beresina and Stalingrad are the torches that have flared up in the East; the dead of Stalingrad call to us: "Forward, my countrymen, the signal fires blaze!"

The people of Germany are ready to end Europe's enslavement by Nazism and to fight for a true and rejuvenated faith in freedom and honor!

On February 18, 1943, Hans and Sophie Scholl took a small case full of these broadsheets to the University to distribute in the lecture rooms before classes began. After placing them in all the

THE MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT

rooms they found that there were still some copies remaining. These they took to the top floor, opened one of the windows overlooking the courtyard and emptied their case. Schmid, the porter, heard the clatter of leaflets and, seeing what they were, signaled the waiting Gestapo agent, and the two were arrested. Hans tried to destroy a leaflet drafted by Christoph Probst but was caught. The arrest of Probst took place in Innsbruck on the next day. The three were tried in the Nazi "People's Court," were found guilty of high treason, and were executed on February 22, 1943, in Stadelheim prison.

Other arrests followed rapidly until by April 20, 1943, about eighty persons were in one way or another implicated. Many of these, it should be noted, were members of the six students' families and were released after questioning. In a second trial Alexander Schmorell, Professor Huber, and Willi Graf were found guilty of high treason. Schmorell and Huber were executed on July 13, 1943; Willi Graf lived until October 12, 1943. Hans Carl Leipelt was tried on October 8, 1943, and was executed January 29, 1944. Hans Hirzel, Franz Mueller, Heinrich Guter, Giesla Schertling, Katharina Schüddekopf, Traute Lafrenz, and Susanne Hirzel received prison sentences varying from ten years to six months for their part in the "Munich Student Revolt."

The effects of what happened at Munich on the rest of Germany are still vague. It is not certain to what extent similar outbreaks at other universities were inspired by the Munich affair. At the University of Berlin, Hellmut Hartert, a friend of Hans Scholl, organized some sort of demonstration; but what was accomplished and the reasons for the action are by no means clear. Nor is the apparent connection of Willi Graf with the Catholic Youth Movement of Freiburg yet clear.

Generally the Munich Student Revolt is eulogized in broad phrases, such as "an attempt to save German youth" or "an attempt to purify themselves and the name of Germany." It would be more accurate to describe this movement as an external failure but an internal success. In this one respect it resembles all efforts to overthrow the Nazi regime, even the 20th of July plot, whose

JAMES I. DONOHOE

instigators sought mainly to save Germany from invasion and dismemberment. To anyone outside of the group who planned the army coup in 1944, the entire episode spells disaster and failure. Meinecke in his *Die Deutsche Katastrophe* has written of a visit with Beck in May 1944, in which they discussed the futility of such a plan to seize control. Yet the "cup of sorrow had to be emptied to its dregs." Meinecke continues:

I rather imagine now that the attempt of July 20, 1944, was carried through on that basis even though they knew it was hopeless; some attempt had to be made to save Germany—some display.

The same is true of the Munich Student Revolt. One cannot miss this note of hopeful despair which permeates the lives and writings of the students. There seems to be no doubt that Hans Scholl knew what he was doing when he emptied the case containing the leaflets into the University courtyard. The necessity and efficacy of this gesture may still be questioned. Yet Hans knew that the time was almost up; he knew that he was being followed. One public display would be worth more than a thousand leaflets of the "White Rose." He and Sophie and the others offered themselves as victims; they were the sign which the world had long awaited. They were what Abraham could not find in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

AS OF THAT TIME

by James R. Caldwell

DEAR, you will find peace in this garden. Here you shall live as if hidden among leaves; you will walk these mossy paths and be quite well before the leaves fall." These and other kindly words they said to Miss Phyllis as they led her, on the morning of her release, to the low garden room where she was to resume the life of which she had grown tired. "Here there will be time," they said, "to bring quiet thoughts home, to find peace. Surely the hours will move softly among these vines."

She saw the primroses along the path, the new leaves on the pear tree, the vine-covered portico before her room, saw between the polleny tassels of the live oak glimpses of the city below and the blue harbor beyond. She felt herself passive to their gentle words, and to a faint hope curling in the depths of her bruised mind.

And if the time here should be only the motions of this garden, and no sounds; if it were wings of birds fluttering the green ends of hours, all movements of stirred leaves and no throb, and nothing that is over and over.

It was a garden which sloped down and below her sister's house to a grassplot and pool, and finally to a little gate giving on the lower street. Paths zigzagged down the slope, between beds of primroses and clumps of iris; a shady place, more green than blossomed, and closed all about by a wall of close-set stakes, vine encurled. They had come down the narrow path running close beside the house, ending at the highest terrace of the garden. May had led her down the path, aiding her at the three stone steps, guiding her elbow. The doctor followed, carrying her bag. Here the path turned to the right, and ran along below the house to the portico before her room. On her left was a low wall, and before it a pear tree. She could look over the wall and down on the garden below.

"I shall look in on you," the doctor was saying, "as a matter of friendship, but you are really very well. I shall not have you on my

mind." His look searched her face, as if he doubted the truth of his words, or as if he would measure her sorrow at taking leave of him. There were in fact tears in her eyes.

"Will there be time to say good-bye?" she asked.

"Naturally, there is plenty of time." He was frowning then and Miss Phyllis knew why, but could not bring it to her mind.

"It is very still in this garden," she said. "It is a sheltered and a kind place. You see, this is to be my home, Doctor; I shall await your visits here." She shook his hand, smiling off toward the blue between the pear boughs. When she turned again, he was gone. She could not be sure how long ago.

"This is your room, dear, and your chair. I picked these jonquils for you."

"But when did you get them picked?" Miss Phyllis said.

"Why, dear, this morning, of course. Birds come to these boughs. And at certain hours a gardener whom the birds torment. Poor soul, they eat the young plants. I think nothing else will enter the garden all day. Rest now, and be happy."

Minutes of that world throbbed like the hurry of a scared heart, and there was no space in that flutter. But these even hours float like clouds to the hill. They cling to the coils of long unforgotten and to that place the gone birds fly back, wing-worn crying over and over and shrill at my ear.

"Can you tell me what time it is?" she asked.

"Darling, there is nothing to worry about. It is morning. About ten-thirty. I didn't wear my watch."

"No," said Miss Phyllis, "I believe this is hardly the time."

"I see what you mean, dear. That in this quiet garden one should forget everything. One should not count the minutes."

"Why yes, May. Is that not what I have said?" A shadow of distress passed over May's tired face. "She is really beginning to age," Miss Phyllis thought. "She doesn't look well at all." And she said aloud, "Forgive me, dear; I think so many things, and often I forget I have not said them. Please be patient with me."

Reappearing now at the corner of the house, the doctor walked rapidly toward them. "You are just fine," he said, smiling very

pleasantly. "She's just fine," he repeated to May, and again turned to leave. Then, "Oh," he said pausing, "I think she might have some kind of clock in her room, if there is one."

The chair was large, gray, and soft, shaped like a shell. There was a gray-green rug on the floor, a pale green cover on the small bed. The doors to the closet and bath and to the stair leading up within the house were painted a soft gray. Sunlight came pale yellow through the half-lowered shades. The window squares and the yellow shades above them were checkered with the young leaves of the pear tree and the shadows of leaves. Miss Phyllis watched for a moment the light and brief movement of the leaf patterns on the shade, a barely perceptible sway of shadow. Abruptly a large and dark shadow cluster twitched and flickered. . . . She began to count softly, watching intently. "One-ten, two-ten, three-ten . . ." The shadow hung still. "There was a point then, and a clear mark. I cannot be sure whether it was a beginning or an ending." *Ending an hour, beginning of a year. A mark and a measure. I am not sure, for there are many orders of hours. I do not care for those. Not for any throbbing across my heart which is hurried pain. Still these shadows will not stop, they are cool and slow. If there is a haste here, a necessary return to time, I could not know that time and may yet be free.*

She tiptoed to the low bench on which her bag lay open, and withdrew from its neatly folded contents the white square of her knitting. She began to work, sitting in the curved, gray chair, her feet close together, her thin elbows drawn to her sides, her back bent forward over the yarn.

So quiet was the garden, the time so still; so enfolded was this room and the sloping garden on which it gave, that this removal so feared might prove less a return to the world than a passage to a new retreat. The low beat in her temples and throat stilled; the four ridges high on her forehead shallowed; tight cords drawing at her skull slacked off. Weight flowed from her shoulders. The pale fingers moved swiftly; the needles ran cool and even.

. . . "Dear little Phylly." This is a long ride, because Doctor's Moxie keeps going along the sandy sand road, and the fly-net

and that part of the harness, they call it breeching, it goes around his bottom (bouncy bouncy), the place under his tail gray and puckered, and it spansks him as he trots, I guess he doesn't care. That bright tire turns up over the wheel wiggling a little, to down on the other side to where it splits the sand and the sand flows back on each side like water. I could not get home from here because I know we've gone more than a mile, three maybe, but I'm all safe because he smells so good like medicine and is whistling the funny way with his teeth closed and the noise windy out of his raggedy mustache, you know, if we were lost, nobody would be whistling like that.

"How does that net keep the flies out? Don't they bite in between?"

"Dear little Phylly, sweet little Phylly." His hand warm in my curls and not like Daddy's, no. "Do you like me? Will you be my girl?" Everything is all right because that is not a mean tease and they are nice joking when they say it, of course I'm Mama's and Daddy's he knows it.

"Yes. Where are we going now?"

"To the asylum. I have to see some people there. Will you always be my girl?" The asylum, No! They keep crazy people there—No, I—and never get out; they make noise and faces at night like old Red Eyes. They can really hurt people—No, I don't want to—but keep still and remember to be very polite; yes, Mother.

"Are there sick people at the asylum besides the crazy people?"

. . . .

A streetcar rumbled a block away, loud, fainter, and was gone. Miss Phyllis sighed deeply, knowing it would be there again *in a ten-fifteen-twenty minutes time, invading, hurrying a harsh cold measure, and exact. Still*

. . . . Cracks in the dashboard like spider webs, something; you can see my feet almost like in a mirror only not clear; these new shoes I can put on myself except for tying; I wish we weren't going there; if I keep hold of his hand like Daddy's, no. He wouldn't leave me alone with any of them.

"What makes people crazy?"

AS OF THAT TIME

"Lots of different things. Sickness, trouble, and sometimes, because they are very naughty, our Heavenly Father punishes them that way."

"I'm not naughty." And I was naughty that time I showed Tommy how I was—if I tell, he'll—Oh, Mother, I don't want to go there. No. Our Father . . .

Miss Phyllis then heard the faint creak of the garden gate opening.

She tiptoed to the window. Standing to one side of it, close to the wall, she slipped a finger under the edge of the shade, and peeked sidewise out, careful to remain unseen. Her heart had begun again to beat hard.

Just within the gate at the bottom of the garden he was bending over a shrub. A very large man, the shoulders under the faded blue shirt broad and heavy. White suspenders, dirty from here. A gray cap. With a sudden and lithe movement, he straightened. Miss Phyllis' heart jerked to the swiftness of that move. Withdrawing her finger, she let the blind hang straight. In a moment she heard the sound of water falling upon leaves, falling on the ground.

She returned to her chair, but instead of resuming her knitting, sat looking at her pale hands, where they moved in her lap, folding and clasping. The furrows deepened again on her brow, and her face was drawn and taut. She sat with eyes cast down.

No longer this green slow flood intact, now again strip-scarred by this one by the hours and birds tormented and hurrying tasked to time of punctual return. Over and again he hurries the weight of that suppleness and tick and throb of the fever from which gets free no quick heart, not even here, with iron arms to bruise, bruise her lilies, lily-body mine, Oh no, not that way.

. . . The porch of this asylum is very long and green—shiny all that side, glass, sun for the ladies many sitting in chairs in long blue skirts. Rocking fast with closed eyes, tearing newspaper in little bits, she making something? the floor around all covered with flakes he scolded? tall and big-nosed that pug on her head top and fists, standing at the window and loud talking to outdoors. "I'm all Irish. Not a bit of Dutch or French in me." Why don't they? Doctor

paying no attention is bending over this one, watery eyes. See, she wants you to look down her throat, holding his sleeve.

"You're all right, Mrs. Perse. It's only your imagination."

"Pray for me, Doctor." She looks very sad. Are we going now? That one across the room with gray hair. She is smiling and nodding her head hard, saying, "Come here, Puss; come here, Puss; come here." I'm not supposed to go, am I? Are we nearly through here? Oh, see a nurse in beautiful white shoes, stockings, cap, all white coming toward. Oh, a little gold watch by a pin on the front of her dress, so beautiful, important. She must be the one that tells them all what time it is. Now:

"Dr. Fitch, good morning, Doctor. Olmquist is disturbed this morning. She tore Madelaine's shirtwaist right off. Do you want to see her? We had to take her to the cell."

He smiling at the white nurse, he should answer though, now. "You mean to see Olmquist?" Why do they laugh, and her face redder? and lashes down?

"Yes, Doctor, I mean Olmquist."

"I'll see her, yes. Oh, Phylly, will you stay here a few minutes and wait for me?" No, no, not alone here. It chokes in my throat and eyes, and my legs feel the way the green hall and ladies turning, rising in that corner to all fall, hold on tight!

"Oh, no, please no," with both hands hold. "Let me go with you, please."

"Well, now, never mind. You can stay right with me. You can just stay with me. There, don't be afraid." . . .

Below in the garden the *scrut, scrut* of a hoe on gravel, relentless, steady, every blow at the back of her neck, twitched at her arms, shoulders, scraped and plucked like steel fingers on music strings.

He must, must so strike so scar and scrape the time not his and so pressed to be over and again on time this throbbing how long to bear each blow or call to May I must.

Miss Phyllis' eyes stared whitely under her fluttering lids. Her thin lips parted took breath sharply in. She shifted constantly in the gray chair, turning her head ever from the window to the yellow

wall. Her right palm cupping at her neck's nape, the knuckles of her left white with clenching.

. . . . Walking, my hand tight in the Doctor's past the big clock in the hall, downstairs in a darker hall, toward the sound of a big lady screaming, and no voice should be so high and wild.

"You let me out of here, and I'll kill every damned one of you. Let me right out of this place, do you hear me? I'm going to kill Norris. I'll say it once more, just give me five minutes to get out of here. Five minutes to get out of this place. Do you hear me?" . . .

A swift shadow slid across the yellow shade. Why, a little bird had flown to the pear tree. It lighted on a low twig, visible to Miss Phyllis below the shade, and the twig swayed to its sudden weight. The bird teetered slightly, flicking its tail to keep balance. Its bright bill tilted up and toward her, but its eyes looked sidelong. She could see the round, dark, jewel-eyes, and where the breeze lifted tiny feathers, pearl-gray on its breast.

The *scrut, scrut* of the hoe stopped.

. . . . The Doctor and the white nurse standing at the heavy door, listening, looking at each other. They shouldn't smile, oh, help her, oh, make her be quiet! Don't let his hand go, and if the dizziness goes away perhaps it will not be so bad, so very bad. There is a little door high up in that big door, he is going to open it, I don't want to look.

"Oh, Doctor, is that you? For God's sake, listen. Will you please get me out of here. I have to see the President, and in twenty minutes I mean. Will you please take me away, because I can't stand any more of this. They're all whispering, trying to kill me."

"Well, why don't you be good? If you'd behave yourself, you wouldn't be in here now."

"Well, I want to be good. But they'll never let me."

"Oh, you want to be good?"

"You damn fool! Listen, you give me five minutes to kill every one of them. Do you know what Norris did to me. She tried to poison me last night because she knows the President wants me to marry him. Listen, Doctor."

"Never mind now. You be good, and you'll be all right. You

just be good." Her voice again screaming so am I sick? Oh, he has closed the door.

"Don't cry, Phylly. Don't cry, little Phylly, she's just bad. She can't hurt you. There now." . . .

The bird perched motionless on the pear twig. Miss Phyllis could see its little claws where they grasped. There was brown at its throat, and the underside pale tawny. And then, marvelously sudden, it lifted its bill and sang, shooting up and out a hail of song-pellets, expelled fast and clear from throat, and shaking to the bold, bright sound.

For Miss Phyllis, weeping, all the green morning glinted with light of little stars. Her body flooded with a cool lightness. She leaned back in the gray chair, with closed eyes. Her fingers drooped loose over the chair arms. Her breath came quietly and deep. Till—Shattering! *Some one has fired a gun*, she knew in every nerve.

Looking again, she saw the bird was trying to rise from the twig, heard the terrible cheep-cheeping from its beak where the blood was. It rose up a few feet on a frantic labor of wings. The blood-drops now plain on its breast, rolling down, dropping and then beaten by the wing whirr to a red spray, spattered on the leaves. Though the wings wildly fluttered, the bird sank down through the blood-spray, down to the low green at the tree's foot, and there hidden, was still. She heard running up the garden path heavy shoes, and then he stood, huge at the door, bending, his thick eyebrows white like snow, skin sagging at his throat, the little black-barreled thing in his heavy hand. With husky, soft voice, smiling he said, "Excuse me, please. I hit him this time. Did you see where he went?" She heard then feet overhead and then descending the stair. May.

Then a fluttering in the low growth under the pear tree behind him touched the coils under his soft, gray flesh to a spring. His boot crushed down the reddened leaves.

"May," Miss Phyllis called. "May."

She was already opening the door, coming quickly and saying, "Phyllis, oh, darling, I am so sorry. Here is the clock."

A GROUP of books* that covers most of the countries of eastern Asia offers a valuable perspective on the current Far Eastern scene. The volumes under review are varied in locale, in method of treatment, and in outlook. Yet they have a common denominator: a retarded Eastern world is trying to catch up to the modern era, and the process of adjustment is a painful one.

Each of the books mirrors a complex interplay of local and foreign influence, but the local factor tends increasingly to assert its predominance. Here, at least, it would seem hazardous to apply the French adage: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" The forces at work in the Far East are producing changes that are real and deep. They have

wrenched things Asiatic from the old grooves. Effects now visible are likely to continue and to lead in turn to still greater change.

The movements that sponsor change in Asia appear to set at defiance any particular ideology; Indonesia changes no less surely than China. Pressures are so great that they operate everywhere and under all conditions—to move in some direction is a necessity. For the same reason more than one outcome is possible, illustrated by the difference, say, between India under the Congress party and Communist China. None of the alternatives to Communism are secure, however, merely because independence has been won. They must bring a substantial measure of social reform, and especially an improvement in the standard of living of their people, before stability is assured. In effect, a social revolutionary imperative is thus linked to the demand for a status of national equality. The two issues combine to form the hard core of the Far Eastern problem.

In China, for some two decades, both sides of the problem have been continuously present. On January 11, 1943, with the British and American treaties ending extraterritorial privilege in China, the long Chinese struggle for full sovereign status was finally won. This victory merely posed the second, and more fundamental, issue. The national demand

* *The Stilwell Papers*, by Joseph W. Stilwell, arranged and edited by Theodore H. White, William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1948, \$4.00; *Way of a Fighter*, by Claire Lee Chennault, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1949, \$4.50; *The United States and China*, by John King Fairbank, Harvard University Press, 1949, \$3.75; *China: The Land and the People*, by Gerald F. Winfield, William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1948, \$5.00; *MacArthur's Japan*, by Russell Brines, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1948, \$3.50; *Japan Diary*, by Mark Gayn, William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1948, \$4.00; *Japan: Enemy or Ally?* by W. Macmahon Ball, The John Day Company, 1949, \$3.00; *Out of Exile*, by Soetan Sjahrir, translated, with an introduction, by Charles Wolf, Jr., The John Day Company, 1949, \$3.00; *The Indonesian Story*, by Charles Wolf, Jr., The John Day Company, 1948, \$3.00; *The Situation in Asia*, by Owen Lattimore, Little, Brown and Company, 1949, \$2.75.

by T. A. Bisson

was met. But the Chinese government, led by the Kuomintang under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, had still to meet the demand of its people for domestic reform. The issue was not an academic one, since a strongly organized Chinese Communist party, offering a challenging alternative to Kuomintang rule, was already in the field.

When the new treaties were signed in January 1943, the two leading American commanders in China were Generals Stilwell and Chennault. Both men, to an unusual degree, were able to inspire their Chinese and American associates with the will to fight against great odds. In almost every other respect they formed a pair strangely opposite. Stilwell was a ground-force man, Chennault an air-force man. Stilwell, for an Army officer, had an extraordinary appreciation of the bearing of political and social factors on military problems. Chennault, unorthodox Army man that he was in many respects, was at least orthodox in this respect: he had a military job to do, and he concentrated on that. In his writing, he cites many examples of corruption and inefficiency that bear directly on military capability, but he gives no indication of an interest in the reform of such abuses through Chinese political action.

General Chennault apparently respected Generalissimo Chiang Kai-

shek and showed an easy ability to get along with him. General Stilwell had little respect for the Generalissimo, an opinion displayed on page after page of the *Stilwell Papers*. These comments, however, are partly misleading. They were for private jottings and letters, and the book itself gives evidence that actual contacts between Stilwell and the Generalissimo were at all times on a diplomatically correct footing. Chennault, for his part, could be as blunt as Stilwell, and one is forced to conclude that the personalities of the two men were not decisive in the relations they established with Chiang Kai-shek. Their differing military needs were another matter.

Chennault was a practitioner and advocate of air power. He ably organized the Chinese contribution to his actions in logistics and intelligence, but his combat operations were handled almost solely by American officers and men. He advocated striking at Japan's vital shipping lanes from his favorable interior lines. His strategy fitted well with the outlook and aims of the Generalissimo. It required a maximum commitment of American planes and men, and a minimum demand on China's ground forces—at least so long as Japan did not react with a big ground offensive against Chennault's air bases.

Stilwell's plans and operations, on the other hand, were primarily

concerned with the use of Chinese ground forces: first, to break through in North Burma and establish a land route to the Chinese front, and then to prepare the Chinese armies to take the offensive in China. His objective required the maximum commitment of Chinese ground forces, immediately in Burma and later, after due preparation, in China. Chiang Kai-shek displayed no enthusiasm for this objective; the difficulties between him and Stilwell centered always around the latter's efforts to commit Chinese ground forces to action.

Both commanders turned in extraordinary military achievements, Stilwell's successful North Burma offensive being matched by the record of the air fighters and bombers under Chennault. Both commanders, however, claimed that they could have done better, and both claimed that they were let down. Their claims were justified.

The essential difficulty was the paucity of resources. To be effective, as it turned out, Stilwell's strategy required an earlier take-off in North Burma than December 1943. He could not get adequate supplies, or adequate commitments of Chinese and British troops, soon enough. Chennault is thus able to say, with some justice, that the opening of the Burma Road never paid off, since it came too late to be of much help. Stilwell consistently maintained, however, that without prior improvement of China's ground forces, a counteroffensive would sweep Chen-

nault out of his air fields as soon as his attack began to hurt. It happened just so in the summer of 1944; by November, the 14th Air Force was pushed all the way back to Kunming. Chennault's answer that a bigger air force with more supplies would have enabled the Chinese armies to turn back the offensive is not altogether convincing. At this time, the most critical of the war for China, the political aspect of the military problem assumed its full importance. With the first Japanese blow in Honan, Tang En-po's armies collapsed into a rabble, cheived by the Chinese peasants they had despoiled for four years.* At Changsha, Hsüeh Yüeh,† the Chinese general whom Chennault specially extols, was on the latter's own admission undercut and defeated by intrigue and lack of support in Chungking, and with his defeat went Chennault's air fields.

The accounts by Stilwell and Chennault are faithful projections of two vigorous personalities, but they are incomplete, highly partisan. Chennault's story, published nearly four years after the war, is obviously written with care. It is nevertheless highly tendentious and on occasion nearly as intemperate as Stilwell's private notations. On China's political issues it is virtually a complete blank. Few American observers would agree with his estimate of Chinese Communist strength. He states flatly that during 1940-44 "the main

* *Way of a Fighter*, p. 286.

† Transliterated Hsueh Yo in *Way of a Fighter*.

T. A. BISSON

Communist armies had been bottled up in Shensi Province"—a rather astounding factual error. "Communist military activities," he writes, "were confined largely to raiding small Japanese outposts for food and arms."

Stilwell's account, pieced together from his letters and diaries after his death, is scrappy and disjointed, the reverse of a considered statement. On many details it carries no answer to the attack pressed home against him by Chennault. On the major issues, helped by one or two undated papers composed with some care, Stilwell's views are clear, both in the military and political fields. He had "faith in Chinese soldiers and Chinese people: fundamentally great, democratic, misgoverned." He had no faith in the military capability of Chinese armies operating within the Kuomintang system. He feared civil war and chaos in China after the Japanese were out, and an increase of Russian influence, unless political agreement was reached between the Kuomintang and the Communists. In the Chinese Communist program he took note of these items: "reduce taxes, rents, interest. Raise production, and standard of living. Participate in government. Practice what they preach." He writes: "Chiang K'ai-shek is confronted with an idea, and that defeats him. He is bewildered by the spread of Communist influence. He can't see that the mass of Chinese people welcome the Reds as being the only visible hope of relief

from crushing taxation, the abuses of the Army and Tai Li's Gestapo."

Few of the overtones of China's long history enter into the clashing modernisms of Stilwell and Chennault. How China's past has influenced its present is the primary concern of John Fairbank's notable book, *The United States and China*, with its sober, realistic analysis of the institutional traditions of Chinese society and government. For two millenia, in this society, a Confucian pattern of authoritarian paternalism rested on a base of peasant agriculture. Under the weight of this system the middle class was stifled. The scholar-gentry, drawn chiefly from the landlord class, formed the bureaucratic elite. Its badge of honor and privilege was its monopoly of knowledge of the Confucian classics, the controlling ideology of the state.

For more than a century now, the old society has been undergoing a progressively revolutionary transformation. The Western impact initiated this process, but the tenacious Confucian pattern resisted modernization. Instead a slow undermining occurred, as Western commerce flowed into the country, destroying the old handicraft industry and forcing more people into dependence on an overcrowded agriculture. When reform under the Manchus really began after the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, it came too late to save the dynasty, overwhelmed in 1911 by the

revolution led by Sun Yat-sen. By this time a railway network had spread over China, and the beginnings of a modern industry had appeared in the port cities. In the modern schools, the study of Western science was displacing the authority of the Confucian classics. A new-found national consciousness, exploding in protest against the Versailles Treaty, was coincident with the birth of a modern vernacular literature. In 1921 a Chinese Communist party was organized. Foreign trade and investment steadily increased, as did also the population and the pressure upon agriculture.

The crisscrossing of diverse influences is carefully analyzed by Dr. Fairbank. In the political sphere these gave rise to a new authoritarianism under the Kuomintang, one marked by a curious blend of Soviet-modeled organization and Western capitalist influence along with an ideology in which the tenets of Sun Yat-sen struggled for supremacy with those of Confucius. The whole was subordinated to the requirements of a bureaucracy that still drew its main strength from new military representatives of the old landlord gentry throughout the countryside. The combination was an unstable one, but it had at its service the growing numbers of a technically trained intelligentsia and was improving its position in the mid-thirties. Its primary weakness, shrewdly utilized by the Chinese Communists, lay in its inability to lift the crushing weight of landlord-militarist-

official oppression from the backs of the peasantry. With the exigencies of protracted war and retreat to the hinterland, the more modern port-city business group lost influence to the older militarist, landlord, and bureaucratic elements in the Kuomintang political equation. The earlier standards of honesty and efficiency partly established in the central administration steadily declined, while the exactions from the peasantry grew even more onerous. Thus the Chinese Communists were presented with the chance to seize the initiative in the political struggle, and they became the heirs of a revolutionary process that traced back to the appearance of the early Western traders at Canton.

In his concluding chapter, Dr. Fairbank emphasizes the necessity of relating American policy in China to the historical forces operating in that country. If American policy is to succeed, he declares, it "must take full account of China's own process of social change." There are limits to American power. "The outcome of a social revolution among 450 million people," he says, "does not depend upon us. . . . Revolutions, for all their violence, are compounded of ideas and sentiments, not force alone . . . in large areas of China we are now known chiefly, and not without some justice, as the source of the Nationalist planes and guns which strafe the peasant villages."

Dr. Fairbank sees "little chance of detaching the Chinese Communist revolution from its Marxism nor,

T. A. BISSON

therefore, from its Russian connection." He appraises it as a movement deriving "its strength from three sources—peasant rebellion, Marxist ideology, and genuine Chinese patriotism." The Russian connection, he believes, represents its Achilles heel for the reason that "Russian expansion may become a greater imperialist menace to China than American expansion." American strategy, he points out, must first "champion the cause of China's national independence of foreign powers"; second, make "a stand for liberalism—individual freedom and individual security—as opposed to police-state totalitarianism"; and, third, provide "economic aid for rapid and genuine agrarian reform and development . . . providing (and this is essential) that such aid is not misused for backward political ends." Above all, Fairbank notes, American action in China must support "those social and economic developments which will really appeal to the Chinese people. Support of the political status quo will not save our position. We must compete for the ideological leadership of revolutionary social changes."

Certain immediate possibilities of economic reform, especially in systems of land tenure, credit, and taxation, exist in all Asiatic countries. The party or group that can apply them in actual practice has hold of a commanding lever in domestic politics. Beyond these immediate reforms, however, lies a much

bigger and more difficult problem, usually expressed in terms of "development" or "reconstruction," that can be solved only over a long period. Discussion of this problem has been stimulated during 1949 by the enunciation of President Truman's "bold new program" for the development of backward areas.

In his *China: The Land and the People*, Gerald F. Winfield brings the discussion down to earth by presenting concrete facts and figures. The first half of his valuable study offers a detailed factual description of China's economic and social conditions. From this basis, he projects a specific fifty-year blueprint of development in agriculture, industry, education, health, and related fields. A few salient provisos of his scheme, omitting explanatory and supporting detail, are sufficient to illustrate the magnitude and complexity of China's reconstruction problem. It should be borne in mind that, with differences mainly in degree and with a partial exception for Japan, a similar problem exists in all Far Eastern countries.

An estimate of the National Resources Commission of the Chinese government fixed China's national income in 1933 at roughly nine billion United States dollars, or about twenty dollars per capita for a population of 450 million. The Chinese economy, with its abysmally low living standard, has certainly not grown

stronger in the intervening period. Dr. Winfield is thus giving China the benefit of the doubt when he assumes a nine-billion-dollar base in 1950 for the start of his fifty-year program.

By the end of the century, under this program, the cultivated area would have considerably increased; more important, agricultural productivity would have doubled, bringing China to the scientific level of agriculture in modern European countries. More than thirty million families would have been shifted from the land, and the average farm would be thirteen acres in size instead of about four acres. By the year 2000, China's industrial plant would have attained the 1926-29 level of the United States, with total manufacturing output, exclusive of food products, valued at forty billion United States dollars in 1926-29 price levels. Other elements of the economy would expand proportionately. Railway trackage, for example, would be increased more than ten times to 140,000 miles. Mining would be vastly increased. By 2000 the coal mined and consumed would total 750 million tons, while hydroelectric power would supply a further 250 million tons of coal energy.*

To attain these results, a foreign capital investment of one billion dollars a year for ten or fifteen years would be required at the outset; in the later years, China would herself be expected to plough back 15 percent of her national income in capital plant. In addition to the use of foreign technical experts, large invest-

ments in educational facilities would be needed to train Chinese technicians and skilled workers and overcome illiteracy. With these conditions met, the national income, starting at nine billion dollars in 1950, would reach about eighty-five billions by the end of the century,† or about one hundred thirty dollars per capita for a population of some 650 million. Here the author inserts still another stiff proviso. One of the most difficult tasks of the entire program would be that of holding the population increase to 200 million in the fifty-year period. Assuming that this final condition was satisfied, along with all the others, Winfield sees the Chinese population by the year 2000 occupationally distributed in proportions similar to those of contemporary France. Its standard of living would be approximately one-fifth of that of the United States in 1929.

Economists and population experts might perhaps tilt their lances at some of the details or gaps in the program outlined by Winfield. They might note, for example, that no treatment of China's foreign trade is included, and thus of the country's ability to service a foreign capital investment of ten to fifteen billion

* One billion tons of coal energy is thought adequate to raise China's manufactured output to the specified level, owing to elimination of luxury uses and the continued employment of men for many tasks performed by machines in the United States.

† On page 328 the author gives a "production" total of ninety-three billions, but his calculations for industrial output are based on eighty-five billions.

T. A. BISSON

dollars. They might lay stress on the need for a highly efficient government to carry through the program. They would no doubt agree, however, that the problem is of the scope and difficulty that the scheme suggests. To "reconstruct" Asiatic countries requires an approach along the general lines and of the order of magnitude that Winfield indicates. It is to be noted that the net result of his ambitious project is extremely modest, i.e., a living standard for China fifty years hence about equal to that of prewar Italy.

When we turn to Japan, we find certain aspects that tend to set it apart from the rest of the Far East. Its industrial economy, the skill and traditions of an autocratic ruling class, and its modern career of aggressive expansion, all place it on a different footing. In many respects, on the other hand, Japan's condition is much like that of the other Eastern countries. It has a large agricultural population with a very low living standard, although this peasantry today makes up a little less than 50 percent of the total population instead of 85 percent as in most of the other countries. Its population is also increasing rapidly and its problem of economic support, geared to the requirement of a large foreign trade, is no less difficult.

These contrasting elements of Japan's situation combined to dictate the broad requirements of occupation policy. Demilitarization was the first demand, and was promptly en-

forced. Adequate protection against a resurgent Japan required, in the second place, a program of political, economic, and social reform that would abolish the old autocracy and weaken the stimuli to aggression. And, thirdly, the occupation had to provide for an economic restoration that would enable Japan to support itself. The latter elements of the problem were closely intertwined and interdependent. Economic restoration without adequate reform spelled danger for the future, even though demilitarization had been enforced.

Of the three volumes on Japan under review, it is not without significance that each of them, even if in varying degree, manifests skepticism on those items that affect this crucial aspect of occupation policy. The most favorable estimate is that rendered by Russell Brines, in *MacArthur's Japan*. In his concluding chapter he declares that Japan "has been well started toward honorable revival by the tolerance of the occupation and direct American support. . . . The United States has adopted one of history's most humane and sensible programs for the treatment of a defeated aggressor." And yet when he examines specific issues, he is by no means sanguine of the results.

His chapter on the Emperor ends with this sentence: "For the throne still bears on it the mark of the *Gumbatsu*—the militaristic class." His

last sentences on the new political order read: "The Japanese government of 1948 was far from representing the people. It had changed considerably in outline, but it was being manipulated by the same men who had held authority before. They showed every intention of handling affairs in much the old way until the people properly exercised their new authority—through the ballot." These sentences were written before the ultraconservatives under Yoshida took control of the lower House of the Diet in the general election of January 1949.

The occupation officials take legitimate pride in the land reform in Japan—the only land-division program effectively implemented under American auspices in the Far East. Division of land alone, however, is not enough to insure the economic security of small farmers working fragmented plots of land. Either strong farm co-operatives or else some form of collective village operation of the land is a further necessity. The farm co-operatives sponsored by the occupation have many weaknesses, not the least being the ability of the old landlord interest to gain control of them. Brines concludes that "the initial test of [the Japanese farmer's] ability to hold his gains by himself had proved discouraging and the co-operatives, intended to reach a counterbalancing position similar to labor unions, were falling into autocratic hands." On the *Zaibatsu* monopolists, and their continuing strength, the author

writes one of his most effective chapters. He recognizes the importance of the labor movement that has developed in postwar Japan, but views it in a double light: as a vehicle of Communist influence, and as "the most promising force against a strong reaction which seems likely if Allied controls are lifted in the next few years."

Japan Diary, far more than *MacArthur's Japan*, is a searching critique of occupation policy and procedures. Where Brines sees the failure of a projected reform in terms of an entrenched Japanese opposition alone, Gayn finds in addition a lack of determination on the part of SCAP officials and an increasing willingness to tone down measures that required strict application. Gayn's book, written in diary form, is a succession of flashing vignettes. The author moved around a lot and saw a great deal, and he transfers to his pages the color and incident of postwar life in Japan.

A brief review cannot cover the many facets of *Japan Diary*, which constitutes the most thorough behind-the-scenes reporting of any of the postwar military occupations. Its twenty-page conclusion draws a careful balance sheet that also defies summary but deserves thoughtful reading by all students of current Far Eastern affairs. A notable aspect of the book is its report of the author's findings on a three weeks' visit to Korea in the fall of 1946.

Brines and Gayn are able newspapermen, with long experience;

T. A. BISSON

W. Macmahon Ball is a distinguished Australian political scientist who represented his country, Britain, India, and New Zealand on the Allied Council for Japan during 1946-47. His position was a difficult one, and not made easier by the methods—described only in part by Mr. Ball—that General MacArthur adopted to put the Council in its place. On the two major occasions during his term when the Council was actually consulted on matters of substance, affecting the land reform and the inflationary crisis, Mr. Ball's delegation offered a set of detailed analyses and recommendations, included in full in his book.

Mr. Ball's opinions are moderately expressed, but they go to the heart of the major issues in occupation policy. "In my view," he states, "the people who, within the limits of the Occupation, rule Japan today, belong to the same groups and retain the same outlook as those who ruled Japan before 1941. . . . It is my thesis that since the surrender the Japanese government, in response to the pressure groups that control it, has sabotaged economic recovery in the effort to frustrate the Allied aims of 1945, and that it has done this with frivolous indifference to the sufferings it has brought to the mass of the Japanese people."

He believes that a postwar Japan that is unsound will also be unsafe. Is it not likely, he asks, "that the old guard, which still controls Japan's economy, will use its new resources to do what it formerly did: maintain

a semifeudalism at home and extend an economic imperialism abroad? . . . Can we be sure that, in emphasizing the role of industrial leadership for which Japan is equipped, and in helping establish her as the 'workshop of East Asia,' and as the 'point of stability in the Far East,' we are not helping her to re-establish that economic imperialism which in the war years we spent so much blood and treasure in an effort to destroy?"

What, then, is the answer to the problem, if there is one? Mr. Ball holds that the original liberal emphases of the occupation program must be recaptured. "It is dangerous," he contends, "to make economic concessions and grant economic aid unless this policy is tightly geared with an effective program of economic and social reform. Otherwise, what purports to be economic aid to the Japanese people may be a disguised subsidy to Japanese reactionaries." He thinks, therefore, that the Allied powers must "insist that economic and financial aid will be always contingent on the Japanese government's domestic policy. The flow of external aid should be closely geared to the rate of internal reform."

In the strictly colonial area of the Far East, Indonesia represents the test case. Under the Dutch it had been a tightly controlled colony, with nationalist leaders held in close

check and nationalism apparently at a low stage of development. At the end of the war, nevertheless, a set of able Indonesian leaders not only declared their country's independence but thereafter, in the face of a strong Dutch attempt to reassert control, showed a stubborn ability to maintain a functioning government and defend their freedom both at home and in international councils.

A good part of the answer to this seeming paradox is supplied in *Out of Exile*, the intellectual and political testament of Soetan Sjahrir, one of the keenest minds among Indonesia's leaders. His commentary on prewar conditions in Indonesia makes clear that even then the Dutch had largely forfeited the support of the country's intelligentsia. That men such as Sjahrir and Hatta, with essentially moderate political views, should have been exiled for eight years—one spent in the New Guinea hellhole of Boven Digoel—merely illustrates how far the alienation had gone.

But Sjahrir's pages also give evidence of mass disaffection that argued an even greater vulnerability of Dutch rule. The centuries-old *Djoko-bojo* myth of "a hundred days" of rule by a yellow people from the north, ending white rule, was widely and passionately believed in Java, and as early as 1937 the people were saying, "It is the Japanese who will come." The Javanese expected *and desired* liberation by the Japanese. Those nationalist leaders who opposed this sentiment were swimming against the popular tide. Sjahrir's

and Hatta's allegiance to the Allied cause could not be implemented because Dutch policy offered no co-operation with such leaders toward enlisting Indonesian support in defense of the islands. The Dutch administration, fearful of its position, still favored repression as against local popular mobilization. It might indeed be truer to say that its past policy had condemned it to negative action in the 1941 crisis.

Sjahrir's book is the highly personal record of a subtle and discriminating intelligence. It covers a field that includes psychology and philosophy, as well as modern history, literature, politics, and international relations. His probings into his own consciousness, and into the psychological polarities of "colonial" versus "colonial ruler," are marked by unusual clarity and finish. His letters are a work of literature, and by many will be read and enjoyed as such even more than for their political content.

Charles Wolf, translator of *Out of Exile*, is also the author of *The Indonesian Story*, carrying a treatment of postwar events down to 1948. His study fills out Sjahrir's concluding section on Indonesia under Japanese rule, follows the successive stages of the Indonesian-Dutch conflict, and analyzes the personalities and policies of the Indonesian Republic. He is scrupulously fair to both sides, and the effort so made has the incidental and illuminating effect of revealing the full complexity of a typical colonial issue. He regards the

T. A. BISSON

first Dutch "police" action of July 1947 as a violation of the arbitration pledge in the Linggadjati Agreement. Presumably he would equally condemn the second "police" action taken by the Dutch in December 1948.

He does not believe such measures will succeed. "For more than three hundred years," he writes, "the Indonesians have been obliged to adapt themselves to the changing forces and policies of Dutch colonialism. They will no longer play that role. The Dutch must now make their first really difficult adjustment, by adaptation to the currents of Indonesian nationalism, if they are to retain their economic position in Indonesia." Wolf is optimistic over the qualities displayed by the leaders of the Indonesian Republic, an estimate based in part on their long-range economic program, which he examines in some detail.

An "Asia out of control" is the most inclusive finding of *The Situation in Asia*, the latest survey of Far Eastern issues by Owen Lattimore. From India around the quarter-circle up to Japan, he sees a new "third group" of Asiatic states emerging, beholden neither to the Soviet nor the American power bloc. He is aware that neither India nor Pakistan, nor perhaps still more the Philippines, are free of economic ties with the Western powers that represent varying measures of dependence, but he is inclined to stress the forward push of their national

movements as holding the real gauge to their position.

Nor is he prepared to accept the view that a Communist China will be a satellite of the Soviet Union. "The truth is," he writes, "that in China devotion to nationalism and national interests is more powerful among more people than devotion to Marxism and Russian interests." The real test, he adds, will come in Manchuria, where the Russians have the best opportunity of pressing a selfish national advantage against the Chinese interest. He does not believe they will so move: "From the Russian point of view there is no urgent need to push beyond the present state of affairs in China. . . . On the other hand, in the many fields where there is no conflict of Chinese and Russian national interest, China will now cordially support Russia."

A Japan under military occupation might seem an obvious exception to Lattimore's thesis of an Asia out of control. But he notes that here "the future is uncertain. The American policy of making Japan both a workshop for Asia and a bulwark against Russia is based on assumptions that within a year will begin to seem much less valid than they did in 1948. Japan is a workshop without raw materials, and a bulwark manned by defenders who may in their own good time decide to deal with the other side." The conservatives now in control of Japan, he

thinks, are quite capable of making the switch, and "the chances are increasingly in favor of Japan's ability to play America's need against whatever Russia—and China—may have to offer."

Lattimore's thesis of an Asiatic "third group" of powers, providing a shock absorber for Soviet-American tension, is fundamentally optimistic. The group can develop, one might say, if the tensions it has to absorb are not too great. Otherwise, Soviet-American pressures on these countries are likely to foster a tendency toward polarization—an ominous development already partly in the making.

The notable aspect of this survey is the degree of unanimity in the views of the authors represented. With the exception of Major General Chennault, all stress the primacy of social issues in determining political outcomes in Far Eastern affairs. Answers to urgent local needs form the

bedrock of effective policy in every country. Where the national demand is still unsatisfied, it plays a paramount role. A transfer of authority becomes the central requirement of policy.

But there is also an internal demand. In the China outcome the United States has been given notice. Its lesson can be applied in South Korea, the Philippines, and Japan, where the responsibility is primarily American, but it is applicable throughout the Far East. A grant of national freedom is not the answer, but only the beginning of an answer. The rest of it is a local government rooted in wide popular support because it is making solid and demonstrable gains for the whole people. A long-term economic solution for Eastern countries will require large outside help in capital and technique, but constructive results from such aid will depend more largely on the actions of the borrower than the lender.

It would be well if nations and races could communicate their qualities, but in practice when they look upon each other, they have an eye to nothing but defects.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Fontainebleau*

Thoughts of Aeneas

TOM BAIR

I came to Carthage

And the day was quiet

And the sea was flat to soft horizons, bending a little to the sun like
the petal of a flower, immortal, younger than spring love,
older than sorrow.

City or symbol, more lovely, more silent for each new century;

That I came then was a good thing.

For my heart stood like a savage from the hills and could not enter.

Carthage is old now. And the song of your voice is old, worn to
the softest lace.

I will wait.

I will wait for night, when the little scarlet spiders are gone from
the broken columns;

When poppies, bursting their hopeful stocks between the pale
mosaic floors, are closed.

I will come back to you then.

Then—I will move on the streets of your life again.

And you will know that I have never gone away.

INNOCENT ABOARD

by Robert M. Gay

BETWEEN Boston and Chicago I occupied a "roomette." This was a mistake. There was nobody to talk to. The windows looked out only on one side, and the room was full of gadgets and push buttons that exemplified the astounding ingenuity of the American mind. I spent the first few miles working the gadgets and pushing the buttons, then I opened the door.

In the roomette opposite sat a young man about the size of G. K. Chesterton or Nero Wolfe, dressed in a fuzzy tweed suit and pounding away with two fingers on a portable typewriter. He looked up at me, finished a sentence, sat back, and grinned.

"I'm on my way to Tacoma," he said, "and have just remembered I left three pairs of pants in Cambridge."

There seemed some lack of consequence in the remark, and I said "Oh?" and looked at the violent tweed pants he was wearing.

"Fishing pants, riding pants, and climbing pants," he explained.

I said "Oh" again, thinking of my own pants, of which there were two pairs in my bag, both ordinary walking and sitting pants. "You're going to fish, ride, and climb out there?"

"Sure," he said, as if anybody should know that, and began to pound again.

I retired to my cell and contemplated the phenomenon of a man who owned so many pants for so many purposes; and then a handsome elderly lady and a beautiful young one came in from the car behind, gazed at me as if I were an aardvark in a zoo, and sat down with him.

"I've left my fishing pants, riding pants, and climbing pants in Cambridge," he said.

"You would," said the young woman, who might have been his sister, wife, or sweetheart, but who, either way, sounded disagreeable. "Did you bring your dinner pants and dress pants?"

"Holy cow!" He jumped up and pulled an enormous leather bag

into view. The two ladies had to move out into the corridor while he wrestled with it, trying to open it. He was not successful. "Damn lock's jammed," he said. I got out my pocket knife that I use for all purposes from opening letters to opening cans. I bought it in Germany, in Munich, in 1929. The Germans knew how to make knives.

"Let me see if I can pry it open," I said. The ladies, who were very good-looking, observed me with a Brattle Street expression. The knife, as usual, proved equal to the occasion, the lock snapped up, the young man said, "Thanks a million," the cover of the bag flapped open, and the contents cascaded onto the floor.

"Well," said his mother, if that is who she was.

I retreated to my den, but not before I had had a glimpse of more clothes than I had ever seen come out of one bag before, and this bag was only one of three. The dinner pants and dress pants were there. The ladies returned to their car.

"I'll never get them back in again," the young man was saying, but I thought he would have plenty of time to try before he reached Tacoma, Washington, and pretended not to hear him.

I had set out for California from Cape Cod early in March, with no great enthusiasm, for it seemed a long way to go for the first time and at my age; but I had made a plan, and was determined to follow it, of seeing everything, talking with everybody, and cultivating a hospitable mind. A friend described this attitude as an affectation of wide-eyed innocence; but, whatever it was, it promised an interesting experiment in experience.

The young man across the hall pounded steadily until the first call for dinner, when the ladies reappeared and they all went toward the dining car. I crossed the corridor to see what he was writing. It was a lecture on T. S. Eliot's critical theory, but I read only a paragraph, for I was well brought up and would not dream of reading anyone's private papers. I sat down again for ten minutes to get used to the idea of a college professor—nobody but a professor would have written that paragraph—having so many clothes; but was unable to do so, and went to get my dinner, with "fishing pants, riding pants, climbing pants, dinner pants, and dress pants" throbbing in my head in time with the click of the wheels on the rails. The

INNOCENT ABOARD

trio were eating at the far end, evidently quarreling, and so I sat down at the near end. I never saw them again, and that, I thought later, is what travel is: now you see them, and now you don't.

My glimpse of how the other half, the upper half, lives had cheered me, and I smiled at a nice girl opposite, who smiled back. "It's snowing harder," she said. We were then passing through Springfield, Massachusetts. I agreed that it was snowing harder, wondered whether it would keep up, and asked how the lamb was. "Very good," she said, "but the peas are canned. They might at least serve frozen peas at the price."

I saw she was a sensible girl, for the price seemed high enough to include the whole leg, and so we got into conversation. I noticed that she seemed excited, her eyes trying to look at everything at once and her person bouncing about more than the train bounced it.

"Do you know," she said, "this is the first time I've ever ridden on a train!"

"You don't mean it! And you're about eighteen?"

"Twenty. And I really mean it. It's wonderful! I've ridden only in private cars, busses, and trolleys. I'd no idea how thrilling a train is."

"Well, it is for me, too, and I'm three and a half times as old as you. I'm on my way to California, and my longest trip by train before this was from Boston to Baltimore. But it's rather startling to know you young people can grow up without ever riding on a train at all. On the other hand, I've never flown. Have you?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times. I forgot to mention that. I've flown from New York to Florida and Chicago and San Francisco."

"Well, well." I was remembering my own first train trip, from New York to the Catskills, as a little boy, and how excited I was, and the awe I felt in watching my father buying tickets, checking trunks, finding seats, chatting with the conductor. He knew everything. And the power, speed, things rushing by, clatter of switches, roar of bridges, hooting of the engine among the mountains. I looked at her and envied her. I never saw this nice girl again.

When I got back to solitary confinement, my neighbor's cell door was shut and I closed mine and tried to read *Elephant and Castle*,

but could not concentrate. I sat by the window and watched the night go by and wondered why I had never gone to California before.

I had heard of California when quite young from the semiannual letters of Cousin Kate—or was she Cousin Lydia or Cousin Myra?—a New Yorker or perhaps a Bostonian who had married and settled in Pasadena or it may have been Santa Barbara or Redlands, and was a letter-writer of a school now practically extinct. When one of her fat letters arrived, we sat, we children and our father, in a ring in the back parlor in Brooklyn, and listened to our mother read it, and we marveled as much at Cousin Kate's refinement as at her vocabulary.

She was a lovely, gracious person, no doubt, something like one of Edith Wharton's less obnoxious ladies. I think she was a minor poet, but that may have been Cousin Lottie. I got from her letters the idea that California was inhabited by transplanted New Yorkers and Bostonians of the leisure class, who spent their days admiring nature, of which there seemed to be a good deal, waited on by Chinese servants who were very comical, and cultivating geraniums that climbed to their second-story windows.

It was evident that California was so full of scenery of a large size that Cousin Kate simply had to describe it, never having discovered that this cannot be done. Like Sir Walter Scott she did not realize that the natural instinct of a reader is to skip it. My mother, out of loyalty to a relative who reflected credit on our untraveled family, skipped nothing; and so it may be there was implanted in me thus early a decision to skip California itself.

In after years I overcame this weakness so far as to be able to enjoy scenery in small quantities, but the original bias was innocently strengthened by acquaintances who had been to California and loved to show pictures they had taken there. The number of evenings I spent thus, looking and listening, was probably small, but they seemed long. My entertainers were well meaning, but they mistook my glassy stare and fixed smile for rapt attention, and brought out all their pictures, instead of only a hundred or so. They seldom took a snapshot of anything smaller than Shasta Dam or the

INNOCENT ABOARD

Falls of the Yosemite, and their supply of fresh adjectives ran out early in the evening. I came to appreciate the New York girl who remarked of the Grand Canyon, "Isn't it cute?"

And yet, as I sat now, looking at the night, I could not honestly say that these reasons for not going to California were sufficient. I began to think of all the other things I had not done in my life, and was soon so blue that I saw that solitary confinement was not agreeing with me. I opened the door, but all there was to see was the door opposite, behind which the young man was clicking out T. S. Eliot at a great rate. I got up and went down the aisle. Every other door was open and every room empty except one, where a couple were holding hands and drinking highballs. They struck me as very sensible. Everybody must be somewhere, I thought, and I found them in the lounge car.

"Still snowing," said a tall, solemn man whom I sat down next to and who was drinking what looked like a sloe gin rickey. It was evidently not his first.

"Yes, quite a snow," I admitted.

"Guess as much as three inches, so far. Going to Chicago?"

"Yes, and on to Los Angeles."

"Great country out there, but li'l ole New England for me." His eyes looked watery and I felt nervous for fear he was going to cry.

"Yes, New England's all right," I said. "You live out West?"

"Yes, worse luck. Been back to li'l ole New England for two weeks to see the folks. Brother, that's the place! Born there. Cohasset."

"Cohasset's a nice town. Why didn't you stay there?"

"The money's out here," he said, as if that explained everything.

"But California's a great state," he went on, trying to be generous, "only I don't like it. Don't like the architecture."

"You an architect?"

"Hell, no. I sell electric fixtures. I just don't like the architecture, that's all."

"What's the matter with it?"

"All stucco."

"I've heard it's very pretty."

ROBERT M. GAY

"Pretty, my eye. All stucco. And palm trees. Don't like palm trees, either. Palm trees ain't—ain't American."

"I hadn't thought of that," I said, which was quite true. "We should report them to the Un-American Activities Committee."

But my poor little joke died in mid-air. He looked at me suspiciously and rose. "Well, I'll be seein' you." But he never did.

I reached Chicago next day and saw that part that lies between La Salle and Dearborn stations. It looked like Boston between North and South stations.

"Snow's let up, I reckon," said the taxi driver.

"Yes," I agreed, wondering what people would talk about when the snow ran out.

I found my berth on the Santa Fe without trouble, a half-hour before starting time, but a wild-looking young man opposite me found another man sleeping in his upper berth. He and two conductors and a porter, in committee, could not see how this awful thing had happened, and he rolled his eyes at me, expressing in pantomime his opinion of the American railroad system. I made commiserating faces at him, but in the end they led him away.

Almost immediately the man in the upper berth stuck his head out and grinned at me. "Say, what do you know?" he said. "I believe I'm in the wrong berth. This is 2 and I ought to be in 12." He looked like a Yale man.

"You'd better leave," I said, "or you'll be shot at sunrise."

He looked up and down the car. "Play keegeee for me, will you?" And he leaped out in his pajamas, dragging clothes and a bag, bolted down the aisle, and popped into another berth.

I began to think I should enjoy this trip.

A few moments later a porter bustled in, escorting a young woman, and stopped beside me. "Yessum," he said, "here it is, Car 5, Berf 2."

"But I understood I should be alone. Why have you made up the upper? I want the lower."

He scratched his head, looking at her tickets, and peered into the upper. "That's funny," he said, "a gen'l'man he had me make up this berf. Wanted to go right to bed, he say, but where is he?"

"Did you look at his tickets?" she asked, severely.

"Well, you see ma'am, a station po'ter brought him in and said it was his, and I was rushed. Then another gen'l'man come along and he had a ticket for this same upper. Some mistake somewhere, but don' you worry. Maybe this gen'l'man let you sit with him a while, twell I get your berf ready."

"Of course," I said. She sat down. She looked Junior League. "The snow's about stopped," I said, having contracted a habit.

"Yes," she replied, coldly, "I doubt if we get any beyond here."

"You've made the journey before?"

It was evidently a foolish question. She sighed resignedly, opened a magazine, and began to read. I decided to explore the train. My design of talking with everybody had had its first setback. She had, I felt, snubbed me. Later, however, we got along well enough, discussing college education, of which she had a low opinion.

And nobody else snubbed me. A transcontinental train, like an ocean liner, is, I found, a great solvent of social differences, the main reason being that nobody expects ever to see anybody again. And my attitude of almost infinite receptivity, combining with my age, solitude, and profession, made me the one everybody told his troubles to. To the men I was not a competitor, and to the women, safe; and though people naturally dislike anyone supposed to know more than they do, they make an exception of professors, because these do not know anything except books and are a little queer anyway. That I was from New England always occasioned some surprise, in view of my loquacity, the general picture of a New Englander being something like that of his native codfish, salty, dry, and silent. I discounted this view, because I was not a native New Englander and because I remembered my own pictures of a Westerner, Middle Westerner, Southerner. It is only human to suppose anybody from anywhere else odd. On Cape Cod each town thinks all the other towns queer.

In no time at all I heard all sorts of things I should never have heard if my confidants had not been so sure I would disappear forever at the end of the trip; and sometimes I was surprised to hear

myself talking like a character in Dostoevski, the kind of character who is looking for something or running away from something, without quite knowing what. But of course most of my pleasant though temporary friends were doing that too: Mr. A, from his married children and Mrs. B, from her husband, both hoping they were being missed; Mr. C, a widower, looking for a wife, Mr. D, an Englishman, on his way to find somewhere a substitute for the England he had known a quarter-century ago, and Miss E, a Virginia she had known as a girl. It was sad to think they might all be disappointed.

I developed a little theory that the train journey provided an interval or interlude, a little period of suspended animation, so to speak, during which we all put our memories and hopes at a distance and lived in the present. We might talk about our memories and hopes, but calmly, dispassionately, as if we were someone else. Listening, I had the sensation of reading a novel, with sympathy and amusement alternating in my mind. My confidant of the moment was a passenger, not only on the train, but in my experience: we should never see each other again, and I had therefore no responsibility. He was in fact a part of the scenery, like the landscape outside, for which I was not responsible, either.

But the theory broke down the moment I talked with anybody who was not enjoying the journey. One day, passing through the car assigned to mothers with young children, I heard a voice say "Cape Cod." I stopped. The speaker was a young mother, with two charming little girls.

"Did I hear 'Cape Cod'?" I asked.

"Yes. Are you from there?"

We were at the time crossing the Panhandle. I sat down and the little girls climbed onto my lap. They were from Wellfleet, the mother said, on their way to join her husband, a soldier in Manila. She was torn between homesickness, fear, and hope. I felt a little ashamed of my theory of intervals or interludes, for here was a girl whose entire being was as intent upon her destination as a passenger pigeon, flying swift as the thoughts of love, though with many a backward look.

INNOCENT ABOARD

That same day, at lunch, a handsome boy in uniform sat opposite me.

"Ah'm from El Pas-o, Tex-as," he said.

"I was sure you weren't from Boston," I said, referring to his speech, and we both laughed. He was homesick, a little scared, trying to be brave. He had left a young wife behind and was bound for San Diego. He's a mere baby, I thought, afraid of the woods. He wanted to be assured his wife would be all right and things not too bad in the Army, and though I knew nothing about it I assured him they would.

My mind turned to another boy in uniform I had talked with in the same place the day before, an older boy, bitter, a little tipsy, inclined to shout.

"Yes, I'm in the Navy, five years in the Navy."

"Do you want to get out?"

"Hell, what'd I do now if I did get out? No, it ain't too bad, only I wish they'd ever let me see some goddam water."

"Where you stationed?"

"South Dakota." He gave me a savagely humorous look, and then spied some buddies down the car and left me abruptly, puzzled over why he was stationed in South Dakota and bound for Los Angeles. I didn't like to think my El Paso boy might grow to be like him.

The El Paso boy's place was taken by a young woman, very trim and trig.

"Poor boy," she said, "such a kid. Robbing the cradle." She evidently had talked with him before.

"I don't know what to think about it," I said.

"Nobody else does." And she slapped the menu card on the table, indignantly, studied it for a moment, and began to write, biting her lips.

"I don't see how anybody *lives* out here," a girl at the next table was saying, staring out at the desert.

"I've lived out here thirty-five years, my dear," replied a motherly woman opposite. "Albuquerque. I wouldn't live anywhere else. Where are you from?"

ROBERT M. GAY

"Worcester, Massachusetts," answered the girl, reddening a little.

The young woman at my table looked up and grinned. " 'Home is where the heart is,' " she said, "if you'll excuse the bromide."

" 'A poor, ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own,' " I said, "if you'll excuse the trite quotation."

"Are you referring to Worcester or Albuquerque?"

"Which are you from?"

"I'll have you know, I'm from East Orange, New Jersey, the greatest little old town"

"I know, I know," I interrupted, hastily. Here was a young woman one would like to know better, but I never saw her again.

Such snatches of conversation seemed to be forming a pattern, though I was quite awhile in seeing what it was. Then it occurred to me that it was the pattern of American life in general and, upon reflection, a pretty good one, of freedom with a gold thread of friendliness running through it.

I could not say that Americans were more friendly than other peoples, for I had found the Germans, Dutch, Swiss, French, Italians, English, Scotch friendly enough in their own countries, but American friendliness seemed more open and naïve, with fewer reservations of doubt, suspicion, fear, or caste. At heart we want to love everybody and everybody to love us. It is a trait painful to superior persons, who consider it bourgeois or middle class; but the mass of mankind everywhere are kind, unless they have been demoralized by passion, prejudice, property, or opinion. I had always believed this, in spite of considerable disillusionment, and the life on the train seemed to give it proof.

One afternoon I talked with a man who was unhappy because the mass of men are so ignorant, stupid, and malicious. We sat at the rear of the train, watching the road unwind and the stark mountains run by on the horizon. The landscape reminded me of the Maritime Alps, where Dante is said to have wandered, perhaps gathering data for the opening scenes of the *Inferno*, but it could not have been this that made my companion so sad, for he hardly looked at it, being absorbed in some interior landscape of his own.

INNOCENT ABOARD

It is too bad that reformers are so often bores and speak in a diction so stale. Utopians as a rule do not like people. This one didn't like me, because I seemed too much at ease in Zion; but he was prepared to love some sort of purified humanity in some not very distant future, after most people like me had been by some process liquidated. He had no patience with humanity as he found it here and now. Like many another altruist I have met, he was as individualistic as Kipling's Bimi, the orangutan that "had too much ego in his cosmos."

I listened to the arguments and jargon I had read so often in undergraduate papers, for, after all, I agreed with many of his ideas, but suggested that though human nature might be pretty bad, it also contained some good, even quoting Shakespeare to the effect that there is some soul of goodness in things evil. There may not be much penicillin in a bucket of garden soil, but what there is may be worth more than the whole garden, and even the remainder is still good for growing flowers and vegetables. A lifetime spent in studying literature tends to make one chary of believing human nature can be changed by force, enactment, or even propaganda, for the best men and women of 2,500 years ago were just as good as those of today, and the heroes of today are as great or foolish as the heroes of Homer, the average people having apparently stayed about the same all the while, though there are a great many more of these now.

"Then you don't think human nature can be changed?" he asked.

I had had this question asked of me many a time before. It is a natural one for Utopians to ask. I replied that of course I thought human nature could be changed, for a teacher had to believe this or go out of business. But I was sure that the worst way to improve it was to begin by hating it.

"People want happiness," he said, "and they'll never get it till we improve their economic condition."

"Your economic status seems to be pretty good," I said. "Are you happy?"

"That's a silly question. We're not talking about me."

I said that people have always wanted to be happy, rich and poor alike, but nothing is more evident than that nobody else can make

them so. All we can offer them is fraternity or brotherly love, accompanied by good works; and Utopia, which I longed for as much as he, would come, if ever, not by hating human nature but by loving Tom, Dick, and Harry.

I saw he wished I would go and prattle somewhere else, and I was glad to do so, and watch beauty unreeling outside the windows. But that night a very different discussion of the same subject, the pursuit of happiness, was debated by a little group I had fallen in with, in the smoking compartment of our car: a genial and well-to-do fruit-grower from Salinas, an excitable young Italian from Bakersfield, both on their way home; the brakeman, who had once played professional football in Michigan; and I.

The subject rose in a chance remark of the Italian's that in a world like this no one can be happy. The fruitgrower, who was a happy man, if I ever saw one, would have none of this pessimism. The way to be happy was to have enough money, and the way to have money was (1) to save half of all you made, (2) never pay cash but always demand thirty days' credit, and (3) never discuss politics, religion, or sex with a customer. The Italian, jumping impatiently about in his seat, denied each of these tenets categorically: (1) to save half of all you made was impossible; (2) to ask credit when you could pay cash was dishonest; and (3) to discuss politics, religion, and sex, especially sex, was one of the pleasures of life.

I was surprised the argument kept so close to money, of which I had never had much, and diffidently suggested that happiness is an inward condition, a frame of mind; but this idea was negligently brushed aside as of only academic interest, if that. "Put money in thy purse," was evidently the answer to our question, my friends apparently not having heard that Iago said so a long time ago. I was especially interested in the discussion of credit, which in its simpler forms I knew something about; but it soon became so involved that it went on over my head like what on Cape Cod we call a high fog. The brakeman, however, who looked in now and then between duties, remained steady. "If you want to be happy," he said, "spend it as fast as you get it. You may be dead tomorrow."

At the time we were crossing Arizona at a fast clip, and the con-

INNOCENT ABOARD

sciousness of the desert outside, contrasted with the warmth and coziness of the lighted car, made me thoughtful. Suppose we and my acquaintance of the afternoon were all lost out there But perhaps in a sense we were.

The gradual revelation of the landscape of our great country, like a rug unrolling, on this trip westward, was full of quiet excitement, the active pleasure of recognition of things hitherto only read about. I had not yet become condescending to scenery, as I did later. I never reached, however, the condition of a man I happened upon in the buffet car, sitting all alone, facing the blank wall of the bar with his back to the windows.

"Aren't you missing the scenery?" I asked.

"I hope so," he replied, gazing into his highball.

We were passing through a spectacular canyon at the time and I was hurrying to look at it, but two months later, after having seen some twenty-six canyons, I realized that there is a point at which scenery does something to the mind, some obfuscation of the faculties or deliquescence of the attention, terminating in mild hypnosis or anesthesia. We cannot stand too much beauty and grandeur at a stretch. And yet I saw many people who could look at scenery for days on end, pausing only for sleep. I examined them to see whether they were conscious and, since they appeared to be, concluded they were suffering from some sort of depletion, for which looking at scenery might be beneficial. I think they were the same people I see back home looking at the ocean. And yet I also noticed that even they suddenly sat up if some simple object—a white-face heifer galloping across a field, a deer on a mountain, a hay baler spitting out bales—came into view, and that they immediately began to point and chatter.

Such people told me they were nature-lovers, but I doubted this. Love of nature is something more robust and active. You have to get close to nature, do something to it or let it do something to you, not just sit and watch it go by. Most people really dislike nature and stay as far away from it as they can—in a night club, for example, though this is a good place to study human nature. I later noticed that even these nature-lovers seemed more interested in the scenery

at the corner of Hollywood and Vine than in the Mojave Desert. I looked for it myself, but think it must all have been on location or in bed. I have seen better at Broadway and 42d. But the instance suggests that one touch of nature is better for most of us than a whole lot.

I am determined not to describe any scenery, though Californians are rightfully proud of theirs, than which there cannot possibly be much that is bigger or better. There is really nothing to say about it. The sense faints picturing it. It vibrates in the memory like music when soft voices die, but language fails to capture it. I find now that I can hardly tell one mountain or canyon from another, in remembrance.

But the idea is general that looking at scenery is one of the prime rewards of travel. It is only afterward that we see what Dr. Johnson meant when he said it is surprising how little one brings back—little, that is, that is specific, that one can put one's finger on; for there is no doubt that we come back somehow enriched in experience. But the thoughtful traveler soon tires of "points of interest" and scenic marvels. Impressiveness really has little to do with size or unusualness, except at first sight.

When, a month later, I rode from Los Angeles to San Francisco on the *Daylight* train, the young hostess was exceedingly informative, over the intercommunication system. "On this trip," she said, "we will pass through five famous valleys, which I will name as we come to them" "You are now about to enter the famous tunnel" "In five minutes, if you look to the right, you will see the famous U turn" At the end of the journey she even thanked us for looking. "Your hostess is Miss Ardent, and your conductor is Mr. Eager, and your assistant conductor is Mr. Willing. In saying good-bye, we all hope you have enjoyed yourselves and seen everything. Thank you, thank you." If I had had a loud-speaker, I would have replied, politely, "Don't mention it. I have looked at everything, and you are entirely welcome."

This was pleasant, more so than the Eastern railroads' assumption that the passenger will look at things and is probably in a state of coma anyway. And yet I feel that for most of us what we saw from the car windows is fading fast, while Miss Ardent's smiles,

INNOCENT ABOARD

turned on every ten miles or so, remain bright, even if a trifle professional. As for myself, I find I can recall only one valley, called Happy Valley, and only one mountain, called Mount Shasta, vividly, and I lived in one and looked at the other for a month.

I remember little things very well: the orioles building their hanging nests near Mount Shasta, just as they were no doubt doing near Mount Washington, the sound of wind in the poplars, the same in Shasta County as in Barnstable County, water running into irrigation ditches, cattle auctions, alfalfa fields, and neighborly friendliness. We are more deeply affected by recognition than by strangeness.

When I left northern California early in May the manzanita bushes were faded beauties, and when I reached Cape Cod the beach plums were like June brides, ready for the wedding. Each reminded me of the other. The first conspicuous object I saw in my back yard here at home was a flaming cluster of California poppies, such as had lined the roadside out there. I felt a curious touch of homesickness, seeing such things, in both places.

For I fell in love with California and, if I were fifteen or even ten years younger, would be tempted to buy a few acres of irrigated land there and grow lima beans, roses, and apricots. I imagine I should make money. One always does at imaginary farming. But that is another story. My little experiment in experience, of traveling garrulously with an open mind, was successful. Others, with no more time to look and listen, have written a book, but I gathered no information of the slightest use to anybody, however ignorant; but, as the poet says, "when God sends a cheerful hour," Heaven does not require us to "with superfluous burden load the day."

"HOME IS A PLACE"*

by *Bessie Breuer*

TO ASK A WRITER to describe how he writes is as if you asked him to examine himself, ceaselessly revolving self about self as if in a succession of endless mirrors with all their treacherous wavering and shifting depths, down into the last corridors of subconscious darkness. For who knows to a dot how and why writers select, or are attracted to, a particular theme and a particular treatment of it? A writer closes in against a thousand awarenesses, and then he clutches to his breast one tiny happening. Why? Not because he is looking for a subject, but because a subject has chosen him and will give him no rest, digging and nagging at him, until he accepts this small destiny. And the subject to which he finally commits himself is one which is a mirror of a preoccupation, a subject which fits well in the psyche of the author.

How then, "Home Is a Place"? It came to me in a time of war, whose climate, to women above all, is one of intolerable, reasonless loss—the whole investment of women being usually in this or that single and named person, narrow and acute. Living in so bitter an aura, I was susceptible to any idea which would give shape to these premonitions of disaster. And it came to me one morning in the form of a newspaper article telling of a Navy cutter lost in the Arctic. With a pang I read the name of the captain—the most unlikely of people, an artist whom I had met only a few times—a young man remarkable for his almost glittering aliveness, his physical beauty, and his talents.

That all this human magnificence could be wiped out in the insensate wastes of war was ghastly. My impulse was to do something, to act in the face of this tragedy, at the very least to write to his wife. But I did not know her, and to attach myself to her sorrow

* "Home Is a Place" is the fourth in a series of explanations by short-story writers of how given stories came into being. Earlier articles in the series were by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Jessamyn West, and Wallace Stegner.

would be an intrusion and presumptuous. Nevertheless, in my mind, I began to write her letters, always another letter to this unknown woman, who must be gentle and beautiful to match the pity and sorrow for her I had in my mind. And then one day I walked into a sunny quiet room and sat down. In an idle mood, I looked along the bookshelf at the side of me. Virgil, a translation. I had never read Virgil. I reached for and opened the book with an actual physical beat hard on the heart; the words I read related back to this unknown woman in my mind—“What God, Oh Palinure . . . did drown thee dead amidst the watery way?”

Why had this mystic and exact thing happened to me? I fought off the acute implications of the words, but they held to my imagination with an obsessive tenacity I knew I never would be rid of until somehow I worked them out into a story.

A story about the boy. But I knew nothing about him. How had an artist become the captain of a Navy cutter? Was it through haste or carelessness of Navy personnel? What would drive an artist to a post of command so exterior to his creative drive? And why, how on earth, could he be so naïve, so foolishly brave, just because he had been an amateur yachtsman, as to accept such an assignment? To sail a boat out of the pleasant little harbors of Long Island Sound on summer days and to be master of an ice-shrouded, top-heavy converted yacht patrolling the terrifying Arctic were two vastly different things. . . . There was nothing I could discover as prop for my wondering, yet always at the back of my mind, hounding me, were those words, “Oh Palinure . . . ” and the memory of my sensation on reading them. It was a portent from which I recoiled, for those words could only be used by a woman telling a story in the first person.

Of all forms of composition, that of a woman speaking is most odious to me, since by its very nature it is streaked with self-love and consequent self-pity—woman, the victim, who poisons the radio, the women’s magazines; who riddles our whole culture with her flabby emotional investments. This supercharged air is the air women writers have had to breathe in the past twenty-five years, and it does much to explain the self-conscious quality of our writing.

BESSIE BREUER

Look how wonderful I am, the overbeautiful sentences beg of you, see what lovely furnishings of fantasy my mind possesses; please be impressed by the dignity of me, asks another—always the image of self misting the air around each phrase. No woman in this generation has created, I think, a solid structure of work that can compare with Willa Cather's classic strength in the generation before. It is not because we write about love, or childhood, or loneliness without love in endless variation. Charlotte Brontë wrote about love. But she took the penny-paper servants' hall version of the passion and broke the romantic hero's life into bits, burned down his castle, blinded and beat him down abject to the feet of a plain, high-minded little spinster. And Emily—sacred name—took wildness, loneliness, horror, fierceness, mixed them with her longings for love, and made of them a panorama wide and deep and high enough to include the whole world. Jane Austen, at a remove, assessed the subject of love with a sardonic nicety. And there is George Eliot to match Willa Cather. Was the tone of their times kinder to their genius? And are we forced to shriek "I—I—I" so that we may be heard above the rumble and strain and crash of our own time?

I had written about love—women in love, men in love; love and good, love and evil, love and loneliness and disaster, and much of it in the first person—"Memory of Love," "Time of Death," "Pigeons en Casserole," "The Baby Whale." But so far I had always selected a male protagonist, for from such a point of view there was at least the statement of a wish to avoid the many blocks to steady selfless seeing on the part of a woman writer.

But this woman's grief insisted on being written. How, then, should the writer begin, how proceed, how end? The stream-of-consciousness is an oozy morass for such a tale of sorrow, being all mood, all sensation. One resolves to plot out a solid, bony structure to support a composition necessarily soft in character. For a short story, unlike a novel, can be surveyed with precision, marked off in every dimension, the writer always in command, always dominating his material; whereas in a novel, with the first words the blood streams of many lives begin, and you cannot make them come and go at your convenience. Stubborn and contentious, they demand a

destiny you may not have the power to give them, and they may break you with the last few paragraphs. So, though the woman of my story-to-be is only a vague, obsessive shadow, I move toward knowing her with a certain amount of confidence.

I must determine who she is. How will she bear her loss? So the writer enters into and wanders about an empty room. What is it to be filled with? But it is not empty. Dark, formless, it is filled with air all grief. Grief is a great quietness. And so the rhythm which establishes the mood and the pulse of the piece of work is set.

Grief in a young woman would be sharp and immediate, its only memory childhood, but the writer needs a long line of memory to give shadow and depth that include all men at war and all grieving women, and so you make her older, and immediately she is away from the girl you have been writing to in your mind. Since a single line of Virgil brought her into being she must be a romantic, her life thinned to the perceptions of a minor poem. So, dimly, she begins to take shape, growing into sharper focus as you reach down into your unconscious and bring up things you need to give her muscle and bone and blood. . . .

As this woman takes possession of you, every act of your days is unconsciously examined for her need. This bird climbing a vine outside your window becomes her bird; a chance phrase in a letter, so true for her that you shiver as you read—and the shiver too becomes her property. You walk back from the mailbox examining letters that are never The Letter you have waited for all your life, and you are suddenly aware that this is how the news would come to her. But it is not quite right. You worry with it and finally create a characteristic bringer of so tragic a message. You need point and drama for this moment; you plan a situation from which she would recoil; finally establish an itinerary of flight and return, logical as to place and distance and time, which will suitably contain the progressive phases of her preoccupation. You remember a day in a hotel room in Boston, and Boston becomes a triumph, because then you recall that it has a huge Navy yard. Your memory brings up the look of a boy asking for a job, an old woman sitting in a hotel corridor, a dancer you once watched, a drive past an imposing stand

BESSIE BREUER

of elms, the light on certain fields—all these, gifts of grace that warm your imagination with their rightness.

You wonder what kind of home she would have that she would want to return to it, and you select a house that will fit her, and put together an entrance hall that would be dramatic in her situation. And then, what would happen in that hall and the rooms beyond which would bring a climax? Your imagination goes dead. Your preoccupation for all of these weeks seems silly, pointless. You will not acknowledge what you know deep down in your heart—that, braced with structures of fact and feeling and walking now through well-defined physical areas, the woman of her own accord will say and do exactly the right thing: that writing, like all creative effort, is an act of faith.

You goad yourself into copying out the notes, and they recall moments of bliss, times when you “have” her, and all this scrawled down in the copybooks. And as you type them out you find that many are repetitions, the same thought slightly rephrased and set down over and over again. This, to me, is a sign that I have developed my material as far as I am able to go, and that these repetitions are really the structural joists that will carry the narrative.

A story of this kind is strait and narrow both in content and in the character of the words used. You may not express a single thought, use a single observation, which this woman at this moment in time would not naturally use. You must remember that words occurring in the mind at a time of emotional strain are rarely sharp with beauty. And every word should carry forward, as surely as the most exciting objective plot, the monotonous quality of her grief, love-laden yet bitter, for unfortunately it is only *her* loss she keens, her single life she is intent on reassembling.

It is not wise to attempt such a story if your pride for your own unique way of writing is above your love for such a truth.

To be clairvoyant—clear seeing—is the imperative for a first-person narrative. Tcheckov could take a dog or a fly or a little boy and enter into their feeling-life with complete authenticity, not by shrewd or graceful exercise of lovely words but because his eye was clear and pure in its seeing and followed exactly in the way of

his right being. All this may sound sententious, but in the end the writer chooses the material which inhabits him and he is perpetually disciplining his eye and his spirit so that he may penetrate to the exact nature of an act of evil or good and follow it to its most subtle hiding place.

To have a clean page on which to write, one first of all disposes of one's own life, blanks out the personal problems and vanities. Who, what are you, you ask? Of absolutely no use and of absolutely no account, unless, with this modest story, you prove your right to exist.

So, easing yourself within yourself, you shift and order your life and your thoughts much as a ballet dancer performs her daily and imperative stretching exercises at the bar, until like a dancer your feeling of balance and readiness extends from within down to your stretching fingertips. For you, like the dancer, are about to perform an act, and to be successful it must be delicate and strong and all of one piece, and as seemingly effortless as the dancer's wafting through air; for a story of mood, written in the right person, must seem as easy, though as rigorously disciplined.

You persist in the romantic notion that you will write out of an ecstasy of sensation in accord with the mood of a story, but when the time to write arrives, though you are physically poised and the heart is full of the beat of another, the mind is cold and sharp with apprehensiveness. Dry of emotion, the words of emotion come with precision—the welling up of words for which everything you wrote in the mountain of notes that lie unread beside the typewriter was only a rehearsal.

Yet vanity persists. Desperately you try to incorporate the beautiful phrases, the poetic sequences, which seemed the very inner spirit of the woman; but no matter how hard you try to imbed them, fumbling at a sentence over and over again, they impede the flow of the story and are forced out. Two or three days of this and the story is finished. With the last word you feel jubilant. For that hour or day you feel happy, full of power. You are of use in the world, and you could go on writing forever.

Later on, you will cut through the forests of words, despising

BESSIE BREUER

the loose writing, the turgid metaphor, slashing at the banalities, until each sentence comes out single and clear and strong. Whether you have accomplished anything, you never know. In the end the story is the sum of your inner perceptions for whatever they are worth. With its flaws, its sudden strengths, this is as much as you were able to do. It is of no use to sit over it and polish and repolish; the stretch and depth, the final durability of the work is not altered in the slightest. If one has failed, there is always the chance to achieve something with the next piece of work. Or so you hope.

This is as much as I am able to see, looking backward to the beginnings of "Home Is a Place." There was more, of course, much more. But I know no more. The rest lies in the core of all creation, as unknown and dark as our beginning and our end.

Of all studies, the most delightful and useful is biography. . . . The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. . . . No history was ever true; but lives which I have read, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, the utility of truth.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, *Essays*

HESIOD READ IN 1949*

by Alfred Neumeyer

ONE CAN READ a book in a threefold manner, just as one can look at a painting in three different ways. It may be approached as a statement that would be possible only at a certain place and in a certain time. The historian and the philologist use such an approach. Or the work of art may be considered as the expression of an individual or a national personality; reading or viewing such a creation, one tries to capture the individuality behind it. Finally a work of art may be looked upon as belonging to all mankind, detached from its creator, its period of creation, and its place of origin.

Hesiod was a human being like ourselves, and we can read his poems in order to find in them what one human has to tell another. Such an approach, especially if we use a translation, may lead to misunderstandings because the words receive in another language a different coloring and because words undergo, in their passage through centuries, a change of meaning. And yet there remains the fact that the poet is speaking with a human tongue about general human experiences and for that reason may be occasionally understood as well as occasionally misunderstood. The philologists and historians derogate such an approach as dilettantish and turn toward those elements which are conditioned by the temporal and the geographical; yet they frequently leave undiscussed the artistically and humanly essential. Such resignation may be the result of wise self-limitation, but it can be just as much, or more often, the result of myopia, which is content with the ephemeral.

Since philologists and historians mostly are satisfied with the philological and historical and do not touch upon the generally human (or use it for the proof of specific theses, as do Bachofen and Rohde), it seems to me an enticing task to write about some aspects

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of Hesiod's poetry in which universal attitudes of the human spirit are reflected for our growing insight.

Since there existed no historical works during Hesiod's time, and since he is only mentioned in and commented on by later authors, we cannot precisely say who the poet was. Since there exist, besides emendations, breaks and overlappings in his two main works, one rightly has judged that these were later interpolations. Misled by these facts, some philologists of the nineteenth century, themselves historically conditioned, have thrown the poet overboard altogether and have denied the existence of a writer named Hesiod. This they did in spite of exact statements made by Hesiod about himself, his place of residence, his profession, his father, his birthplace, and his brother. Just as the historical personality of Jesus became dissolved by Drews into an astrological myth, so Hesiod became dissolved until only the patchwork of individual textual parts remained.

Today, however, Hesiod has been accepted again as a person and we may believe that he lived as a peasant about 750 B.C. in the country of Greek peasants and hillbillies, called Boeotia. His father reimmigrated from Kyme in Aeolia to the land of his forefathers, labored hard and did not achieve much. Hesiod was born in Askra near the Helikon, and while he was shepherding on its slopes the Nine Muses, whose genealogist he later became, appeared to him. As a farmer he had worked hard and quarreled with his brother Perses, for whom he wrote *Works and Days*. Perses, the brother, too became, to some commentators, nothing but a fictitious person created in order to lend an objective to the didactic poem. This really is meaningless one way or the other, since the brother has left nothing of importance for us. Yet, rightly or wrongly, Hesiod has convinced me by his anger and his persuasive eagerness of the actual existence of his brother. At its least this would be a triumph of his poetic powers.

Hesiod spent his days behind the plow and with the stilus. The near-by sea he greatly disliked, probably for the same reason that prompted the people in preromantic days to give preference to the poplar-lined plains of Lombardy over the terror-striking peaks of the Alps. He is afraid of the sea because it is menacing and unpre-

dictable, and only once he sailed from Euboia to Aulis to participate in the games of Amphidamas and there "I won the victory in recitation and gained the handled tripod." This occasion prompted later the story of the meeting of Homer with Hesiod, a typical artist legend such as was popular with the older type of biography until the days of Romanticism. Hesiod did indeed meet Homer, but in the form of the Homeric songs, which were sung in Boeotia during the eighth century B.C. and to which the writer makes ample reference. Thus the Muses appeared to him not only on the pastures of the Helikon but also in the figures of bards and singers during the convivial hours of assembled youth.

Three works go under the name of Hesiod: the *Theogony*, *Works and Days*, and *The Shield of Heracles*. The first two are his principal works. The *Theogony* supplies a genealogy and family history of the gods and semigods of Greece in temporal sequence; *Works and Days* narrates the events of the rural year with rules of conduct for the mastering of it.

So much the reader should know before he can proceed to an interpretation of the poems.

The *Theogony*, or *Origin of the Gods*, commences like *Works and Days* with an invocation to the gods, and the philologists tell us that this was a Greek custom. If it was a custom, Hesiod has made it sensually real and individually conceivable in relating the nine Kronion-born, gracious and supple dancers to his own person.

They whom Hesiod once in glorious music instructed
While he was watching his lambs in the dales of Helicon sacred
This is the earliest word unto me by the Goddesses uttered:
Shepherds that dwell in the fields, ye gluttons ignoble and wretched,
Many a fiction like to the truth we are skillful to utter
Yet are we skilled no less to reveal, if we will, what is truthful.*

While the Muses speak to Hesiod in this personal manner, yet they hold a low opinion of the poet's vocation, and even toward themselves they show a critical attitude. This is so eminently Greek in its ability for objective appraisal, that it seems worth while to

* William C. Lawton, *The Successors of Homer* (New York, 1898), ll. 22-28.

think about it. First of all, it is noteworthy that the bard has a direct exchange with the gods, and that he is inspired by them, even though they are only female gods who speak "many a fiction." In contrast with the Germanic and Oriental sagas, which render a cosmic myth in a transpersonal manner, the poet in the Greek myth introduces himself as a person and claims to be graced by personal inspiration. Even as a member of the "gluttons ignoble," he is favored by the promptings of the Muses.

Since the Muses live in such a personal relationship to the poet, we are warranted in seeking to know their family history, which will teach us something concerning the Greek opinion about the nature of the poet. "Then in Pieria did Mnemosyne, who reigns over the hills of Eleuther, bear of union with the father; the son of Kronos" (53, 54).†

Children of Zeus, a celestial deity, with Memory, what a strange union! Mnemosyne is the personification of an idea, the condensation of an intellectual concept. Since she is brought into relationship with the Muses, one apparently must have felt such a connection between memory and poetry, a relationship to be discovered at the inception of every national epic, yet one which has become explicit with the Greeks.

The word "Mnemosyne" includes in its meaning the ability to remember (memory) as well as the result of this ability, the accumulated treasure of mankind: memory, remembered ideas and actions. Poetry retains that which is worth preserving, and the poet is the one who knows how to remember well. Remembered in emotion, his recollection becomes poetry and at the same time, as a descendant of Memory, it becomes history. The knowledge that the origins of historiography are to be found in the epic is not new and has been clearly expounded by Herder, but its localization in Memory through Hesiod brings a further clarification of this fact.

Finally this statement of Hesiod contains a timeless psychological insight—the insight that the poets and novelists are usually masters of remembrance, more closely connected to the experiences of their

† The figures refer to lines in the translation by Hugh S. Evelyn White, Loeb Classical Library (London, 1929), as do all line references following, except as indicated.

childhood and therefore more youthful as well as later "grown up" than are the ones who remember less.

Not only is the poet a better rememberer, he is by this quality also a man who transforms past happenings, external actions into internal ones. Re-created in the word, these past happenings return to our world, to which they had been lost. Their time is past but the rememberer, the poet, has rescued them from the swiftly flowing river of time.

If the poet is a man endowed with unusual memory (as a bard he originally had to have in his mind thousands of lines of poetry), he also should be a practitioner of memory, he should exercise his memory to be aware of the world and to take notes about it. This is the meaning of the extensive notebooks and diaries which have been kept by writers and in which they practiced as much the art of noticing and remembering as that of collecting material for their later condensations of the stuff of the world.

All this is contained in the descent of the nine beautiful children of Saturn who appeared to the shepherd Hesiod on the slopes of Helikon, one century after Homer. The next statement about the Muses is that they sing "the law of all things" (66); that is, they act as interpreters. They inform Hesiod of how the innumerable gods are related; they show him the causes and the effects, so that the poet may give "words of wisdom" and become the father of philosophy. Today one does not think much about the didactic poem, although it is a legitimate offspring of the Muses. As early as the sixth century B.C. the sciences, and especially the science of explanations, philosophy, had begun to separate themselves from poetry, and each of them ever since has followed its own business. Yet with such a direct descent there exists no reason to exclude scientific matter from poetry and thus to deny the communication between the two.

Hesiod completed the sentence that the Muses are singing "the law of all things" by the words " . . . and the goodly ways of the immortals" (66).

Since the inspiration of the bard is derived directly from the gods, it is only fitting that he use his verses for eulogy although we

admit that "the goodly ways of the immortals" savors a bit of a dinner talk. Greeks were fully aware of the true opinion of the poet and thus Xenophanes, the founder of the school of Elea in the sixth century, could write:

Everything is ascribed to the gods by Hesiod and Homer,
Whatsoever among mankind is shameful and wicked,
Numberless lawless deeds of the gods by them are recorded,
Thievishness, unchastity, ay, and deceit of each other.*

Plato in direct reference to Homer and Hesiod, warns outright against following these otherwise admirable poets in their interpretation of the gods, who truly are unchangeable and eternally good. As far as Hesiod is concerned with the "goodly ways of the immortals," he betrays awe as well as fear and his song is a soothing of the gods. Such prayer, born from the heart's agony as much as from fear and the wish for placation, grows from some of the old and nourishing roots of poetry, as one may read today in the poems of Charles Péguy. In him, as in Hesiod, worship and devotion is praying, not less than fear and pacification. The poets' art must try to persuade the gods above as well as within, because "... they pour sweet dew upon his tongue, and from his lips flow gracious words" (83-84). Thus the poet is likewise a priest, but priest in that old-fashioned sense, of one who knows how to mitigate the perils of the gods and how to avert their wrath by eulogy. Plato in the *Republic* disapproved of such a low concept of god and poet. Yet Hesiod of the old school says,

Kings are wise in heart, because when the people are being misguided in their assembly they set right the matter again with care, *persuading them with gentle words*. (87-90)

This again is an archaic interpretation of the King's office, although the same is meant by the story of Solomon's judgment. The poet, like the King, is a moderator and pacifier, the one dealing with the assembly, the other with the gods. Finally, and with that Hesiod ends his enumeration of the various tasks of the poet's office, the poet's song of Heaven and gods, expurgates melancholy. It dis-

* William C. Lawton, *The Successors of Homer* (New York, 1898), p. 181.

tracts, makes the mind forget, and thus heals. The healing power of poetry against an excess of the black gall (melancholy) was known to every healer of the soul from the days of antiquity to the Renaissance. In an early woodcut of the fifteenth century we find, for instance, the man with his head resting on a table, completely hopeless, while his wife is intoning music on a zither. We find it in King Saul, listening to the playing of the boy David on the harp. At the time when Rembrandt painted his picture of Saul and David, a full turn of the wheel of history had, however, advanced the problem of creativity and melancholy to an interpretation such as we find in Dürer's "Melencholia." There the creative genius himself has become melancholy. The wings no longer carry the heavy body, the sphere to be measured has rolled from the lap, Genius does not notice it and is holding the pair of compasses by their wrong ends. Yet at the moment when inspiration itself cannot any longer be called forth against the lowly sickness "melancholy," the formerly base melancholy emerges ennobled as the earmark of spiritual man. The road is paved for Shakespeare's Jaques and Hamlet. Hesiod himself knows only that song destroys melancholy, not that melancholy also destroys song; nevertheless he has made clear the relation of the two and thus has placed that relation in its truly human context.

The office of poetry, then, is fourfold: it remembers, it praises, it mediates, it heals. The past, seemingly lost, is becoming present again, the god in listening turns his face toward us, catastrophe is averted, and troubled man finds peace. Hesiod, a mature Greek, has known about poetry all that is worth knowing.

The *Theogony*, or *Origin of the Gods*, brings order into the manifold sagas and traditions by which the poet saw himself surrounded in a time abounding with gods. This order he expounds neither in a system of theological speculation (gods of Heaven, of rivers, etc.) nor in a critical order (Babylonian, Egyptian, native deities), but in a temporal sequence according to the procedure of the epic works of all archaic people. "And God said: let there be light and there was light"; this creative "let there be" has been recognized by Orient and Occident as the cornerstone for the architecture of

the world. The first lines offer the key for the Greek interpretation of creation: "Truly first was Chaos" (116). Again Orient and Occident meet in the idea of the void as the first condition that precedes all that can be imagined. "And later the earth . . ." Hesiod continues in the same line and leaves it to our hopeless speculation to fill out this "and" with an act of creation. Hesiod is silent about the "how." Hesiod does not know the Elohim, still storming over the Sistine ceiling. This earth, endowed from the beginning with feminine features (it is "wide bosomed"), has been since days immemorial the seat of the gods.

Have they been created, too? Hesiod is silent. Amongst these gods, "Eros, the most beautiful of all eternal gods" (120), emerges as the first and chooses Chaos for his companion. The generative principle penetrates Non-Form, Non-Time. In a single preserved line Parmenides, one of the philosophers of about 500 B.C., restated this primary existence of Eros ". . . Eros before all other divinities first she created. From Chaos originated Night and the darkness of Erebus" (123). And only from Night ". . . originated the shining Day and Ether" (124).

Bachofen and Rohde, guided by the deepened insight of Romanticism, opposed the "Dionysic" and chthonic features of Hellas to the "Apollonic" and luminous Greece of the enlightened humanist epoch. We find their point of view strengthened by Hesiod. Chaos and Night stand at the beginning of the Greek unfoldment of the world, and Day issues, thanks to Eros, from their dark womb. For a Christian the world, created by God and therefore designed in order, has been thrown in disorder and chaos by the first sin of man, but for the Greek Chaos, meaning originally "the void," stands at the very beginning of the world and of the gods. Such insight does not come about by accident, but as a reflection of the world in the minds of wakeful men. If thus Hesiod tells his fellow Greeks that Chaos and Eros were in the beginning, we may ask ourselves whether we can explain the origin better and more completely? Even the method of natural science cannot describe the first inception of organizing matter except by an "impetus" which emerged in the midst of amorphous, matterless, timeless non-being.

The theogonic Eros, the *élan vital* has become for us—God beyond the first act of creation.

From this point on, the genealogy of the gods is developed in many hundreds of lines, yet in most instances founded on an act of Eros. Sequence from gestation, an infinite line of conceptions and births, it is "the only form of development which was understandable."* The roots of the historical reach, therefore, down into a purely biological soil, the father-child sequence. The begetting of children is the creation of a new time. Just as the spider spins a thread out of itself, so man (or God) is spinning time. In this sense the act of creation is doubly of a cosmic nature: not only does it create life, it creates time also. Time without life is inconceivable, it would be stagnation. Man brings direction into the universe. The story of the gods as a prologue to the history of the world is the spinning of the thread of time.

This biological root of the concept of history appears also in the fable of the emasculation of Uranos (176–80), and in the story of Kronos devouring his own children (459). Kronos brings the epoch of Uranos to an end by emasculating his father, and thus a new world commences. Kronos, on the other hand, devours his children because he is afraid of being succeeded by them. He wishes to be eternal, that is, without time. Such "barbaric" tales are disliked by Plato, and he therefore has Socrates suggest that these stories "be better buried in silence." Yet the genealogy of Hesiod as an early and primitive form of historical thinking offers us an insight into the biological roots of the concept of time.

If one looks at the genealogy of the gods as an entity, one is especially surprised at the multitude of mythological figures of whom the poet knows the names. Not that this would have been peculiar to the Greeks; surely a Hesiod from India would have surpassed the Boeotian bard. Yet such multitude can lead us to various insights. When Hesiod speaks of the three thousand children of Ocean (336–70), of whom he enumerates sixty-six by their names, he takes us back to one root of narration and audition in general.

* Chantepie de la Saussaye, *Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte*, Tübingen, 1925, Vol. 2, p. 356.

With what delight children listen to the sequence of droll and quaint names in a story! The new, never-before-heard words tickle the ear, and in the repeating of a word it slowly yields its meaning. What are the names of some of the children of Ocean?

Hippo, Klymene, Rhodeia and Kallirhoe, Zeuxo and Klytie and Idyia, and Pasithoe, Plexaura, and Galaxaura, and lovely Dione, Melobosis and Thoe and handsome Polydora, Kerkeis, lovely of form, and soft-eyed Pluto. (351-55)

How the sounds join together into a murmuring, rushing and flowing, as if the sea itself had invented the Greek language! How the names move in pairs, as if they would swim like the Naiades down the river, which they are and which they represent at the same time! There are those whose names end with an "e," those with an "ia," those with an "aura," while the rivers with euphonious "o's" have mingled in one line. Most of them are composite, and the onomatopoeitic words derive either from flowing (rhoe, rho) or from colors (melas—black), and from other sensuous qualities. When the listener absorbed these words and repeated them, they gave away their meaning, their colors, their taste like a fruit which melts slowly in the mouth.

Thus the manifoldness of names is connected with the sensuous pleasure in the creation of signifying words, whose novelty causes delight and a growing understanding in the listener. Most of the mythical names, however, are already familiar to him because they belong to the sphere of his religious and poetical concepts. Here, too, the participation goes beyond the purely intellectual. In acclaiming Uranos, Kronos, or Hecate, the listener experiences an act of recognition, as it can be found at the roots of every aesthetic pleasure. Such recognition is usually buried in the modern omnivorous reader. But wherein lies the reason for the bewitchment by the realistic deception of the eye in painting, by the realistic description in poetry? It lies in the feeling of the verification of oneself, which observer and reader are finding in the work of art. His insecure feeling of reality is confronted by a rendered reality which resembles his own and he can say, "Look here, he sees it as I do; therefore I cannot be mistaken about myself and the world."

Yet, still deeper than the recognition through an image is the recognition of inherited states of consciousness aroused by certain words. Why do children want to hear always the same story with the same words? Because they are entering with delight into a world whose roads will lead them to a goal which they already know, which they hope to reach again, which they fear to lose and which, at the end, they will have re-found. Thus what they had known already becomes ascertained, and such ascertainment is sheer delight. It was not different with the audience of Hesiod. Under his guidance the people recognized all the names of their mythical world, found verified what they had heard before (occasionally they also learned new things), and found themselves secure in a common inheritance. Only where there exists such a common inheritance can the teller of myth count on understanding listeners. Only where that which is known for a long time reverberates, can that which is newly invented be noticed as deviating and enriching. Hesiod sang for children who all believed the same and all knew the same. His merit was in his melodious language and in the organization, clarification, and interpretation of his materials.

As far as this organization is concerned, it can be recognized, yet it is executed by somebody who has to tell many entertaining things and who therefore interrupts himself frequently. He begins with the clan of Gaia (Earth) and Uranos (Sky) (126-55). In such a primordial family of elemental gods appears Mnemosyne (135) as an alien bird, since she signifies memory and remembrance and therefore belongs to the realm of intellectual allegories. Such mingling of nature gods and intellectual allegories one will find throughout Hesiod's poem. Since undoubtedly the elemental gods must be the older ones, one can speak here of an offensive of the creative intellect which penetrates with its allegories of sensual and spiritual qualities into the older circle of deities. Finally in the long travel of the gods, centuries later, they all will become bloodless allegories. Aphrodite, once born from sky and sea, loses her natural and sexual attributes and becomes the allegory of "Beauty." Such abstractions can already be discovered in Hesiod but they are few as compared to the nature gods.

Those ancient gods claim their right most visibly in the hymn to Hecate (410-52), a goddess of the moon, who appears rather alien in the genealogy. This can be either the interpolation of an older text or the use of older motives by Hesiod himself. It is easy to declare something quaint to be a later interpolation. But who can say whether Hesiod did not wish to pay his tribute to an ancient mystery of which he still was in awe in spite of his lucid Greek mind? How many "infidels" bend their knees during the mystery of the Mass? From the family of Gaia and Uranos the story proceeds to the evil tribe of Keto and Phorkys (270-335), an irksome lot of which Goethe has borrowed some for Walpurgis Night of the second part of *Faust*

We born in night, akin to night alone
We almost to ourselves, to others quite, unknown.*

After this group follow the children of Sun and Moon, the winds, lightning, and thunder. Finally we come to the Olympian gods, whose preservation we owe to a trickery of Rhea. Kronos had devoured them, fearing for his uniqueness. Yet Zeus, in whose place Kronos had swallowed a stone, remained alive, and thus the Olympian dynasty is secured. Then follow the children of Iapetos and the daughter of Okeanos, Klymene, the suffering gods Atlas, Prometheus, and Epimetheus, at which point the poet tells the story of the fraud and the fire theft of Prometheus (521-70). Yet Zeus knows how to take revenge and invents woman (571-617). Hesiod, like the writer of the book of Genesis, harbors a strong resentment against the female sex

. . . . of her is the deadly race and tribe of women who live amongst mortal men to their great trouble, no helpmeets in hateful poverty, but only in wealth. (592-93)

But his practical mind warns him in an afterthought about such slander and he adds a little lamely

. . . . whoever avoids marriage and the sorrows that women cause and will not wed, reaches steadily old age without anyone to tend his years, (603-5)

* *Faust*, 8010-11 (translation by G. M. Priest, New York, 1932).

thus recommending marriage as the lesser of two evils. In such pedestrian remark one recognizes the author of the rhymed calendar for peasants called *Works and Days*.

After this follows the heart piece of the poem, looked forward to by every listener, the battle of the gods and the Titans (630-720). Here Hesiod pulls all the stops of his onomatopoetic artistry. The verse howls and thunders and roars, the whole world participates in it.

The boundless sea rang terribly around and the earth crashed loudly;
Wide Heaven was shaken and groaned. (677-80)

Such cataclysmic descriptions had not been achieved before in the Greek tongue, and the hearers may have felt about them as did the first listeners to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Now language seemed able to express things previously unexpressable.

Next is the description of the underworld, the Tartarus, in which the Titans languish in banishment, ". . . . loathsome and dank, which even the gods abhor" (739). This underworld, of which Homer too has sung, has not the sulphurous odor of theological Hell but rather the character of a geographical terra incognita. It is the spot to which the Sun is descending ". . . . at the rim of the infinite world" (737). It is the place where sky, earth, and sea come to their end, bottomless, endless—the void.

This seems to be the meaning of the first image (720-45). Yet soon new meanings emerge. Tartarus turns into the place where Night dwells,

And there the children of dark Night have their dwellings,
Sleep and Death, awful Gods, (758-59)

and finally it is the place of Hades, of Persephone, and of Styx, a remote and terrifying underworld (766-819). Indeed it is meant to impress itself upon the listener as so terrifying that the best part of the description is repeated a second time (802-10).

Now the genealogy draws more and more to its end, and we remember that the poet really lost his thread as early as the story of Prometheus (520). Zeus's battle with Typhoeus is again a gigan-

tomachy, of which the Greeks apparently could not see and hear enough. It remains the favorite theme of Greek temple decoration, transforming for five hundred years its dynamic energies into sculptural energies. After Zeus has thrown his adversary into Tartarus, Hesiod remembers again that he should be dealing with his genealogy and so hastily he enumerates the winds, who issued from Typhoeus (809-80). Finally we reach the story of the present father of the gods, Zeus, who excels all other gods by virtue of his procreative enthusiasm and his polygamy (881-962). Through these qualities can the Olympian host, active at the time of our poet, claim their legitimacy.

After this, a new part begins, in which Hesiod deals with the half-gods, or heroes, offspring of women gods with mortals (963-1020). We meet Memnon, king of the Ethiopians (989), and especially Kirke "united in love with Odysseus" (1011-12). Here the poem approaches Homer—and immediately afterward it abruptly comes to an end. The list of the heroines, announced in the last two lines, is not presented.

Thus the entire Greek Olympian World has been treated, from unfathomable Chaos to the amorous adventures of Zeus, interspersed with descriptions of battles and invocation of gods, yet on the whole orderly in procedure and heavy with information. The material has been laid out for centuries. Rightly Herodotus, writing at the end of the archaic period, could say

. . . . but whence each of the Gods came into being, or whether they had all forever existed, and what outward forms they had, the Greeks knew not till (so to say) a very little while ago; for I suppose that the time of Hesiod and Homer was not more than 400 years ago before my own; and these are they who taught the Greeks of the descent of the Gods, and gave to all their several names, and honors, and arts and declared their outward forms. (Book II, 53)

This material has entered into a rhythmical, singable form and has found expression in a language which partakes of tradition as much as of new creation. Here there exists the same situation of which we have spoken in discussing the names of the rivers. In phrases of a formalized nature the well known was recognized, the inherited

HESIOD READ IN 1949

phrase of reference or of politeness accepted, the ancient values of imagery and memory reawakened, and the chain of association aroused in the listener. Yet in the newly cast words and phrases, of which Hesiod has much less than Homer, the extension beyond the customary was noticed, the audience accustomed to repetitive formulae came to attention and registered the new word with delight.

In his language too Hesiod has given us an insight beyond the merely historical. A language which consists only of pieced-together formulae and phrases, as we find it in some of our textbooks, is a language which has become tired. A language which, on the other hand, abounds in new word creations, as we find it for instance in expressionism, may lack resonance with the reader (or listener). It does not connect itself with things we already know and, as with an abstract painting, it does not produce a comparison with a concept derived from nature. Thus it deprives itself of allusive energies, unnourished by the past of a language. A language, however, which, like that of Hesiod, derives its strength from its heritage, yet which enriches this heritage, is a happy language. It is understood by everyone, and yet nobody could have spoken it in just this manner before.

One can be brief about *Works and Days*. It is the sententious song of the ethics of the peasant and bourgeois: work, save, be independent of your neighbor. It abounds in wisdom but it is the wisdom of practical reason and, at its best, one must wonder how timeless such commonplace truths are. They are just as refreshing as the drink described by Hesiod, "Mix three quarts of water with one quart of wine" (596), and just as true as such proverbs, ". . . but between us and goodness (virtue) the gods have placed the sweat of our brow" (289). These sententious rhymes are dedicated to his brother Perses who had proved rather obnoxious in the legal quarrel for the paternal inheritance. It is here that the poet provides us with the biographical data which we mentioned in the beginning.

The *Works and Days* and the *Theogony* are not completely unconnected. This work of practical wisdom of a farmer also begins with a mythological frame. In view of so much evil in the world

against which witted man has to defend himself, one must ask for the origin of such evil. It was Pandora who in her box had brought it to man, and Hesiod here repeats (70, *Theogony* 570) what he had told in the *Theogony*. After the tale of Pandora, follows the description of the five epochs of the world, the descending line of which places Hesiod in the "Iron Age." These epochs are valued according to metal. In this way economics enters the concept of history just as biology had in the *Theogony*. It begins with gold, followed by silver, bronze, ". . . not yet was there any dark iron" (151). Then comes the epoch of the heroes and at last the age of iron.

Only after such a mythical framework has been drawn can the practical part of *Works and Days* begin. The objective of wisdom is security in life. The connection between measure and moderation, between law and fairness, between the absolute values and their application is established by their practice in daily life. Sometimes, however, it seems as if excessive reasonableness would border on obtuseness. "Love who loves you, visit him who visits you. Give to one who gives, but do not give to one who does not give" (353-55). Such a statement appears to the reader of the "Sermon on the Mount" like a suggestion for the perpetuation of dissent and he thinks of the words

And, whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

We must understand it as the morale of the "Iron Age," and the light of pessimism, of the fear of gods and men, is falling on it. Yet there exists a bridge between the limited reasonableness of Hesiod and the unlimited heart of Christ—the animated intelligence of Plato. In the first book of the *Republic* he repudiates Hesiod's belief by a new and comprehensive concept of justice.

Works and Days deals in its admonitions for the daily life not only with the proper conduct toward brother, neighbor, and friend, but even more with plowing, sowing, and harvesting. It deals with superstitions and beliefs in such a precise manner that one can reconstruct a day in the life of a Boeotian peasant with exactitude.

We are even told how much bread the plowman should consume before he is starting out for work. "Let a brisk fellow of forty years follow, with a loaf of four quarters, and eight slices for his dinner" (441-42). From such samples one might conclude this poem to be nothing but versification and not poetry. This may be true in parts, but it should remind us that rhymed proverbs of wisdom have been the bread of the people from the days of Babylonian clay tablets to the farmer's calendar of today.

And in other parts the poetry of homespun Hesiod is considerable. It results from the full presence of life and of the world, which, for instance, in the discussion of logging considers the winds, the months, the stars, and creates the feeling of wholeness and of universal consonance. It is the same type of poetry that in Brueghel's paintings of the seasons fits the activities of men into the larger context of the world and into the rhythm of time. From the smallest, life proceeds to the wide and the general. Thus Hesiod describes autumn with its north wind

. . . while earth and forest hurl. On many a high leafed oak and thick pine he falls and brings them to the bounteous earth in mountain glens: then all the immense wood roars and the beasts shudder. (508-11)

The world of Hesiod does not emerge like that of Buddha as a creation of inwardness. With this Greek man, poetry is a child of the life-instinct, of the joyful and fearful will for existence, and of the unquestioned belief in the reality of our being. This makes for its strength; this makes for its limitation.

Report from Palomar

WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOT

So after peering into outer space
Billions of light years more, there's nothing new:
The suns and nebulae their formal pace
Hold to the last dim orbit. If a few
Vast perturbations whirl up cosmic dust
Against these patterned amplitudes of light,
Why, plainly, at such length perfection must
Wait still on further increments of sight.
And I have poked about one human mind
For many patient years, so can report
A void as depthless and a verge as blind
Where all quests fail, each in its separate sort;—
 There, too, ambiguous clouds drift up to screen
 Deduced conclusions from a star foreseen.

THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 3)

latest book is *Earth Abides*, a novel, published by Random House in October 1949.

JAMES I. DONOHUE ("The Munich Student Revolt") spent his undergraduate years at the University of Washington, returned there as a teaching fellow at the end of his war service, is now at Harvard University.

Of the background for his article, Mr. Donohue says, "My main interest is in German cultural history. The war provided a boost in this direction when, after studying German in the Army for nine months, I ended as interpreter in the Military Government of several small Bavarian towns. It was at this time that I first heard of the events described in the essay. . . . I studied at the University of Munich's summer school.

JAMES R. CALDWELL ("As of That Time") is professor of English at the University of California, where with Professor Josephine Miles he teaches verse writing.

Professor Caldwell is the author of numerous scholarly articles, of reviews of contemporary verse in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and of poems in more publications than can conveniently be listed within the length of a biographical note. A volume of his poems, *Pringle and Other Poems*, appeared from the Alan Swallow Press in 1948.

T. A. BISSON ("Asia in Change") has lived and worked in China and Japan for some seven years. He was staff specialist of the Foreign Policy

Association from 1929 to 1942; of the Institute of Pacific Relations from 1943 to 1945. In 1945 he revisited Japan with the Strategic Bombing Survey, and again in 1946-47 as Special Adviser in Government Section, GHQ, SCAP. He is now at the University of California.

Mr. Bisson is the author of a long list of books and articles dealing with the Far East, among them, *Japan in China* (1938) and *America's Far Eastern Policy* (1945). His latest book, *Prospects for Democracy in Japan*, brought out by IPR and the Macmillan Company, appeared recently.

TOM BAIR ("Thoughts of Aeneas") is the author of "The Hunter" and "Pink Cement," which appeared in earlier issues of *The Pacific Spectator*. Of "Thoughts of Aeneas" he says, "I actually wrote it at Carthage. It's a very quiet place, Carthage; no guides, no viewers. At night it is almost impossible to make yourself move and break the silence with a footfall. I don't think there is anyone who couldn't write some kind of a poem there."

ROBERT M. GAY ("Innocent Aboard") has appeared twice in earlier *Spectators*. "Mosaic: A Personal Essay" was published in the spring number, 1947; "Half-Hour Till Midnight" in the spring of 1948. With the appearance of "Innocent Aboard" the editors hope it may be said that a habit of annual appearance has been formed.

BESSIE BREUER ("Home Is a Place"), who in daily life is Mrs.

THE AUTHORS

Henry Varnum Poor, has published short stories in *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The New Yorker*, and other periodicals. She is represented in half a dozen short-story collections, and was the recipient of an O Henry Memorial Award in 1944.

"Home Is a Place" made its appearance in *Harper's Bazaar*. A play by Miss Breuer, *Sundown Beach*, directed by Ella Kazan, was presented in New York in 1948. She is the author of two novels, *Memory of Love* and *The Daughter*.

ALFRED NEUMEYER ("Hesiod

Read in 1949") makes here his first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*. Dr. Neumeyer is on the staff of Mills College, California; his special interest is in the history of art. Before his coming to the United States, he was the author of several books, written in German, which, in his own words, "had the honor to be burnt under Adolf Hitler."

WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOT ("Report from Palomar") makes his second appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*. Mr. Elliot's verse has appeared in *The Fugitive*, *The Freeman*, and other magazines.

The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

completes with its Winter, 1949, issue nineteen years of continuous publication. The Spring issue of this year marked a change in format and design (by Helen Gentry).

Readers of THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR may be interested in the literary criticism which has appeared in the four issues (128 to 144 pages each) of Volume XIX (1949).



Joseph Warren Beach, *Baroque: The Poetry of Edith Sitwell* ★ Ramón J. Sender, *Faustian Germany and Thomas Mann* ★ Stanley Edgar Hyman, *James Gould Cozzens and the Art of the Possible* (first comprehensive study of this author) ★ Vernon Young, *Frank Waters: Problems of the Regional Imperative* ★ Alice Corbin: *An Appreciation*. Contributions by Witter Bynner, Oliver La Farge, George Dillon, John Gould Fletcher, Carl Sandburg, Padraic Colum, Ruth Laughlin, Haniel Long, Spud Johnson, and Alice Corbin ★ Robert Bunker, *Faulkner: A Case for Regionalism* (review) ★ W. P. Albrecht, *Time As Unity in Thomas Wolfe* ★ Edwin Honig, *To a European Man of Letters* (British-American literary relations) ★ Kenneth Lash, *Captain Ahab and King Lear*

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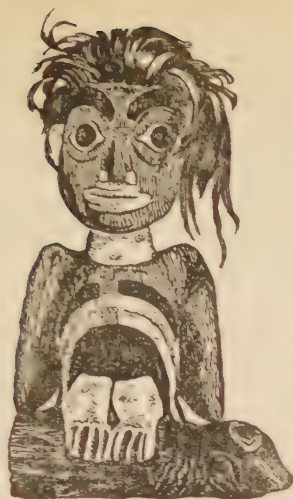
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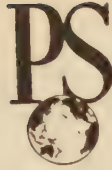
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ALTHOUGH The Pacific Spectator is not, in fact, an academic journal, nevertheless twenty-seven West Coast colleges and universities are among its sponsors. For the largest of these twenty-seven, this year has been a time of crisis; therefore, in an entirely literal sense, a time of crisis for all. Academic freedom, like learning, is "a seamless garment."

The nature of the crisis was set forth in Lawrence A. Harper's "Shall the Professors Sign?" (Pacific Spectator, Winter 1950). It need not be restated here. One condition of it, however, deserves emphasis. The opposition of a body of eminent University of California professors to the proposed special oath is not one in behalf of their own power nor even of their own dignity. It springs from their being men conscious of history and aware of their own inescapable responsibility toward their profession and their nation. As one of them has put it:

The oath has been called a threat to academic freedom; it is closer actually to being its death. . . . If a professor is required on Monday to sign just this one harmless little oath that wouldn't hurt anybody (or else lose his job), he may equally well be required on Wednesday to do just some other little something (or else lose his job), and then perhaps something very serious (or else lose his job) on Friday. Where, then, is academic freedom?

Twenty years ago, or even fifteen, that closing question might have had a rhetorical ring. It does not now. Each European nation which moved toward dictatorship, whether fascist or communist, began by restricting its teachers, by destroying all but the submissive. American faculties contain a host of European scholars who once already have cut their lives in two in behalf of a principle—and who now, those of them who found refuge at the University of California, must make again the same hard choice. In the light of the immediate

(Continued on page 249)

THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

VOLUME IV

SPRING

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	129
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD? <i>Joseph Kinsey Howard</i>	132
EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD <i>Stanton A. Coblentz</i>	144
CHILDREN OF A VACUUM <i>Allan B. Cole</i>	153
THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT <i>Dixon Wecter</i>	160
THE DAWN REDWOODS ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA [A POEM] <i>Miriam Allen deFord</i>	173

THE AUTHORS

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD ("Timber Trouble: How Can We Get Sustained Yield?") is the author of *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome* and of many articles and some fiction dealing with the Northwest. Of the book on which he is now at work, Mr. Howard says, "My book's tentative title is *Strange Empire: A Narrative of the Northwest* . . . a work of historical nonfiction dealing with American and Canadian Northwest from Pembina, N.D., to the Rockies and in par-

ticular with the 'empire' of Métis or half-breeds. It is scheduled for 1950 publication by William Morrow & Company."

Mr. Howard's last contribution to *The Pacific Spectator* was "Humanitarian, Mountain Style" in the Spring 1949 issue.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ ("Earthquake, Fire, and Flood") presents an aspect of catastrophe which any twelve-year-old will recognize and almost any adult would deny.

Mr. Coblentz is a native Californian, living now, after a long interval in New York, in Mill Valley. He

SPECTATOR

INTERPRETATION

1950

NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL: Substance and Art in New Western Books	
<i>Richard G. Lillard</i>	174
AMERICAN FABLE [A STORY]	<i>Rosalie Moore</i> 187
EDEN IN PERIL	<i>Lovell Thompson</i> 197
THE PHILIPPINES—MEETING OF EAST AND WEST	<i>Paul R. Hanna</i> 214
THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE [A STORY]	<i>Leslie Smith</i> 224
NOW IS ALWAYS BEGINNING [A POEM]	<i>Thomas Hornsby Ferril</i> 236
THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES	<i>Henry F. May</i> 237

is the author of many books and articles and the compiler of four anthologies of verse, the latest of which, *Unseen Wings*, appeared in 1949. Since 1933, he has been the editor of *Wings*, a magazine of verse.

"Earthquake, Fire, and Flood" is Mr. Coblenz' first contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*.

ALLAN B. COLE ("Children of a Vacuum") teaches courses in Japanese history and culture at Pomona College and the Claremont Graduate School. Three books showing nineteenth-century phases of American-

Japanese relations have been published under his editorship, and he is the author of numerous articles dealing with China, Japan, and American diplomacy in Asia.

Last summer Mr. Cole led discussions on politics in the International Student Seminar at Tsuda College, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee.

DIXON WECTER ("The Historian as Cultural Agent") spent last year in South America as one of those cultural agents whose work and responsibilities his article explains.

(Continued on page 250)

TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN

by Joseph Kinsey Howard

NO AGENCY of our government has enjoyed more popular respect than has the United States Forest Service. Periodically beset by "wolves of privilege," it usually has been able to count upon the support of a friendly public and especially upon that of the highly articulate liberals who have viewed the U.S.F.S. tradition—"the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run"—as the consummate expression of the administrative function in a democracy.

Thus, after Bernard DeVoto disclosed in *Harper's* the efforts of some stockmen to weaken federal controls over their grazing privileges on public lands, these efforts were temporarily checked by a tooth-and-claw defense of the National Forests and their guardian agency in which conservationists, wildlife enthusiasts, and unclassified liberals throughout the country participated.

Yet today in the West, which contains two-thirds of the nation's remaining saw timber, the Forest Service has suddenly been set upon by some of its erstwhile friends. Impetuous liberals, their labor allies, and a few farmers are lashing out at the bureau with a hurt fury. Their protests, quivering with outrage, are incorporated in convention resolutions and voiced at public hearings: the Forest Service is fostering monopoly; it is accommodating itself to a plot of private industry to capture public timber; it is promoting one-company towns; it is willfully scheming to destroy the American way of life.

The issue behind all this is a new and complex timber-management device known as the sustained-yield co-operative agreement. The agreement permits the consolidation of federal and privately owned timber in a unit to be managed for continuous production; as an experiment in husbandry of natural resources it is unique in American history. The contract links the federal government and

* "Timber Trouble," as its writer points out, deals with a highly controversial subject. The editors have been in communication with some of the opponents of the plan explained here, but so far have secured no effective presentation of the adverse view—none bulwarked by facts.

WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD?*

one or more private timber operators in a business partnership—not for the duration of a war, as other industries have been linked, but for sixty years or a hundred.

Undeniably, such a plan has monopolistic aspects. And it is dangerous: it calls for a high degree of good faith from both parties to the contract, and it will force them into fields neither has entered before. Community planning is one such field, because co-operative units may, as charged, cause the development of “company towns.”

The Forest Service does not underestimate these risks. But “the greatest number in the long run,” to whose good the National Forests are dedicated, presumably are the nation’s consumers of wood and the millions of Americans who have not yet been born. If the co-operative agreement is the most feasible method of assuring a continuous supply of timber for this and succeeding generations, the Service believes it is worth trying.

The United States has reduced its stand of saw timber 43 percent in the last forty years. The war lowered our lumber stockpile from seventeen billion board feet to four billion, and the current drain of standing timber is about one and one-half times the rate of reproduction. Exhaustion of the supply on private lands is in sight; yet despite that fact, sustained yield is practiced on only 28 percent of the larger holdings and on almost none of the smaller properties.

The National Forests, though most of them are under sustained-yield management, contain only 16 percent of the land capable of producing commercial timber. They cannot possibly fill America’s needs for wood, so the problem of maintaining continuous production centers in the three-fourths of our timberlands which are privately owned. This country, almost alone among civilized nations, has permitted the timber owner to exploit the precious resource as he willed. Half a century of “education” has failed, but coercion is still repugnant and may be politically impracticable. The sustained-yield agreement is an ingenious new approach; it is by no means an

TIMBER TROUBLE

over-all solution, but it is probably workable in some areas because it is good business.

Opponents of the co-operative unit earnestly avow their loyalty to the principle of sustained yield. But too frequently the alternatives they offer boil down to sustained yield on the National Forest, where it already is practiced. For regulation of the harvest from private lands, backed by contract and statute, they substitute a somewhat naïve faith in "education" or "inducements" or "economic pressure," a faith which cannot be justified by experience.

II

Sustained-yield forest management is a big concept. It is not just "good cutting practice," which means leaving the woods in good condition for new growth—some day—but does not assure continuous operation in any one area or guarantee economic stability for any particular community. Nor does sustained yield mean merely the replanting of cut-over areas, or "tree farming," or even "selective cutting," though all of these may figure in it. It does mean that all aspects of timber production and processing within a certain geographic and administrative unit are co-ordinated to assure continuous harvest at a stable level. This level must be high enough to maintain indefinitely the dependent local industry and community.

Under such a system there can be no boom; on the other hand, there is less likelihood of a bust. Under "good practice" the forest may be long idle before it can produce again; under sustained yield it will always produce, starting right now.

Sustained yield calls for a wide range of harvesting methods. Partial or selective cutting may be ordered in some stands, leaving interspersed trees as seed sources and as a reserve of mature stumpage for each succeeding annual cut. In other types, such as old-growth spruce endangered by wind or disease, "clear cutting" may be wiser—with a block of young trees left for reseedling, or the whole area stripped and replanted.

Large acreage is required if the operation is to be economically feasible. There also must be long-range planning, and heavy invest-

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

ment for new processing facilities, for access roads, for better protection against fire and other hazards, for replanting and timber-stand improvement. Watershed values and other environmental factors which have a permanent effect have to be considered as they would not be in an area which is merely to be logged off and abandoned.

But those are largely phases of the harvest, and that is the easiest part of sustained-yield management. Given an opportunity, trees will grow; and cutting is an exact science. The concomitant objective—stabilization of the industry and community—involves people, and it is much more complicated. The cut must be managed so as to provide year-round employment in the woods and in the mills. The best possible utilization of the product is essential to reduce waste and expand the local employment field. (Throughout most of our history the sawmills have used less than half of the tree.) Marketing, taxes, and transportation must all be considered. The social climate of the community is important: the venture cannot succeed if the people are ill-disposed toward it and toward each other. Finally, the processing industry, the mill upon which the whole experiment rests, must be protected from destructive competition.

And there's the rub. Sustained-yield management is impossible if competition is unrestrained. In any given area there is only so much timber. That supply may be adequate to support one mill forever, but if several more move in, the struggle for survival can exhaust the private stand in a decade; and the National Forest timber, sold on a sustained-yield basis, will not support the industry. When that happens—and it has happened, frequently—another ghost town is left in the ravished wilderness to rot or burn; tax values vanish, and seven-room houses, complete with plumbing, are offered at auction for \$35.

The co-operative agreement, the Forest Service admits, will mean "narrowed opportunity for newcomers" where it is in effect. Put it more brutally: it will restrict competition. Opportunity for newcomers will not only be narrowed, it will be virtually eliminated. Operators already in the unit will have some room for expansion but not much. For better or worse it's a planned economy, and one

TIMBER TROUBLE

militant opponent is said to have proclaimed at a hearing, "Better that the forests were laid waste than to create these monopolies!" But much as Americans dread industrial concentration, few would be willing to pay this price even if the agreement could be shown to be as discriminatory as its enemies claim.

In the last two decades the nation has had frequent occasion to weigh the virtues of unrestricted free enterprise against the interests of "the greatest number in the long run." The sustained-yield co-operative agreement, authorized under little-known Public Law 273 adopted by Congress in 1944, is just another aspect of this dilemma of democracy. The ultimate decision for or against it will have wide-ranging consequences in development of national resource policy.

III

There are two kinds of sustained-yield units, federal and co-operative. One of each type is in existence. The federal unit—relatively simple because the government owns all the timber involved—is in the Carson National Forest of New Mexico. The only co-operative unit is at Shelton, Washington, where the United States of America and the Simpson Logging Company have been functioning amicably as partners for about three years. If neither one falls down on the job, their contract has ninety-six years to run. Plans for co-operative units in Oregon and California were withdrawn after opposition developed at hearings.

Another co-operative unit has now been proposed, and though it has not yet reached the public hearing stage it has become the target of bitter criticism. The unit would be located in Lincoln County, Montana, which has one of the finest stands of virgin timber in the United States. It would have an area of nearly two million acres, 98 percent of it forested. Most of this is commercial-type timber, 77 percent in the Kootenai National Forest and 11 percent owned by the J. Neils Lumber Company.

The Neils Company started in the Great Lakes region and, like many others, moved west when the timber was exhausted. Lincoln County is the company's last stand: without sustained-yield manage-

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

ment and access to an assured supply of National Forest timber, its trees will support its mill for only twenty years. But the current generation of this family, unlike predecessors of their own and other timber dynasties, has given indication that they see their industry as permanent. The management is regarded by the Forest Service as enlightened and efficient and is credited with the best cutting, utilization, and protection practices in the area.

The next largest privately owned block in the Kootenai unit, 4 percent of the saw-timber area, belongs to the Northern Pacific Railway. If the co-operative agreement goes through, the Neils Company is expected to buy this. All other private owners combined have only 5 percent of the commercial timberland.

The Forest Service has proposed a sixty-year contract with the Neils Company, subject to review every decade, under which the combined timber resources of both co-operators would be managed for sustained yield. The federal government would be committed to provide about fifty million board feet annually; the company would cut eighteen to twenty million from its own lands. The Forest Service would control the cutting budget—place, season, and rate of harvest—and would specify practices on the Neils land as well as on its own. It also would establish standards of utilization, locate and assure reasonable public access to roads, and guarantee recreational use of the private lands. It would fix the operating schedule of the Neils mills and other plants, and it would have access to the company's books.

In return for these concessions to the public interest, the company would be permitted to buy the necessary fifty million feet of National Forest timber each year at appraised value without competitive bidding. However, the timber would be sold in working blocks and there would be several sales annually; in event of a protest, any one deal would be held up pending a public hearing.

The bait at first glance seems too big for the fish. But the Forest Service contribution to the timber pool looks less impressive when its quality is considered. The mainstay of Northwestern logging is pine—white and ponderosa, the “high-grade” commercial species. The Forest Service has most of the remaining white pine, but the

TIMBER TROUBLE

company has almost as much ponderosa and it is easier to get. The average stand of commercial timber in the National Forest is less dense than that on the Neils property, and the government timber is in higher or more rugged country. (In Lincoln County, as elsewhere, the best and most accessible timber passed into private ownership before the National Forests were created.) Finally, nearly all of the good winter logging "chances" are on Neils land.

Sustained yield does not necessarily mean a curtailed cut. It may even mean a bigger harvest in some areas where mature or over-mature trees have been neglected because of difficulty of access. Much of the timber the government will contribute to the undertaking should have been cut long ago to eliminate pests or disease and permit new growth.

About six million feet of National Forest timber would be reserved for sale annually to the small operators already established within the unit, in addition to Christmas trees, poles, pulpwood, and other products. The Neils Company could not bid on this unless all others failed to do so. This reserved stumpage is more than the other operators now cut and process, and the Forest Service says it would fill the needs of all, with one possible exception—a mill recently established in the face of a warning that it could not be adequately supplied from government sales if the agreement is concluded.

Despite the reservation of this stumpage, the small millowners are almost unanimously opposed to the agreement. Other opinion is divided. The Montana Farmers' Union is opposed; the State Grange approves, with the reservation that more public participation in decisions should be guaranteed through establishment of an advisory board. The State Chamber of Commerce also favors the agreement, with a similar reservation. (The Forest Service has indicated that this suggestion will be incorporated in a new agreement.) Labor in the town of Libby, a community of 1,800 which is the major site of Neils operations, generally approves the plan; but the International Woodworkers, CIO, oppose it.

Business sentiment in Libby is favorable. In Troy, a town of 800 which has declined as Libby has grown, the agreement is unpopular despite a provision that the Neils Company must establish a small

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

mill there. The Montana Wildlife Federation endorsed the contract after a committee had visited the area and studied the plans for recreation and wildlife.

IV

There are two basic objections to the co-operative unit. Both are theoretically valid; they make effective public arguments and they have induced many people of good will to add their voices to the jeremiad against the Forest Service. But actually both are hollow. This is the way they may be answered:

Providing security to only one major operator in one unit, the agreement will encourage speedier liquidation of private timber by others, thereby nullifying the conservation objective.

But liquidation of the timber on small private holdings is inevitable anyway if present trends continue. Moreover, co-operative agreements would be feasible in relatively few areas, involving probably not more than 15 to 20 percent of the total cut in the Northwest. They would be worth while as a stabilization factor, but their impact upon the industry would be less consequential than their opponents think. And in most of the areas which could support co-operative units, the volume of timber remaining for unrestricted private harvest would be negligible. In the Kootenai unit, for example, after purchase of the Northern Pacific lands, the Neils Company would contribute to the project 93 percent of the privately owned saw timber in the area.

The agreement is dangerously monopolistic.

This cannot be wholly refuted. The plan does have discriminatory elements. But it does not establish true monopoly in the usual sense because true monopoly implies control of the market. The co-operator will have no greater advantage in the sale of his products than he had before he signed up; he may, in fact, suffer temporary impairment of his competitive position.

Critics have charged that the contract is not sufficiently explicit about the improved standards of utilization to be required of a co-operator such as the Neils Company. This is important because new

TIMBER TROUBLE

uses for wood are constantly being discovered and it would be disastrous to base a long-term contract on an outdated "sawmill economy." The proposed Kootenai agreement is weaker on this point than it should be; the criticism in this instance has been fruitful and should lead to more definite requirements in a new draft.

Though the agreement does not foster monopolistic control of the market, it does restrict access to the raw material. This type of monopoly, however, is already inherent in the Kootenai situation and in most others where private ownership is sufficiently concentrated to make co-operative units feasible. The Neils Company already owns 88 percent of the private saw timber. In any free-for-all fight for desirable stands, public or private, this company could almost certainly squeeze out all others, most of whom own no timber and depend wholly upon sales from the National Forest. The agreement may offer more opportunity to curb monopoly than is available without it.

Some opponents, conceding this point, insist that their concern is not with other operators in any one unit but with the industry. They argue that the agreement, by providing one company with an assured supply, impairs the competitive position of mills everywhere. If this were true there would be a rush by timber operators to sign up; but actually the partnership is far from being an unmixed blessing. It is estimated that the Neils Company will have to invest four or five million dollars in additional plant, equipment, and roads and that its annual costs may be boosted as much as \$100,000 over those of a competitor who is free to harvest and process his timber as he chooses. The company must establish itself in new markets as it expands utilization. It must replant areas which do not restock naturally in five years. Expense of slash disposal and timber-stand improvement will soar. And—no small item—taxes will be higher because more timber will remain in the stand.

Finally, there have been complaints that the agreement does not "spell out" penalties which would be incurred by the private co-operator in event of noncompliance. This criticism is definitely unsound. All National Forest sales, though noncompetitive, will be made to the co-operator on the standard contract which provides for

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

damages if the buyer does not comply with its terms. Furthermore, the agreement provides that the Forest Service may go into federal court for an order directing its partner to live up to his bargain—and the judge of satisfactory performance in all instances is the Chief of the Forest Service. The experiences of John L. Lewis and his Mine Workers have not encouraged anyone to lay himself open to judgment for contempt of the federal court.

V

Unless something is done the precious private timber stand of Lincoln County will be exhausted in two decades. A co-operative unit, on the other hand, could double the yield in sixty years. Can critics of the co-operative unit offer alternative roads to the same desirable goal?

They think they can, and their suggestions are well intentioned. But some are impractical and others are at least as discriminatory as the contract they would proscribe.

There is, for instance, the proposal that National Forest sales to owners of private timber be limited to those who practice sustained yield on their own lands. This is unworkable because most of the private blocks are too small for the owner's survival under sustained-yield operation. This plan is also discriminatory in one respect: most National Forest sales are made to loggers who own no land and who could not be required to meet any such test.

Many of the co-operative unit's enemies have urged that owners of timberland should receive federal payments to "induce" them to practice sustained yield, on the principle of the agricultural conservation allotments under AAA. Continuity for sustained yield would obviously be impossible on this basis. Farmers may sign up one year, drop out the next; their participation depends upon the ratio of the Congressional appropriation for payments to the current value of farm produce. And, though lands sown to wheat or corn can be converted to soil-building crops or left to rest after one season, lands dedicated to sustained yield have their function predetermined for fifty or a hundred years.

TIMBER TROUBLE

Still another suggestion originated with Ellery Foster, an experienced forester and formerly the research director for the International Woodworkers. He urges radical revision of National Forest policy to end what he regards as control of the timber resource by the large mills. He would establish a "free log market," attempting to divorce the growing and harvesting of timber from its processing.

Under Foster's plan the Forest Service would limit its sales to one buyer to a volume that the small (but "economic") operator could handle, thus convincing him that he could stay in business and perhaps inducing him to manage his own land—if any—for sustained yield. Foster acknowledges that this would force the big companies into the "free log market," but he believes competitive pressure would stimulate them to practice sustained yield on their own holdings—"if they want to remain in business." It may be doubted, however, whether they would have any incentive to stay in business when thus made the victims of deliberate discrimination. As have others in the past, they might decide to cut over, get out, and invest their profits in less hazardous enterprises.

Nor could Foster's "free log market" be assured. There is, ostensibly, a free market for farm produce; but sugar beet producers and growers of vegetables and orchard crops are notoriously at the mercy of the processing corporations which control their markets.

None of the alternatives holds as much hope for stabilization of the industry in a given area as does the co-operative agreement. It can be only a partial solution, but it can help. Meanwhile the plight of the timber industry becomes more precarious, the pressure upon public and private lands more alarming. In the last decade the National Forest cut throughout the country has increased 380 percent; in Montana and northern Idaho the increase is 500 percent. In the woods, irresistible free enterprise is about to come a cropper against an immovable fact: the exhaustibility of the resource.

There is one sound alternative to the co-operative unit, but not even the bitterest critic of the Forest Service has mentioned it. That alternative is acquisition and management by the federal government of the sizable blocks of nonfarm timberland whose owners cannot or will not practice sustained yield.

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

"It does not appear," a Forest Service official comments, "that the people of this country have appreciably exercised their right to grow trees. Therefore I assume they do not value this right very much. However, people generally are quite strongly in favor of *somebody* growing trees. I hold to the theory of democratic government that what we don't do well enough as individuals and yet want to do collectively is entirely within our American tradition to go ahead and do."

But public ownership is not likely to come in time to save the timber. Meanwhile the job must be done with the tools that are at hand.

Gifford Pinchot, first National Forester, wrote the phrase about "the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run" into a letter of instructions to himself in 1905 which he took to the Secretary of Agriculture for the cabinet officer's signature. But that memorable phrase, adopted by the Forest Service as its charter and its dedication, was not his only contribution to a philosophy of government. All parties to the controversy over sustained yield, and the members of Congress who might be persuaded by angry clamor to seek repeal of Public Law 273, could find wise counsel in other utterances of the great conservationist.

"Times change," he once reminded a lecture audience, "and the public needs change with them. The man who would serve the public to the level of its needs must look ahead, and one of his most difficult problems will be to make old tools answer new uses—uses some of which, at least, were never imagined when the tools were made."

EARTHQUAKE, FIRE & FLOOD

by Stanton A. Coblentz

IN THE EYES of childhood, catastrophe may wear rosy tints. I state this not as a theory, but as a matter of knowledge—knowledge acquired in a school that teaches better than any classroom. Before I had reached the grand old age of twelve, chance had brought me face to face with two cataclysms of nature; and it was through no valor on my own part that, in both cases, I skirted the fringes of disaster and emerged on the happier side. But in each instance I differed from my elders in considering the experience most enjoyable, and worth trying again.

It was in the winter of 1907 or 1908, when I was a schoolboy of ten or eleven, that the lesser of the two adventures disturbed the San Joaquin Valley city of Stockton. In those remote days, before the completion of the Diverting Canal that was to drain off future inundations, occasional floods had swept the flat, low-lying farmlands; and consequently I was fascinated by the report, one day in late winter, that one of the periodic deluges was headed in our direction.

Delightful thought! Having the normal boy's love of water, I could imagine nothing more alluring. With hopeful eyes I began to haunt the banks of the "slough" that meandered two blocks from our house and that, as if by a kind dispensation of nature, passed directly beside my school. In summer, if not entirely dry, this stream carried nothing but a thread of sickly green stagnant water, where mosquitoes buzzed and giant rushes or "tules" lifted their heads. But now it flowed with a swift chocolate-brown current, wonderfully alive and exciting! More than that, the current was rising! Hour by hour I compared the marks, as it climbed to within four feet, three feet, two feet, one foot of the top. All the while, unlike the prosaic grownups, I did not fear that there would be a flood. My dread was that, at the last minute, the waters would cheat us, and there wouldn't be a flood.

But my alarm was needless. There came a glorious moment

when little muddy-brown trickles began to course through the gutters. By this time the unadventurous adults, who evidently couldn't see any fun in the rising waters, were in a state of the most absurd excitement. Many of them were frantically lifting bales and bundles out of basements. Others were storming the food stores, whose supplies were swiftly exhausted. Still others were hastily erecting embankments. I noted how old Meadowcroft, who had a hundred-foot frontage across the street from us, toiled in the most ridiculous fashion, and had thrown up earthworks half a yard high along the entire length of his property when, turning about exhausted, he saw the brown torrents rippling in from the rear.

Not the least among that flood's beneficent features was that it did us the favor to occur in midweek. Next morning, when I awoke to find our house an island amid the deep-brown currents, I had the joy not only of watching the waters, but of knowing that there would be no school. It was evident that this thought gave no satisfaction at all to my parents, who, in the dull stodgy way usual among persons of their tremendous age, showed a marked lack of enthusiasm when I pointed out how fast the waters were pouring on both sides of our house, as well as in front of it and behind it, so that wherever you looked you could see a river rushing. They did not share my pleasure, either, when I leaned out from the back porch with a broomstick, and demonstrated that the water was already more than a foot deep. Least of all did they leap and shout when subsequent soundings showed the depth to be increasing. And all that those killjoys could say was, "Watch out, or you'll fall in and get drowned!" whenever my brothers and I engaged in the exhilarating sport of spearing passing bits of wreckage with long poles, into whose ends we had fastened spikes.

Nobody could tell, of course, how long the flood would last, but all day the waters kept rising reassuringly. That evening, when we children sank down to our unburdened sleep, we knew nothing of the worries that marched through our parents' night. Having had enough to eat, we did not share their foolish fears that tomorrow or the day after the larder might be empty. We had no joy-killing terror of being without fuel, or of having to drink polluted water.

EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD

We were not disturbed by such picayune considerations as that the torrents might enter the house and ruin rugs, carpets, and furniture; in fact, the comical seriousness with which our parents took up the floor coverings was only another sign of the queerness of grownups. We were not at all alarmed lest the house itself should be broken up or washed away. To our minds, it was the rock of Gibraltar; although today, as I look back, I wonder how that ramshackle cottage, then about fifty years old, its flimsy floors perforated with knotholes in their nether regions, and the foundation built without benefit of proper crossbeams or concrete, could have continued to withstand the buffeting of the swift, steady currents.

No doubt, however, this question did haunt my parents' midnight vigil. While we young flood-lovers slept the sleep of the worthy, my father and mother watched by candlelight as the torrents crept up bit by bit. The waters, now between three and four feet deep, had lapped within three inches, two inches, one inch of our threshold. Then for a long while, as our elders kept their dreary guard, the tide neither rose nor fell. And at length they murmured in blessed thanksgiving as the flood began to recede.

But of this, at the time, we knew nothing. Next day the waters were still agreeably high, although their fall was disappointingly evident. Nevertheless, there was cause enough for rejoicing. No more school that week! And after the invader had retreated there would be the pleasure of combing the wreckage and fishing for debris in muddy pools and ponds. All in all, the flood had been a great success. We fervently hoped for another.

II

A year or two before, I had lived through a vaster, world-famous catastrophe. At about five in the morning of April 18, 1906, when San Francisco was surprised by the celebrated earthquake, I had been one of the three or four hundred thousand persons shaken from their sleep. In the beginning, I was probably as much frightened as anyone when I felt the house rocking as if in a giant's hands, heard women screaming, crockery crashing, and brick chimneys

falling, and, with a child's imagination, foresaw that we were about to be pitched from our second-story bedroom into the middle of the street. But having survived the first ordeal—and the earthquake seemed dread minutes long, though I believe it actually lasted only forty-five seconds—I was free to appreciate the convulsion's singular advantages.

I must admit that those advantages were not evident to everyone. But being uninhibited by the blank adult point of view, which made the air horrid with laments about "terrible setback to the city," "dreadful blow to business," and such flat and uninteresting matters, I could let myself relish to the full the excitement that hovered almost visibly in the atmosphere. No one in our street, so far as I knew, had been killed or even injured; but signs of the disaster were abundant: numerous bricks were lying about, to be picked up free by any enterprising urchin; while the corner drugstore was a wonderful sight: the huge plate-glass windows splintered, the sign above it fallen, the innumerable vials and bottles lying in ruins inside, giving out a powerful stench that we small boys all had to sample just to see what it was like.

It was amusing to notice how the grownups were dashing about, some of them half-dressed, while calling to one another excitedly "Anyone over your way hurt?" "No, but my new china set is a wreck." "Have you any idea how far this quake reached? Suppose it's general?" Not a soul among us had any honest information; nevertheless, rumor didn't hesitate to lift her fantastic head. Chicago and New York had been shaken to earth! London had been swept by a tidal wave! Paris and Madrid—but at this late date I can't recall just what fearful calamity had fallen on Paris and Madrid. In any case, I found all these stories most consoling. It was good to have partners in trouble (if our present state of tingling excitement could be called trouble). It was thrilling to think that people everywhere could enjoy seeing their chimneys tumbled down, their drugstore windows broken.

But cataclysms that day were not to come singly. Not many hours had passed before, along the entire length of the eastern sky, huge smoke funnels were curling—tremendous spirals of ashen

EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD

gray and thunder-purple that reached out and grew like some world-devouring monster.

At about the time that the smoke became heaven-wide, my father returned with a wry expression from a solitary walk to his Market Street store. "Couldn't get near the place," he reported, gloomily. "The whole street was all roped off, and a soldier with a pointed bayonet ordered me away." A soldier with a pointed bayonet! This was the most glorious news yet. It was all just like the storybooks. Yes, the storybooks had come to life right here in our own San Francisco! I had never before realized an earthquake's possibilities.

"Would the soldier of shot you, Papa, if you'd gone on?" I asked, pleasantly chilled at the thought.

In the dreary way of grown people, my father scowled, and turned to my mother with the remark that his store, with all the new stock he'd put into it, would be ashes in another hour or two. It was just like grownups that he was so interested in that old store of his and wouldn't even talk about the soldier.

As the smoke clouds deepened and spread, fascinating stories began to circulate among us boys. One of them was so inviting that it demanded immediate investigation, though it really seemed too good to be true: our schoolhouse had burned down! A delegation of four or five hopefuls, accordingly, went forth at once to verify this promising report. But their hangdog expressions, when they returned half an hour later, told their doleful tale for them. The school still stood. The fire wasn't even anywhere near it! Thus far, in one important respect, the earthquake had been a failure.

But as the day advanced, excitement continued to mount. We were warned to drink no unboiled water, because of the seepage of sewage into the mains; and the grownups, with what money they possessed—for the banks had not opened—began to scurry about to obtain any food they could. Already, refugees, with their vans and wagons, were streaming in long lines from the fire-threatened districts; and my youthful eyes, as I watched my fellow citizens lugging their boxes and bales, their stoves and mattresses and blankets, their crates of food and their household possessions from carpets and tablecloths to crockery and empty bird cages, did not see

anything but an interesting and often amusing procession, as entertaining as a circus parade.

It did not at all alarm me that we ourselves were also in the danger zone, nor that we had to sleep downstairs that night, more than half-dressed. And I found only an inviting spectacle in the night skies when the smoke, braided in colossal coils along the entire eastern heavens, spread a rose-glow to the very zenith. It was better than a Fourth of July fireworks exhibit.

Whether my parents slept much is doubtful; but we children slumbered as peacefully as if the very floor beneath us might not be in ashes within another twenty-four hours. And next day we rose to a tingling of new excitement. If we could believe various grownups, whose long faces and bleak manners showed no feeling at all for the wonder of the event, the fire had not been checked. It had passed Leavenworth Street, had passed Larkin and Polk; only . . . the great dividing line of Van Ness Avenue, with its unusual width, it was hoped, might halt its progress. But after a time we learned that even Van Ness had not sufficed. And then periodically we listened to the dull roaring of explosions . . . and knew that some of the proud old mansions on the Avenue were being blasted to create a firebreak.

Now, when the flames were no more than four or five blocks from our home, when the eastern sky was more than ever a fury of curling smoke and the cinders were blowing thickly about us, we too were to join the refugees. Excitement piled upon wonderful excitement! Some blankets and other household goods were roped upon my "coaster"—which memory describes as no more than a painted board on wheels, although I then considered it the last word in transportation. Other wares were heaped atop my brother's small cart; and whatever could be transported by hand was transported by hand. Then forth we went; my parents, I suspect, not quite so briskly as I, who took the task of wheeling my "coaster" as a rare form of sport. It did not even occur to me that never again would I enter our old house. I only knew that we were going to a city park a few blocks away, where we would pass the night in the open, along with hundreds of men, women, and children. And there we would eat outdoors, after cooking our meals on improvised stoves or fireplaces set

EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD

up along the street. What adventure! What fun! We were sorry for the poor children who lived in those backward regions where they had no earthquakes.

After several round trips, we were pleasantly installed on the lawn of the hill park, from which we had a grandstand view of large sections of the burning city. But now, in midafternoon, when there were still agreeable prospects ahead for the day, my younger brother had to spoil all the fun. "Mama, I'm feeling awful bad," he complained, as he lay pallidly on the grass. My parents both bent over him with an anxiety that I did not share, and my mother felt his forehead and whispered soothing words.

"He's got a fever," she reported, turning to my father with a worried look. "I don't see how we can let him stay all night in this damp park."

"No, and we can't go back to that house and get roasted alive," he answered, shaking his head, glumly. "It's just our luck he had to get sick now."

"Well, we've got to get out," decided my mother.

"I'll see what I can do," my father conceded.

On the face of things, it didn't look as if there were much that he could do. To walk the four or five hill-miles to the docks was impossible; there wasn't a streetcar running, nor a hack or cab to be seen anywhere; and as for motor transportation—those were the days when the whole neighborhood came out to watch whenever an automobile chugged past.

"I'll scout around. You wait here," instructed my father.

He was gone a long while—an hour, maybe more. But when he came back, he was beaming. "Right over there on the corner," he said, pointing to a two-horse dray. "Come, let's go."

My mother cast a rueful glance at our blankets and other belongings, of which she and my father gathered as large a quantity as possible into their arms. The rest would have to be abandoned.

"What! Can't I take my coaster?" I wailed, heart-stricken with the idea that an earthquake, after all, could have its drawbacks.

They did not even deign to answer. "Know what that burglar wants for taking us down?" asked my father. "Twenty dollars!"

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

My mother was aghast. "But have you got that much?"

My father displayed a handful of silver. "Nine dollars and forty-five cents—that's all I happen to have. However, I didn't tell you what the cutthroat was going to get. I only told you what he wants. I thought it best not to argue, though, till we got to the other end of the line."

The truck driver, a burly young six-footer with a red face and gorilla arms, helped us pile our baggage into the dray. Then off along the cobblestone streets we started at a snail's pace. Of course, I was sorry to leave the park, but not very sorry, for the ride was a delightful one, with plenty of bumps and jolts. We skirted the water front, from which we could pleasantly survey not only the swirling smoke torrents but wide districts of smoldering ashes, the twisted steel skeletons of the great buildings downtown, and here and there a lunging orange spout of flame. It was all wonderful to see, but the most fascinating event occurred after we had dodged the fire and reached the Ferry Building.

Then, when we and our goods were safely out of the dray, the driver approached my father. "Twenty dollars, sir."

My father looked him straight in the eye. "Sorry, but I haven't got it."

The truckman swore a tremendous oath, which my mother afterward said was unfit for us children to hear. "Why didn't you say so before?" he bawled. "If you don't fork it out, and mighty quick, I've a notion to take it out of your skin."

My father held out five silver dollars. "Here's all I can let you have—and you know darn well it's about three-fifty more than you've any right to ask."

However, the truckman still wanted to fight—which was just what I wanted too, for I didn't like the way his lip curled, and I looked forward to seeing him whipped. Of course, it didn't occur to me that my father, twenty years older and probably fifty pounds lighter, would have any trouble in wiping the pavement with that bulky ruffian. After all, he was my father, and could lick any man alive.

But everything ended as tamely as could be. The truckman

EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD

compromised by taking the five dollars—which only goes to prove how one may be deceived by a promising beginning.

Still, by way of compensation, there were other pleasures ahead. We crossed the Bay free of charge on a big yellow ferry boat jammed with refugees; and that evening we had dinner among hundreds in a shelter in Berkeley, where my younger brother appeared perfectly well again; and we slept that night in the shelter, along with a great crowd, on mattresses spread on the floor. All this was strange and marvelous enough, and so was the next day's train ride to my grandmother's house in Stockton, all of seventy or eighty miles away. Never for a moment did I pause to think that the events of the last day or two were to change the rest of my life, as they were to change the lives of my father and mother and of countless thousands. Despite some disadvantages, such as a cinder in my eye and the loss of my "coaster," marbles, toy trains, and hobbyhorse, all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds where earthquakes and fires occurred.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Historical Review of Pennsylvania

CHILDREN OF A VACUUM

by Allan B. Cole

WE WERE SITTING near the lily pond, beneath the cherry trees at Tsuda College, in August 1949.* Groups of students from Waseda and Keio, and from Japan Women's Christian University were singing praises of their Alma Maters—literally singing. Spokesman for Tokyo University men was Chiba-san, a delegate from the new Gaimusho, or Foreign Office. He had narrowly escaped kamikaze fate and had returned to find that his parents, despairing of national salvation and of ever again seeing their three sons, had committed suicide. It was Chiba who said: "First I must apologize for our unfamiliarity with this *Todai* song. You see, we belong to the wartime generation; we are children of a vacuum."

As the International Student Conference proceeded with discussions of world problems, this phrase developed manifold significance. Japanese students, more than those of Germany, more like those of China, are critical of the old ideology and social order. However, they feel keenly the loss of that psychic security which State Shintoism and mystical nationalism supplied. It had been woven into a system which half won, half compelled their devotion. To a degree scarcely comprehensible to the Occidental, Japanese youths seem to crave a systematic philosophy to which they can commit their energies with sacrificial zeal. The feeling of this need has survived from deep in the cultural pattern and the historic past; it may be increased by the postsurrender insecurity which has obviously been linked with the humiliation of the recently idealized state. Many Japanese reject the patterns which brought exploitation and disaster. Opinion poll breakdowns by age groups show Japanese youth to be far more eager for social and political change than their

* The occasion was the International Student Seminar held in Japan last year under the sponsorship of the American Friends' Service Committee. Mr. Cole was one of the leaders of political discussion.

CHILDREN OF A VACUUM

elders. Indeed, youth is in revolt—often against parents and professors, against outworn social mores, against dependent shadow-governments, against boss-managed party machines, and in some cases against organized religion. The criteria of politics have shifted far leftward in Japan. In the 'twenties, Shidehara was considered a liberal, despite his marriage nexus with Mitsubishi interests; today that aging politico is far to the right.

Many Japanese intellectuals are quick to admit that understanding of democracy needs greater depth among their countrymen. After dinner one night a former head of the Occupation's Labor Section summarized: "You know, as I see it, the Japanese lack two background ingredients for grasping the meaning of democracy: a sturdy individualism well developed on the institutional side, and a basic, society-wide sympathy for human beings—their needs and dignities." I thought this unduly harsh, for I knew a number of Japanese in whom these lacks certainly were not apparent. But just before and after returning to the States, I encountered two Japanese confirmations of this sweeping indictment. Dr. Shigeru Nambara, president of the University of Tokyo and a Christian, in an address entitled "Creation of New Japanese Civilization," delivered on February 11, 1946, invited national introspection and regeneration:

Though our people had a strong national consciousness, there was something lacking on the human side. There was little evidence of any awakening of the individual human consciousness as an independent personality or development of the capacities of human nature among the people. That was the defect. From such human consciousness of the individual is the freedom of thought and the freedom of political and social activities to be brought forth. In Japan, however, the individual was choking within the pale of nationally limited universality and of indigenous *esprit de corps*. The rights based upon the personal conscience and the freedom of individual judgment were under severe constraint. There was no lively development of human nature. It was not without reason that the people were deceived by the small corps of leaders and blindly followed their leadership.

On this point, it may rightly be said that Japan has had no Renaissance such as the modern Western nations have experienced. The people in general have remained as ever shut up within Japanese theology, tightly bound by its teachings. There was no such "discovery of man" as Burckhardt said. Humanism has never been given a chance to establish itself. Herein lies the

ALLAN B. COLE

reason why the Japanese have been not seldom criticized as lacking the fundamentals of modern culture.

Another Christian professor at the same university gives as one reason for the grip of the State on religion in the past,

the fact that the religious consciousness of the Japanese people, nurtured by Shinto and Buddhist faiths, has failed to be sufficiently susceptible to the problem of religious freedom. Since both Shinto and Buddhism are pantheistic or polytheistic in doctrine, being essentially different from such a personified monotheistic religion as Christianity, it is no wonder that they have had hardly anything to contribute to the cultivation of the idea of basic rights of man among the Japanese people, deterring them as a result from going deep into the recognition of the importance of the principle of religious freedom.*

Democracy with its scope for variant opinions, individual initiative, and local autonomy has proved exhilarating to some intellectuals, but many Japanese, whether of much or little education, feel unhinged, rudderless. All foreign ideologies, as well as a few new, extravagant sects, are winning converts. Protestant denominations, however, involve ordinarily the same difficulties, the same problems of self-reliance, as does democracy. On many a campus Catholicism and Marxism evoke the keenest interest and discussion. They are systematic, dogmatic, and impressive for those who accept their premises. Before the conference, I had several times visited a Japanese Presbyterian whose special study now is communism's challenge to Christianity and democracy. I had known him as a graduate student of politics at the University of Chicago. He told me that two years ago democracy was the avid interest of Japanese readers. But today, if a conclusion can be drawn from library loans and bookstore patronage, there has developed a surpassing interest in Marxism. One student at a roundtable reported that a number of former Army and Navy cadets have moved to the opposite extreme to become Communist party members. Many argue that, in Japan's social context, economic and political individualism can only lead to resur-

* Tadao Yanaibara, *Religion and Democracy in Modern Japan*. Pacific Studies Series. The Japan Institute of Pacific Studies (Tokyo: The International Publishing Co., Ltd., 1949), p. 25.

CHILDREN OF A VACUUM

gence of a neo-Zaibatsu or to the exploitation of democracy by pseudodemocratic communism. However, despite the polarization of politics as evinced in the elections of January 1949, I think it is safe to say that most thoughtful Japanese desire neither extreme but rather their own brand of social democracy. One reason why they want to recover fuller sovereignty is to strive for such objectives without restraints. There are, of course, other reasons, some of them in conflict, why Japanese intellectuals are impatient for independence.

So far as their writing is an indication, many of the country's most vigorous thinkers are ranging themselves considerably left of center; even more conservative readers follow their articles because of their literary and analytical reputations. But frequently such notables distinguish between Marxism and Stalinist communism. In numerous instances they choose to avoid party discipline. Of noted scholars and writers in or to the right of mid-position, a good many are aging. Again we are confronted by the cleavage between youth and age in Japan. And this situation is evident in the labor unions. One is struck by the youth of railroad workers and the general membership of other major unions. Their leaders are usually intellectuals rather than rank-and-file workers.

I had heard and read about intellectual labor leadership from a number of sources, and when this and kindred subjects were being discussed by an intercollegiate circle numbering about a score, one of my questions was: "How many Communist party members are there on your campuses?" Opinions differed, but "Maybe 10 percent," was the consensus. This 10 percent includes even the sons of former peers and the daughters of life insurance directors. With a twinkle in his eye, one student said, "I receive the equivalent of thirteen U.S. dollars per month in my position. If my parents were not subsidizing me, perhaps I should be a Communist." He was the son of a former viscount. Communist student nuclei wield disproportionate power by virtue of the strategic positions they attain. Their influence is strong on student newspapers and in the All-Japan Student Self-Government Federation. "We are watching your trials and purges," remarked a liberal Japanese, "the liberals with fore-

bodings, the conservatives in search of precedents. Some of our state universities have a few Marxists and probably a few Communist members. Some were popular long before they became leftists; they had won reputations for genuine interest in social welfare. Some think that if they are forced to resign, other liberal instructors will resign too in protest. This would severely damage the institutions." The discharging of leftist public school instructors is more recently reported. The sweeping layoffs of surplus unionized personnel from government enterprises, advised by the first Dodge Report, has been utilized to fire most of the Communist and other "struggle committee" leadership in these unions. As the conservative swing continues, it may become difficult for leftists to obtain employment in such services, and there are predictions that militancy may next appear among organized workers in such industries as steel, shipbuilding, and chemicals.

Women delegates at the International Student Conference were reticent at the roundtables, but active in sports and folk dancing. They are gradually gaining confidence in public affairs. The revision of family law has legally emancipated women and grown offspring from the authoritarian husband and father. Arranged marriages are increasingly rejected, but despite the spread of coeducation in the public schools, the opportunities for freer association of young men and women have not multiplied enough for those of college and vocational age adequately to replace parental channels. This leaves the Japanese single woman in a particularly insecure position. One of the chief after-reactions to the conference at Tsuda was that for the delegates it had helped to supply this social need.

One night during the conference, I took a walk with two college girls. Our conversation soon came to the subject of marriage. They were emphatic that even most educated Japanese men do not consider marriage to be an equal partnership. "And what if we are lucky enough to find such an ideal husband? While the housing shortage lasts, we should probably have to live with his parents, who would be sure to have old-fashioned ideas about the daughter-in-law." Some emancipated women are "taking the veil" for careers in the professions. Among married women the divorce rate is

CHILDREN OF A VACUUM

mounting. This may be a transitory phase, expressing the new liberties achieved by women. However, since women in Japan have also entered gainful occupations outside the home, divorce is likely to prove a lasting problem.

Analyses of opinion polls commonly show a large proportion of women undecided on public issues. This is not surprising. I asked Mrs. Oku, a veteran suffragette and organizer of women's co-operatives, whether she thought the current conservative trend would militate against the further advancement of her sex. She replied, "The greatest handicaps to women are their own backward attitudes and lack of public experience. When they are confident in these matters they will be able to gain further recognition." In October 1948 a poll on the question: "Do you think that Japanese women have improved their status in line with provisions of the new Constitution?" elicited answers as follows: 27 percent, yes; 60 percent, no; 13 percent, don't know.

Japanese women are far from the summit, but they are on the trail. On guest Sunday, our conference played host to three notable American women: a Negro lawyer representing the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the national presidents of the League of Women Voters and the American Association of University Women. They had flown in with the globe-trotting Town Meeting of the Air team. The Japanese, especially the women, were impressed by their civic and forensic competence. We Americans felt it only fair to admit that not all American women are so potent!

Two more attitudes of Japanese intellectuals merit mention. The Foreign Office delegates to our conference inquired earnestly about conditions under Japanese imperialism. Under the pines in a nocturnal bull session they pumped two Formosans about conditions under Nipponese rule. When the dormitory doors closed, they buttonholed two Korean students and in the same vein continued until early morning. Unlike conservatives, who are inclined to view the misgovernment of postwar Formosa and Korea as evidence of the need for Japan's guidance, these Gaimusho men concluded that all empires involve oppression and exploitation. They favored protec-

tion and development with the assistance of an international authority.

Anticipating as they do a scope for freer choice in public issues, unburdened of the onus of preserving the balance of power, stripped as they are of empire, military expenditures, and sovereignty, many Japanese would not be averse to a recovery of sovereignty permanently limited by an international government—provided similar concessions were made by other states. There are some thirty United Nations Association chapters throughout the islands. Emery Reeves's *The Anatomy of Peace* in translation has been popular and controversial.

About the democratization of Japan, Americans have until recently been hesitantly overconfident. Reports from Germany perhaps as much as from Japan now cause us to reassess the postwar record. The tendency now is to tell ourselves that fundamental democratization in a short span—with all the cultural, economic, and strategic considerations—was overambitious. Japanese liberals are grateful for the lasting net gains toward democracy which their country has made despite present trends. They express appreciation for an Occupation which, although it constitutes an economic burden in some respects, imports its own food and even subsidizes their economy. They deplore American materialism and ardently wish that a genuine democratic dynamic, independent of the communist issue, might be generated by the United States. Communism can be successfully met, they say, only by bulwarking democracy with an adequate social program.

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL

by Dixon Wecter

TO THE PRESENT AGE of technical truce, cold war, diplomatic deadlock, and bewildering anxiety, that noble old liturgical phrase, "the peace that passeth understanding," might be applied with a sense of grave irony. Though most of us lack John Dewey's ninety years of experience, at least we have seen enough to confirm his recent remark that between yesterday and today the chief difference lies in the ending of an age of confidence, and its supplanting by a corrosive spirit of fear. Ours is no era of stability. The great Edwardian garden party, the bully times of Teddy Roosevelt, now seem as remote as Ninevah and Tyre. How adolescent the Red Scare of 1919 beside the issues of today! How easy to keep cool with Coolidge, when Al Capone and the Nicaraguan bandit Sandino were chief disturbers of the peace! How serene the age of innocence which rationed dreadnaughts, and dreamed of felicity made tangible as two cars in every garage—even though the sequel, as Truman dryly remarked, came nearer two families in every garage. How comparatively simple the early days of the New Deal, when truly we had nothing to fear but fear itself—when responsibilities for priming the pump were domestic only and not global, and most people believed that only merchants of death caused wars. Those quaint days are long since done, and gathering the dust of history.

Meanwhile we fought and won our greatest war, but had no time for normalcy or even jubilation—save for a brief swirl of confetti on V Day—before new and more complex challenges were rising grimly along the path of our survival. For security—the heart's desire and talisman of modern man—seems ironically to have grown the most elusive of all mirages.

Among the shadows of this confused picture, beyond the immediate needs of defense, I venture to think the only lasting remedy lies in what somebody has called the peace that comes *from* understanding. If the people of our present adversary, Soviet Russia, were able to break through the ring of cultural isolation and calcu-

AGENT

lated ignorance which their leaders have built to shield themselves, the feud between Russia and her satellites against the rest of the world would cease abruptly. The ideal which our OWI used to call "peoples speaking to peoples" can be realized only in democratic governments, where free speech is exercised through all the channels of communication. Otherwise, peoples remain voiceless. And under repression they are led easily to distrust their neighbors—in a world where all nations are neighbors. That way lies the road to war. Just as clearly, the path to peace runs in the direction of unimpaired communication, the exchange of ideas, cultural interplay, and such technological skills as are offered in President Truman's Point Four program. Peoples that are truly on speaking terms with each other do not go to war.

UNESCO—whose activities all the major powers have fostered, with the significant exception of Soviet Russia—is plainly a step in the right direction. Its preamble declares, "The peace, if it is not to fail, must rest upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind." Its essence is the sharing of knowledge, the pooling of non-material resources for the common good. The chief difference between bartering goods and ideas has lately been pointed out by Secretary Brannan: "If you and I have an apple, and we swap apples, we each end up with only one apple. But if you and I have an idea, and we swap ideas, we each end up with two ideas." In cultural and technological commerce, this is a manifest bargain for all. Meanwhile each nation has its own story to tell the world, its contribution to a spirit of free co-operation. Pending the development of UNESCO into a cosmic clearinghouse for educational, scientific, and cultural progress, it is meet and right for peoples of good will to supplement the world program by doing what they can to widen the highways of informal traffic one with another.

Let us glance a moment at the history of this movement—this still imperfect technique in the direction of peoples speaking to peoples. In the annals of peaceful intercourse between nations, it

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

is much newer than the prim traditional doorway of diplomacy or the tradesman's entrance of commerce.

France, so often the pioneer in things of the mind, was the first modern power to see clearly the value of international cultural relations. In the latter nineteenth century enlightened self-interest led her to devise such a program—mainly through official channels in the Near East and Far East, sponsoring French-language schools and cultural missionary programs, and in the Western world working largely through private ones like the Alliance Française, and the granting of scholarships for study in France. Imperial Germany and its heir, the Third Reich, entered this field in force, seeking to make every person of German birth or blood living abroad an aggressive evangel for a *Kultur* that took on the hues of propaganda, and thus (like so many Prussian schemes) out of sheer myopic efficiency defeated itself. More subtle and effective was the British penetration, which has long supported English-language schools and cultural liaisons throughout the world, and still grants them generous government subsidy. As Ruth McMurry and Muna Lee of our own State Department note in their recent book, *The Cultural Approach*, Italy, Spain, Russia, and Japan all developed international cultural schemes before the last war, setting up information bureaus, maintaining co-operative study clubs and alliances of hyphenated friendship, in an atmosphere of growing competitive tension—invariably with a well-whetted axe of ideology to grind.

The latest to enter the field was the United States. Not until 1938—after years of valiant effort by Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other American endowments to do practical good abroad—did the federal government begin to take stock. At last, under the lowering clouds of another world war and the urgency of Western solidarity, a Presidential order created the Interdepartmental Committee on Cooperation with the other American republics. In midsummer of that year a Division of Cultural Relations was set up within the State Department, still peering no farther than the horizons of our hemisphere. In the critical summer of 1940 the President named Nelson Rockefeller, great friend of Latin-American amity, as Coordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations, his title later

changing to Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Expansion of this program to global dimensions occurred soon after Pearl Harbor. In June 1942 the Office of War Information was established in charge of radio commentator Elmer Davis, whose horse sense, forthright honesty, and Hoosier accent reassured many who formerly distrusted—whether as idealistic moonshine or Machiavellian propaganda—any attempt to sell our American cause and culture to the world. On the same day was created the Office of Strategic Services under General William J. Donovan, which sought still more explicitly to prove that ideas are weapons. Meanwhile, as the war went on, within the permanent framework of the State Department an Office of Public Affairs was set up, under the care of Assistant Secretary Archibald MacLeish.

A month after V-J Day, William Benton, now Senator from Connecticut, was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, and turned his energies to launching an overseas postwar program of both information (or propaganda) and culture. But as a lasting arrangement it seemed unwise to place all our exportable eggs in one administrative basket—the “Voice of America,” supplementary press services, platters of recorded oratory and swing and folk music, documentary films about malaria control and dentistry and how to hold democratic elections, along with the doings of public affairs experts, cultural attachés, exchange students, and visiting professors. The result was too complicated an omelet. Nevertheless, the Mundt Bill in 1947 proposed to continue it, demanding a single overseas shipment of so-called propaganda and culture, packaged like the output of totalitarian officialdom. But to have American education and culture served up to the world, as it were, with Russian dressing, proved little to the taste of many. A vigorous protest arose. Those protesting pointed out that “propaganda,” however true to fact, however useful to national policy, must necessarily be cooked for mass consumption, have only ephemeral value, and be unilateral in its address—whereas the essence of our scientific, educational, and cultural activities among other nations is selective, durable, and above all reciprocal.

Luckily, therefore, the amended Smith-Mundt Bill, as passed by

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

Congress early in 1948, took steps toward divorcement. Under an Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, it set up an Office of Information charged with broadcasts, news stories, press relations, documentary films, and the like, and also a quite separate Office of Educational Exchange. The latter supervises the cultural program which concerns us here: namely, the sending of American books and magazines to appropriate libraries overseas as aids to the study of our language and literature and history, and the international exchange of students, research specialists, teachers, and lecturers, including administration of the Fulbright grants.

I have dwelt upon this theory of separation, because in its lack it is unlikely that American scholars—scientists no less than historians—would choose to have much part in the program. To go abroad in peacetime among countries traditionally friendly with the United States, moving among one's professional colleagues in the role of propaganda salesman, peddling a kit of ideas officially stamped for export—for most of us, this would not seem a happy lot. And yet some Americans still think that such is the spirit of our cultural program. When I was getting ready to visit Latin America last summer to lecture under a federal grant on history and literature at various cultural centers, I was startled at being asked by two or three friends, over a stirrup cup, whether the State Department had yet told me what to say. It was easy to reply that my only reminder was that I traveled as a private person, not impersonating an officer of the Foreign Service, and what I said was strictly my own business. This modest mission carried no bureaucratic seal, although an unwritten obligation to behave as a creditable citizen abroad went without saying. I daresay my competence and personal record were investigated beforehand—as a taxpayer helping to support the program, I hope so—but of this I know nothing. Nor, let me add, was I ordered to sign an oath denying support of the Communist party, or pledging myself not to “teach” communism, whatever that may mean. Apparently the federal authorities in respect to cultural grantees follow a policy whose soundness may commend itself to other employers—namely, to satisfy themselves of the integrity of those they plan to appoint, and once the decision is made, to

refrain from taking periodically the blood temperature of their patriotism.

I was particularly proud, as the citizen of a free government, to find myself briefly in Argentina. In that country it is easy to see by contrast the evils of an imposed orthodoxy, the outgrowth of a Party committed to a fanatic nationalism and nativism. A recent speech by Perón had mentioned the name of Spruille Braden, American ambassador fourth-removed from the present incumbent, who had worked valiantly if clumsily to stem the rising tide of Naziphile *Peronismo* during the war. This was the signal for press and Party to go into a retrospective hate session—the walls of Buenos Aires breaking out into a splatter of posters captioned “*Los Cuatro Hijos de Braden*” (the four bastard sons being Radicalism, Syndicalism, Capitalism, and Communism—in fact, everything save Peronism). Not without significance is the fact that in this city General Mende holds the title, Chief of Police and Culture. Recently the Perón Government drew up but has not yet promulgated a Statute for the Intellectual Worker, much of its language taken verbatim from a similar Nazi decree in 1937—even to the detail of fixing the age of all literary and art critics at a minimum of thirty years, apparently through fear of hot-blooded irresponsible youth. This statute proposes to create an elite corps of scholars, writers, and artists, whose sworn loyalty to the State will be rewarded by direct subsidy. The government will purchase two thousand copies of every book they publish for distribution among public libraries, and compel every foreign ship calling at Argentine ports to buy on each voyage ten books by living Argentine authors, “with the object [so runs the decree] of carrying back to their home lands, along with material riches, something of the Argentine spirit.” Ships of the local merchant register must not only stock a minimum of fifty such books but also at least one work of Argentine plastic art, while every big industrial concern must equip for its workers a cultural center featuring Argentine books and recorded music, from time to time distributing free such cultural dividends among employees.

In fairness to the other Latin-American republics, let me add that Argentine zeal in such matters, along with the official hatred of the

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

United States and the coddling of Nazi refugees, is unique. The two remaining ABC powers offer a reassuring contrast. Chile worries over the possibility that our copper-state senators may build a new tariff wall against her, but wants earnestly to be our friend. Brazil—that land of magnificent opulence and heart-breaking poverty, a civilization whose devotion to the *mañana* spirit led one of her statesmen lately to remark, “Brazil is not the nation of tomorrow, but of day after tomorrow: because tomorrow is a holiday”—is doubtless the best neighbor we have to the south. Beyond the friendly temper of her people, it is plain that her tropical economy complements that of the United States, while that of stock-raising, industrial Argentina potentially rivals ours.

There is little space to mention here those enterprises, outside the stricter definition of cultural projects, now doing so much to knit good relations between the one-time “Colossus of the North” and our Latin neighbors—the Pan-American Union, almost sixty years old; the diplomatic ties that owe so much to that great Latin-American hero, Franklin D. Roosevelt; the Organization of American States formed in riot-torn Bogotá in 1948; and the more than three hundred co-operative agricultural projects, started by American initiative but now supported mainly by local funds. Among other gestures of help, American experts recently gave Brazil a careful survey of its national economy and made important recommendations. In another field, the huge 1950 Census of the Americas—first complete job in history—will profit by the statisticians we are lending and the trainees we are receiving. On the other hand, the medical program of the Rockefeller Foundation, so long a godsend to public health in Latin America, at last is closing its great southern base in Argentina following six years of opposition from the Perón regime.

A result of another use of Rockefeller funds is that alumni of the Institute of International Education, along with former Guggenheim Fellows and research grantees of our universities, are among the staunchest friends we have in Latin America. They possess keen minds, prestige, and a sense of civic responsibility; no investment in good will pays better returns. Our whole cultural program, whether private or federal, finds indeed its best contacts at the university

level. Here the Esperanto of common interests makes communication freest, and in this quarter much public influence resides—the Latin republics having long been accustomed to recruit political leaders from the ranks of professors, physicians, even poets. Furthermore, this program is most effective when working through long-established native institutions: schools, universities, professional societies, and English-language institutes, maintained because they fill a pragmatic need. To cite personal experience, I found unfailingly good audiences—ever willing to excuse my bad Spanish—among normal schools, academies, universities, and medical societies (the last appreciating a layman's attempt to address them on matters of overlapping interest).

The visiting lecturer in each country, however, finds his main base at those remarkable cultural centers that are a combination of school, library, club, and auditorium. Oldest but now one of the least satisfactory is Buenos Aires' Instituto Argentino-Norteamericano, founded in 1927, currently run by a board whose chairman cannot speak a word of English. Seven other Latin-American centers were likewise started before our government assumed any responsibility for aid. Today there are twenty-eight such centers. Washington ships books to their *bibliotecas* and recordings to their *discotecas* (a new word to me), gives modest help in meeting the teachers' payroll, and sends down an occasional visiting lecturer. Nevertheless, to a large and ever-growing extent these centers are self-supporting, as they should be. They make a small tuition charge for English-language classes, and since many thousands in each city want to learn American English, the income from this source is considerable. Lessons in English can be had elsewhere—public schools, private teachers, and centers maintained by Britain—but the centers staffed by Americans have the reputation of teaching most quickly and effectively; indeed they serve as pilots in language instruction methods.

Every one of the nine institutes I visited is bursting its seams, physically speaking. Classrooms are jammed morning, noon, and night. Early in 1947, when the English Language Institute in Mexico City, with 2,000 students, announced it had 300 vacancies to fill,

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

nearly 2,500 applicants presented themselves in a queue that formed at 4:00 A.M.—a few gate-crashers climbing over roofs to drop through a skylight, while the police, summoned to keep order, made the most of their chances and got themselves enrolled.

Although teaching English is their most utilitarian task and reaches the broadest base, these centers by their cultural activities draw in a very important minority. Under the pandemic dollar shortage it is hard to buy American books in quantity, and to many readers the shelves of these libraries are the only places where they can find recent American fiction, poetry, drama, history, education, chemistry, engineering, and the like. The turnover is amazing. The Benjamin Franklin Library in Mexico City, for example, with only 25,000 volumes, provides service more than half a million times a year. Readers haunt these tables from opening to closing hour. I saw the same thing at OWI Libraries during the war in Australia and New Zealand. The former head of Sydney University once told me the closing of these libraries would be "a major tragedy in the cultural life of the country." Many of our English-reading neighbors to the south feel likewise. Also these libraries, usually in charge of an American library school graduate, have measurably raised local standards of librarianship. And besides the stimulus to reading, the centers offer free concerts, exhibitions of painting and sculpture whether by native sons or North Americans, and of course public lectures.

Where does the historian come into this picture? In the first place, Latin Americans have a lively curiosity about our history, mainly biographical. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt—for whom, incidentally, many streets were christened—are far more familiar to Latin ears than Bolivar, San Martín, Sucre, and O'Higgins to us. One guesses that Franklin, Jefferson, and F.D.R. are top favorites. Their place in the tradition of world liberalism and stable democratic government commends them to our southern neighbors, who have been victimized so often by the Man on Horseback. Names from our cultural history—notably Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain—are also known everywhere. The two latter

belong of course squarely in the democratic tradition just mentioned; as for Poe, I suspect that his apotheosis in France, a nation whose culture has been no less potent than Spain's upon Latin intelligentsia, has played its part. Costa Rica's President, José Figueres, assured me he was a passionate *aficionado*, and quoted "The Raven" almost entire to prove it. In Buenos Aires I was astonished to learn that Perón's new foreign minister, Dr. Hipólito Paz, recently prepared a lecture not yet delivered called "Edgar Allan Poe y los principios de Peronismo." I am still trying to figure that one out. Respecting current American literature—Hemingway, Lewis, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and others—interest is keen, as it is about our near-contemporary history — social, economic, educational, and technological.

Here is the historian's opportunity. The Latin mind, with its nostalgia for cultural traditions of the Mediterranean peoples and its penchant for Catholic authority, tends to regard North Americans as Protestant parvenus, aggressive individualists lacking the arts of leisure, a sense of the past, and that spiritual finesse which they associate with *Hispanidad* and the Old World in general. Because of temperament the typical Latin American will never be a hustler; the widespread interest among highbrows today in Existentialism is one small token. On the other hand, his economic life is molded increasingly by certain entrepreneurs—biological sports, perhaps—who imitate Yankee systems of business organization, production methods, and advertising. Their activities range across the continent from Brazil's industrial capital of São Paulo to Chile's great steel mills now building at Huachipato.

It does no harm, therefore, and probably much good to inform the intellectuals about segments of American civilization other than the factories of Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Hollywood. Let us tell the Latin Americans about our New England tradition of plain living and high thinking that stretches from Jonathan Edwards to Emerson and thence to James and Dewey; about the spacious Virginia milieu that sired Washington, Jefferson, and Lee; the story of a westering frontier such as South America has never known, and the lasting marks it left upon the Northern mind and character; and the basic

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

difference between a Spanish colonial empire founded upon conformity, where emigrants were screened by the Church and State before they embarked, and an English-speaking civilization grounded historically on nonconformity. Knowing these roots, they can better understand us. And, coming to modern times, we may tell them too of the folk art and folk music of our highlands, no less than the achievement of the TVA; the chain of great universities stretching from Massachusetts to California; the notable record of private philanthropy in the United States, unmatched by any other land; and above all, the strong American tincture of idealism, the desire to improve not only oneself but one's fellow man, that values labor-saving and material gains as means toward the end of democratic education and fuller personal realization.

These aspects of life in the United States are still unfamiliar to masses of our Latin neighbors. They are still prone to recall the days of "dollar diplomacy," when certain Yankee captains of industry forgot their international good manners under the spur of exploitation. That day is largely gone. No better refutation of our alleged dollar-worship can be found than the billions of those same dollars we have poured out since the war for rebuilding other nations and strengthening the fabric of world democracy—while our four-year monopoly of atomic energy, though now ended, at least has shown how utterly we reject the totalitarian notion that he who possesses the power has a mandate to conquer the world.

In setting right some of the hoary old legends about the predatory Yankee barbarian—myths that Franco's Spain no less than Stalin's Russia would like to foster in Latin America—the historian can do yeoman service. He knows our national record. He can meet with friendly candor any query about the Mexican War, Theodore Roosevelt and the Panama Canal, Wilson and Vera Cruz, or the Marines in Nicaragua—placing incidents in their perspective, not denying the rash of imperialism which certain American leaders caught from the Old World, but against which we have long since built immunity, in these the days of our vastly greater power. With the Spanish-American War, for instance, the historian knows how to equate two generations of typhus and yellow-fever control, abrogation of the

DIXON WECTER

Platt Amendment, and liberation of the Philippines after we had first expelled the Japanese.

This visiting historian is not a "propagandist" in the pejorative sense, not a propagandist at all, save as knowledge of the facts and their judicious appraisal may help the understanding abroad of his country and justify the communicable pride he takes in her best traditions. As for the other side of the coin, the American historian in other lands will feel his own curiosity stirred to learn more about their past, to show an interest that always pleases his foreign colleagues, and to draw parallels both useful and flattering to local pride.

In our cultural program—whether in this hemisphere or regions still more distant—as I see it, the American scholar has an important responsibility. Speaking to thoughtful men and women, not as an official from Washington but as a citizen of the catholic republic of learning, he epitomizes that most precious American ideal, freedom of the mind and tongue. He has nothing to sell, but a great deal to share. He knows that international culture must be a two-way road, and shows it both by his own receptiveness to learn and by doing what he can to promote the international exchange of students and teachers. A fair hearing for the American story, a clear observation of the American scene—these are his honest concerns as an agent of good will.

In Europe and Asia today still more than in Latin America the urgency of such missions is clear. Let us put it simply. Our tangible resources—commodities, machines, and money—we send abroad to bolster the physical survival of other peoples. But unless we lend them the skills necessary for mastery of their material and social environment, and still more, give them a measure of our faith in responsible self-government, their lasting stability and the peace of the world are far from guaranteed. China is a tragic instance. Transfusions of economic lifeblood and the artificial respiration of provisional governments must lead to life-giving processes within the body politic itself, if in the long run these measures do not end in total waste. Ill will among nations and the ignorance on which it feeds—whether passive or deliberately tended by democracy's ene-

THE HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT

mies—are dangerous. They are the cancers of future wars. The last words penned by President Roosevelt a few hours before his death, intended for broadcast the next day, say it all: “Today we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together and work together in the same world—at peace” Under this charter all cultural programs must proceed.

. . . . that which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast, awakes in man. The eyes of the mind are opened, and he longs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but it is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil, to gratify a hunger no animal has felt; to assuage a thirst no beast can know.

—HENRY GEORGE, *Progress and Poverty*

The Dawn Redwoods Arrive in California

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Over the thin-aired slopes of the High Sierra,
Over Calaveras, over Mariposa,
A thin whisper of silence is running;
And the great trees that stand like monoliths
Bend together their dark boughs where no bird sings.
Through their furrowed bark, their glaucous needles, thrills
the tidings:
"The honorable ancestor has come!"

And now from Santa Cruz to Humboldt, now from Mendocino
to Marin,
The whispering silence spreads its rumor,
And the huge lesser cousins lean to listen,
Their red trunks, their tight cones shivering:
"The honorable ancestor is here!"

While humbly, in a little earthen pot,
The immigrant from China,
The honorable ancestor—
A bare and scraggly seedling—
Gazes in solemn awe
On the green giants plasmic time has wrought from small
strewn seeds.

SUBSTANCE AND ART IN NEW WESTERN BOOKS

DURING the past two years, the book trade has been generous to the area that concerns readers of *The Pacific Spectator*. Readable letters, travel books, biographies, historical works, and economic and social studies have thrown a multilateral light on civilization between the Great Plains and the Great Barrier Reef. As a body, the brand-new books are different from those that appeared between world wars or earlier and represent a new phase in Western Americana.

A handsome and timely reprint is *The Shirley Letters from the California Mines, 1851-1852* (Knopf), with an introduction and notes by Carl I. Wheat. It has the virtue and the weakness—immediate experience and limited perspective—of nonfiction from the first-person point of view. Mrs. Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe, a doctor's wife, wrote these letters from camps high along the Feather River. A literate New Englander, she refers to Dickens, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Hemans and reports the good and bad aspects of the makeshift life around her—the makers of miners' laws, the men who kept their word, the lynchers, the drunkards. She tells of the uncertainties of life amid erysipelas, peritonitis, and floods. In her fifth letter she writes: "I take pains to de-

scribe things exactly as I see them, hoping that thus you will obtain an idea of life in the mines, *as it is*." Fourteen letters later she writes: "If I leave out the darker shades of mountain life, the picture will be very incomplete." Later research has borne out the reliability of her realistic data. She liked the life, but as it was, not as she fancied it to be. There is wit and wisdom in her reflections on the pattern of existence. It is refreshing to read at firsthand of a camp where miners wore flannel shirts "almost always of a dark blue color." Not red.

Less lively than the famous Dame Shirley letters, but full of sober day-by-day interest is *Apron Full of Gold: The Letters of Mary Jane Megquier from San Francisco, 1849-1856* (Huntington Library), edited by Robert Glass Cleland. Mrs. Megquier, another New England doctor's wife, ran a boardinghouse and also found time for the theater and society. She simply details what she saw and heard and something of her change of attitude toward California. In 1849: "It is the most God forsaken country in the world, not one redeeming trait excepting gold." In 1856: "California life suits me." Through her stout and practical mind one gets the same uncolored experience of pioneer San Francisco

by Richard G. Lillard

that one gets from Dame Shirley of Rich Bar on the Feather River. With a plain epistolary art these amateur writers capture the elements of literature—fresh detail and fragmentary but genuine emotional reactions.

More comprehensive by far than the two thin volumes of letters is Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire* (Knopf), now reprinted with an introduction by Robert Glass Cleland. For a full century this has been an important account of the events listed in the subtitle: "a voyage to California, via Panama, life in San Francisco and Monterey, pictures of the gold region, and experiences of Mexican travel." Taylor's style, like his own penchant for foreign travel, is romantic and filled with references to Europe. Often Taylor is emotional, not factual, as when he says of the forests of the Chagres River that there "is nothing in the world comparable to these forests." He captures memorably his emotions on beholding the broad oval valleys of the Coast Range, which "open beyond each other like a suite of palace chambers," and the San Joaquin Valley primeval—"a dark-blue ocean, to which the leagues of wild oats made a vast beach of yellow sand." Though he holds largely to what he has seen, he reports some hearsay, such as how the oxen of forty-niners learned "to digest oak bark" in Humboldt Sink, and he repeats some bad

Spanish. Alert to the picturesque and striking, he gracefully describes types and characters and senses the Zeitgeist of the events taking place around him. He is at his best in chapters like "Night in Sacramento City" or "A Gallop to Stockton," but he can generalize too, as in a chapter on the effect of California life on the emigrant, who responds to a "spirit of excitement" that frequently leads "to dangerous excesses." For firsthand observations, many-valued orientation toward his subject, for organization and range of mind, Taylor's old-fashioned volume has more energy, at the start of its second hundred years, than many a book just born. Though historians must supplement an articulate traveler, they can never replace him.

Similar in quality to Taylor's classic is *Sam Ward in the Gold Rush* (Stanford University Press), edited by Carvel Collins. It reprints fourteen numbers that Sam Ward published in a New York magazine in 1861 about experiences along the lower Merced River in 1851-52. The author, who was "brother of Julia Ward Howe, companion of Longfellow, friend of Thackeray, epicure, poet of sorts, and 'King of the Lobby,'" here recollects his ventures in mining, ferry boating, and Indian trading. His original title, "Incidents on the 'River of Grace,'" did not commit him to anything but a loose string of episodes, but he fol-

lowed chronology and limited himself to events between Mariposa and San Francisco and reported with diarylike detail a great many frontier events. There are many touches straight from life, as his paraphrase of a mountain man's remark: "Where there were watercourses, an Indian was always sure to find his way home." Ward writes man-of-letters English with literary allusions, but also shows a feeling for Mother Lode idiom, including Indian and Spanish words, and he views himself amid his wild surroundings with much of the detachment of a social anthropologist.

Another cross section of autobiography is *God's Loaded Dice, Alaska 1897-1930* (Caxton) by Edward E. P. Morgan with collaboration by Henry F. Woods. Unfortunately, this is an account of the Yukon Gold Rush and then of later employment by the Alaska Steamship Company, and the two parts lack any over-all theme or commanding personality to hold them together. And Mr. Woods writes Morgan's story for him in a style so full of clichés that a reader gets no sense of Morgan's personality or use of language. The style is not the man, who is frank and resourceful in his actions.

In striking contrast to this is Martha Ferguson McKeown's *The Trail Led North: Mont Hawthorne's Story* (Macmillan), which gets told in Hawthorne's own words, exactly as he speaks, with "hissself," "He come in," "They was," and so on. This living narrative is man talking

about how man lived, a book clear in scope, point of view, and ethical integrity. By implication, Hawthorne is brave, competent, and strong. He is a spontaneous conservationist, a man loyal to humanity and opposed to waste of natural wealth. He tells vividly, often in brutal detail, of salmon fishing at Astoria and Kodiak Island, and elsewhere in the 1880's and '90's, and of his experiences during the Yukon Rush. One follows him through the dangers of White Pass and on over to Lake Bennett and then, after the thaw, through hazard after hazard down the river to Dawson. The book is an authentic recollection of hardship and labor on the fishing and mining frontiers.

The hot reformer's career is as natively American as the frontiersman's, and as honest and painstaking as Hawthorne's own story is a sturdy volume, *Wobbly: The Rough-and-Tumble Story of an American Radical* (University of Chicago Press), by Ralph Chaplin. The labor movement has been Chaplin's only religion. Though much of the book deals with events in the Middle West, Chaplin tells of the West he visited by boxcar with the migratory "stiffs." He gives the I.W.W. version of the celebrated labor disturbances at Wheatland, California, Ludlow, Colorado, and at Spokane, Everett, and Centralia in Washington. He admits his mistakes and disillusionments, and he frankly shows the course his life has taken. The autobiography of this important anti-Communist leftist provides a point from which to view the trou-

RICHARD G. LILLARD

bled world of labor magnates and industrial managers.

II

The biographer, being one step removed from the subject, has the perspective and the right to put a person properly into relationships that the subject himself may not even realize. If the biographer is skillful he can at once equal the autobiographer in giving a close-up sense of being alive and also convey more insight, more a sense of the drama of history. The biographer can make claims that the subject cannot make for himself with either modesty or artistry.

Two examples of biography, written from interviews and research, that do what self-portraiture could never have done, are Alice Marriott's *María: The Potter of San Ildefonso* (University of Oklahoma Press) and Carol Green Wilson's *Gump's Treasure Trade: A Story of San Francisco* (Crowell). *María* reads like fiction, for it is full of conversation together with intimate memories and characterizations, but Miss Marriott bases it on many talks with María Martínez plus an anthropologist's knowledge of the New Mexico pueblos. Her introduction describes her method of gathering the material, indicates that she leaves out certain political matters because of tribal taboos, and admits her bias in favor of traditions and protection of the pueblos from tourist influence. The writing is not always skillful. Inar-

tistically Miss Marriott says, "To some extent recapitulation may be unnecessary" and goes right on to recapitulate matters of Indian history that are sufficiently implied in the biography itself. There Miss Marriott tells in unadorned style of María's long life, her childhood cheese peddling, her pilgrimage to a sanctuary in Chimayó in 1890, her family background as she became aware of it, her education and marriage to Julián, her early pottery making and her eventual discovery, with Julián, of black-on-black pottery with matte design. This distinguished American woman made pots before thousands of visitors at world fairs in St. Louis, San Diego, Chicago, and San Francisco. María grows throughout the book and has a slant on life that is all hers. After a trip over much of America east of the Mississippi she said she liked Tennessee best, "It has the best clay." When she saw buildings on Wall Street, she commented: "It's all right. I like better to look at the Black Mesa, though." Both beautiful and wise, this book uses María's angle of vision to elucidate Indian life and art, woman's role in society, the Indians' problems in a non-Indian nation, and human integrity.

Since it is in part a family-sponsored biography, *Gump's Treasure Trade* is weaker and less incisive, but it makes the lives of several generations of Gumps a metonymy for the

history of artistic taste in the Bay region and, for that matter, in all America during the Gilded Age and later. As the Gumps' store evolved in scope from mirrors to paintings and *objets d'art*, it came to supply furnishings for San Francisco homes, cultured and pseudocultured, for brothels, for bonanza hotels in Nevada, and later for homes as far away as Beverly Hills and Honolulu. Alfred Livingston Gump and his agents searched Europe and the Orient to acquire merchandise for the San Francisco store, and the tourists and museum collectors who came there redistributed the goods to far parts of the continents. Mrs. Wilson properly makes much of the rise of Gump's as a famous bazaar for ancient Chinese and Cambodian art. The book celebrates a success in artistic taste and money-making but reveals little else of the Gumps. Though it is descriptive rather than analytical, and often is only anecdotal, yet it helps one understand an important aspect of San Francisco.

A pertinent side of Los Angeles receives a kind of multiple biographical treatment in *City-Makers: The Men Who Transformed Los Angeles from Village to Metropolis During the First Great Boom, 1868-76* (Doubleday), by Remi A. Nadeau. Mr. Nadeau tells of the role of Robert M. Widney, Phineas Banning, John G. Downey, and others in promoting real estate subdivision, building up banks, and developing transportation systems during the period between the breaking up of the ranchos

and the end of the first period of farm and railroad development. The author is original and interesting when he shows the importance to early Los Angeles of trade with the silver mines in Owens Valley and when he goes into the long fight the "city-makers" waged to force the Southern Pacific to build its rails toward a terminus in Los Angeles instead of San Bernardino. Mr. Nadeau confines himself to a germinal, definable phase in the rise of what is now one of the focal cities in America.

But while he has made good use of old newspaper files, he has sometimes emerged with only antiquarian results, of concern only to local readers, and he has used a weak descriptive style, as when he talks of "colorful" street life. He errs in announcing in the Foreword the emotions he expects his readers to feel. Though he hopes "to capture the most exciting era" in his city's past, he succeeds at most in being sometimes interesting. He is too synoptic. His dependence on journalism prevents him from creating rounded characters like María Martínez. His values are a mixture of the boosterism of the 'seventies and twentieth-century romanticizing of the bad men and the white-collar materialists of the frontier. Perhaps the book should have been built, title and all, around topics and events.

III

Sidney Warren in *Farthest Frontier: The Pacific Northwest* (Mac-

RICHARD G. LILLARD

millan) organizes social history into subjects—religion, schools and libraries, medicine, and others. That Mr. Warren has done a vast amount of research and reading, his bibliography makes clear. Also his style is sober and utilitarian. He is a *sic* historian, careful as a schoolmaster to quote and label errors in the sources. Frontier folk spelled badly. But the writer's tactical error lies in directly quoting old newspapers, pamphlets, and speakers, for their style is more absorbing than Mr. Warren's. He is no phrase-maker, his history is cold, and though the Preface limits the book to a "chronicle of beginnings," which justifies ending all the topical treatments around 1900 or 1910, the reader wishes that matters had been brought up to date, or else that the title had clearly denoted the arbitrary period covered by the contents.

More readable by far, but also only a partial success, is *The Columbia: Powerhouse of the West* (Superior), by Murray Morgan, which is a personal, accidental kind of history-and-travel book. The author admits: "This is not, primarily, a history. It is instead three hundred pages of the most interesting facts I could find about the River." Wiser than many writers of books for the "Rivers of America" series, Mr. Morgan confines himself to events that took place along the riverbanks. Otherwise the book would "overflow into a full dress history of a quarter of the continent." His method is to tell about present circumstances and

then to dip back into historical matters that have "interest" for him—things luckily that happen to hold the reader as well. He applies his method to exploration of the Columbia in general and then to the upper, middle, and tidal portions—with passages on the Doukhobors, a sternwheeler on Upper River, Grand Coulee, the fight over power rates, purse seiners, and other regional matters. Interest as a measuring stick frequently proves inadequate, however; Vanport in the flood of 1948 receives far too much space, and Portland and Astoria at any time get all too little.

David Lavender restricts the subject matter of *The Big Divide* (Doubleday) to the Colorado Rockies and closely adjoining areas. He maturely prefers basic economic history to superficial romancing about bad men and sheriffs, and he helpfully brings his topics down to the 1940's. In a quick, realistic, sensuous diction (that suggests his stress, as an English teacher, on the active verb) he takes up fur trapping, Indian affairs, railroad building, labor violence, the cattle industry, and outdoor recreation. He does not lay emphasis on politics as such, but demonstrates how economic motivations led to political action, and he presents, with fairness, both sides of the present controversies over forest and range land conservation. Mr. Lavender knows his subject. He has lived and

worked in the Colorado Rockies, and his book is an enthusiastic compound of research among newspapers, documents, and living people of all articulate ages. He explains a variety of relevant things, such as the French origin of "plew," and he makes Rocky Mountain events part of the story of the whole West.

Formal historians have worked or reworked the rich materials of California history. In the Preface to his *Gold Is the Cornerstone* (University of California Press), John Walton Caughey meets the question of why he is writing what will be another book on the Gold Rush. The answer is that "it seems to be the pioneer effort to deal . . . broadly with the subject." With a professional's grasp of source materials that have come to light during a full century, Mr. Caughey gives proportioned treatment to phases and aspects of the early years of the Rush. The discovery at Coloma, the two months' delay before the excitement began, the routes to California, the miner at work—including the techniques of "coyoting"—these receive reliable exposition along with related matters such as the rise of agriculture, commerce, law, culture, and technology. "Of all the localities in the world that have been favored with great gold rushes, California is unique in having used hers as a springboard to a rapid and gratifyingly consistent development." Mr. Caughey successfully relates his subject to broad matters. Only in point of view does he have major trouble. Sometimes

he writes with the immediacy of a traveler; sometimes he comments with the retrospect of a centennial year; sometimes he is the professor annotating bibliography and historiography.

Two related books present themselves in sharp contrast. Oscar Lewis' *Sea Routes to the Gold Fields: The Migration by Water to California in 1848-1852* (Knopf) is a descriptive book full of good pictures and apt quotations from diaries and travel records. It is neatly built around "The Departure," "The Voyage," "Stops Ashore," "Panama and Nicaragua," "Steamships," and "The Arrival." It claims, more than it actually shows, the significance of the Rush as a great democratic lottery, a golden climax to Manifest Destiny, and a national experience in travel that broadened American horizons. Josiah Royce's *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco* (Knopf), introduction by Robert Glass Cleland, a book first published in 1886, is an analytical, quotable opus devoted, as the subtitle says, to "A Study of American Character."

Mr. Cleland's Preface, though it could be shorter for anyone who goes on to read the book, helps a reader understand Royce, and Royce in turn shows philosophical meanings in the Bear Flag Revolt and the conquest of California, the military "interregnum," the birth of the state, the struggle for civil order in the mining camps, and the social evolution of San Francisco. Royce finds the events

RICHARD G. LILLARD

of this one decade a richly significant slice of American history. What he studies is the community becoming conscious of itself. Social conditions he rates as more important than individual men and their fortunes. Though Royce leaves out much in order to give unity to his book, he gives much space to Frémont—whom he attacks—in his study of historical truth. Royce's idealism is forthright and definite in application. He condemns social irresponsibility, as when Californians unjustly treated racial minorities, or succumbed to the social disease of lynching, or abused their position as conquerors of a province. Royce wants history to show the growth of conservative elements—family, church, and school—and he uses San Francisco, the center of the state's mental life, to illustrate "the mechanics of the growth of good order." Nowhere else, to my knowledge, does a book of history dealing with the West take this lofty approach. It is a broader-than-American perspective, and it makes the book an essay on community ethics in which, as Mr. Cleland says, "the thoughtful American will find a measure of wisdom for the present age, and the Californian discover the roots of some of the state's outstanding virtues and the origins of some of its very dubious traditions."

The defect in the book is that the narrative is lumpy. Often it is logical instead of chronological, and all too often Royce foreflashes, hinting at disclosures to come.

More even in tempo, style, proportion, and organization is W. W. Robinson's *Land in California: The Story of Mission Lands, Ranchos, Squatters, Mining Claims, Railroad Grants, Land Scrip, Homesteads* (University of California Press). The author is not an idealist, not a philosopher; he is a top official in the largest title insurance company in the world. Taking a fresh thematic approach to state history and writing from firsthand study of source materials, he is careful and impersonal; yet he makes his materials hold interest because he keeps people in the foreground, rather than documents, and brings his topics, like squatting and land titles, down to the present. His subject matter is of absolute importance. He could do more with some matters such as state ownership of lands, but he deals adequately with so complicated a one as the rise of the escrow business in California. Mr. Robinson's tidy prose fits his materials, and the same is true of his careful index with its many subject entries.

A jerky, hit-and-miss, sensational history of San Francisco, John Bruce's *Gaudy Century, 1848-1948: San Francisco's One Hundred Years of Robust Journalism* (Random), carries no index. Mr. Bruce knows his city, and loves it, but in neither content nor style does he do it justice. Robert O'Brien's *This Is San Francisco* (Whittlesey) organizes a mass

NEW WESTERN BOOKS

of reading notes and columnist's sleuthing into chapters, each built around a street. He mixes a compound of many local stories (which a reader expects) and some faraway events (such as the Wyoming diamond hoax). Books like these two provide entertainment for light-hearted readers to whom history is anecdotal, but they lack authority.

An opposite difficulty arises in F. F. Latta's *Black Gold in the Joaquin* (Caxton). Mr. Latta is an authority. He has long been an original gatherer of sources for the history of the San Joaquin Valley. Here he reports on the pioneer oil business from around 1865, when the Buena Vista Petroleum District was organized under miners' laws, down to events around 1900. But the book is no more than a collector's record of raw data and firsts (the first oil company to be organized, the first commercial use of Kern River crude—to grease log skids on lumber operations in the Sierra Nevada). Mr. Latta paraphrases in page on page of pedestrian prose what old-timers have told him about tar digging, mule skinning, horse-powered rigs, and so on. What he constructs is a repository that is too local, too limited, and too lacking in style and organization. There should be more Latta or more documents.

In *The Thirsty Land: The Story of the Central Valley Project* (Stanford University Press), Robert de Roos gets along much better than Mr. Latta in organizing his basic data. These have to do with both the his-

tory of the massive scheme and the issues in the hot fights of today over the 160-acre limitation, federal power, fisheries, and ultimate control. The book is a tract for partisans. Mr. de Roos declares in the Preface what is patent in the text, that he is against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, Senator Downey, and the Army Engineers, and for the Bureau of Reclamation. In the text his style shifts suddenly and perplexingly from informational to satiric to biased to documentary. Finding the volume too technical, a general reader will skip to the rear, to thirty pages of excellent pictures combined with a narrative, and then lay the book aside.

In odd contrast, *The Wolf and the Raven* (University of Washington Press) is a handbook only, yet one producing unusual interest in the subject matter—totem poles. Viola E. Garfield, an anthropologist, and Linn A. Forrest, a Forest Service architect, make no attempt to popularize. They present five or six dozen clear photographs of poles preserved by the Service in southeastern Alaska and supply for each an explanatory description and the legend that lies behind it. The carvings themselves are remarkable art objects, mostly of fish and wild animals, though there is one each of Secretary Seward and President Lincoln. Totem poles puzzle most Americans, and here is direct scientific clarification for the meaning of Giant Rock Oyster Pole, The Fight with the Land Otters, and other

RICHARD G. LILLARD

primitives of an art now largely dead.

Still different from Latta and de Roos as peripheral history is the Idwal Jones book, *Vines in the Sun: A Journey Through the California Vineyards* (Morrow), for Mr. Jones loves verbal style just as he loves old pre-Machine Age ways of living. He is like a connoisseur of wine in his regard for sentence structure, word flavor, and personal reverie. His long informal essay combines present-day travels with the antiquities of wine-producing valleys. While, unlike Mr. Latta, he is a basic source for nothing, he makes charming use of information about the Viticultural Commission of the 1880's, Colonel Agoston Haraszthy and his zinfandel cuttings, and other human-interest footnotes to ampelography—the science of vines.

IV

A cursory one-man book like *Vines in the Sun* has the weakness of a coverage that is accidental rather than organic. Multiple authorship raises the same problem. Three men write the dozen chapters in *The Inverted Mountains: Canyons of the West* (Vanguard), edited by Roderick Peattie, and they tell a good deal, much that holds attention, about the Grand Canyon country. Harold S. Colton appeals to the general reader in "Indian Life—Past and Present," as does Edwin W. McKee on geological features, but the book is troublesome to read. No single clear

scheme determines the segregation of material into chapters. So many chapters touch on the same things—ground sloths, fossils, the prehistoric Indian settlement at Sunset Crater—that one wonders how Mr. Peattie "edited." There are more than three styles in the book, for one author varies from chapter to chapter, as though he had written at different times with different audiences in mind. Is the approach historical, scientific, cultural? Is the book more than a miscellany?

Better unified, though twelve writers contribute, is *Rocky Mountain Cities* (Norton), edited by Ray B. West, Jr. "Cities" like Tucson, Cheyenne, Santa Fe, and Reno—they are the size of small towns in most American regions—provide a fresh angle for evaluating today's West of the tourist business and of "a too rapid, one-sided, and improvident industrialization." Neither perpetuating the myths of the West nor demolishing them like the writers of twenty years ago, the authors appraise the present as product of the past. Joseph Kinsey Howard is sharp and realistic in his account of poverty, drabness, and absentee ownership in three Idaho towns of the Coeur d'Alene mining district. Dee Linford gets at the economic and political power, notably the oligarchy of cattlemen, behind the scene in Cheyenne. As elsewhere, Dale L. Morgan is illuminating on

the sociology of Salt Lake City. With knowledge and insight June Caldwell explores the commercial paradoxes of Tucson, a city too big for its water supply, with a Nordic philosophy too small for its heterogeneous population, and with synthetically simple ranchos where the Eastern rich pay high rates to sit on rough-hewn Western benches. Charles A. Graham and Robert Perkin analyze the "creeping wilt of complacency" in Denver, a regional capital that is "reluctant" because of "colonialism, financial superconservatism, 'dead pioneers,' leadership gone to seed at the top, out-and-out espousal of a simple, change-is-bad philosophy." The essays in *Rocky Mountain Cities* are uneven in quality. They require adjustments from the reader, and like those in Mr. Peattie's book, they are weakest when they give long historical reviews. Happily, they avoid landscapes and reach toward key human problems. The book is a helpful symposium on American civilization in important Western communities.

A fine instance of how one man can engage in sane and revealing research into a current problem is *Americans from Japan* (Lippincott), by Bradford Smith. Mr. Smith has lived and worked in Japan and the Pacific islands. His treatise is a rich study of first contacts between Japanese and Americans, and a history of Japanese-Americans in Hawaii and the Pacific Coast states. With rare psychological understanding, the author explains immigrant customs

such as O-Bon, the festival of All Souls, a death festival in midsummer, and the Japanese bath—once as relaxing and innocent as Eden before the apple. His imagination helps the reader to feel the tensions in the Nisei, who like all second-generation Americans are torn between the traditional and the new in religion, education, and custom.

Mr. Smith is antiplanter and pro-worker. Liberal in the best American sense of the word, he makes it evident that Americans first encouraged—and forced—Japanese emigration. He studies the paradox that the success of Japanese-Americans—pioneers on new ground, with new crops, in a venerated American tradition—led to the long decades of anti-Japanese feeling, since newspapers trained two generations of older-stock Americans to hate free enterprise, when "Japanese."

The book is a narrative solid with facts fully digested, and strong in examples. At once basic research, fresh synthesis, and mature interpretation, it is by far the best of the first three volumes issued in "The Peoples of America" series.

Morton Grodzins' *Americans Betrayed: Politics and the Japanese Evacuation* (University of Chicago Press) follows with monographic completeness Mr. Smith's several chapters on the events of 1941 and later. Mr. Grodzins finds the evacuation of 110,000 Americans a major event in the history of democracy. It raises fundamental questions and affords an example of policy-making, a

RICHARD G. LILLARD

neglected aspect of our government. The writer admits his point of view. He does not believe in group guilt. He presents a wealth of evidence gathered from files and from interviews with all sorts of persons involved. A general reader will find the book too specialized, too loaded with data, for thorough reading, but somewhere along the line he will find himself slowing down to read, his eye caught by names still in the public arena—Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles, Earl Warren, now governor, Congressmen, columnists, editors, of respectable organizations. How do they enter this case history? Here is the story of pressure-group spokesmen and Congressmen who prodded a reluctant Army that forced an even more reluctant Justice Department into declaring, without evidence, that Americans were subversive en masse, even down to individuals with one-sixteenth Japanese ancestry. Mr. Grodzins quotes letters, speeches, and interviews and supplies an economic and political treatise on the same racial bigotry that Josiah Royce long ago condemned in *California*.

Another supplement to Royce is *American Me* (Houghton Mifflin) by Beatrice Griffith. This engaging work, written with something of a novelist's feeling for speech and character, deals with young Mexican-Americans, especially in the Los Angeles area. After telling about the zoot suit riots and the delinquency problem, Miss Griffith takes up the family, jobs, housing and

health, schools, the Church, the Law, leadership, and hopes for the future. With each of her own expository chapters (footnoted in the rear of the book), she pairs a first-person narrative, told seemingly by a *pachuco* or *pachuca*. These narratives are fictional syntheses of events, reactions, and idioms that Miss Griffith took down during hundreds of interviews, and they are amusing and touching. Her young people speak an English often slangy, sometimes poetical and polyglot: "My mother came in full of mad"; "The altar at Saint Mary's was spangly like the dancer's skirts at the Orpheum." The fresh and personalized accounts are weak, however, in that they are arranged by an outsider. The "One-World Kids," quasi-delinquent girls, would hardly write to President Roosevelt, while they waited for a streetcar, in the sedate and adult English prose that Miss Griffith reports. The book includes a fascinating glossary of Spanish, *Pachuco*, and *Caló* (underworld) terms.

V

An important theme in this biennial production of books is the part-world theme, the rise of American civilization in the Rockies and westward. Another, the one-world, international theme, is the big and growing drama in modern history—the uneasy contact of the "white" man

NEW WESTERN BOOKS

and those he labels "dark skinned." As Royce exhibited in the 1880's, ethical crises are the vertebrae of history. Indian, Mexican, and Chilean troubles appear incidentally in Sam Ward, John Caughey, David Lavender, and other writers on the frontier period, as germinally in Bradford Smith, Beatrice Griffith, Morton Grodzins, and Ray West, Jr. The matter comes up in several of the speeches collected in *The Pacific Era* (University of Hawaii Press), edited by William W. Davenport, and there is a full-scale examination of the meeting of skins and cultures in J. C. Furnas' *Anatomy of Paradise: Hawaii and the Islands of the South Seas* (Sloane). Investigating a vast subject that no specialist would have ventured into, Mr. Furnas takes up many matters—ethnology past and present, the history of Hawaii, and the series of penetrations by explorers, whalers, planters, missionaries, captains of warships, blackbirders (men who kidnaped islanders to fill work gangs), tourists, and purveyors of radio sets and Hollywood movies. Mr. Furnas performs best in presenting the clash of civilizations; he is less successful when he gives space to the history of Hawaii. He deplores what exploitation, disease, torture, and European and American nationalism have done to Polynesians and Micronesians, and criticizes anthropologists who yearn for static native cultures, as if "natives" were to be kept in zoos. His ideas are challenging, his style competent, but he cov-

ers too much water, in too many words, for the general reader.

Like David Lavender, Mr. Furnas takes an explicit stand against romanticizers, and in so doing he keynotes the characteristic writing of the mid-century.

There was a time when the book about the West was genteel or humorous in topic and style. This was the period from Bayard Taylor and J. Ross Browne to Charles Lummis, George Wharton James, and the early Mary Austin with her bright sanitary landscapes. Later came the debunkers in Duncan Aikman's *The Last Frontier* and naturalistic, swash-buckling romantics, like Carl B. Glasscock, George D. Lyman, and Walter Noble Burns, who celebrated violence, greed, and sensuality.

But with the depression, the war, the crusade for racial tolerance, and the boom in semantics has come the new kind of book on the West and the Pacific. In this new kind, fact is respected. Nouns speak louder than such adjectives as "picturesque," "colorful," "hell-roaring." Style is cleaner and more direct. Knowledge of social science is sharper. There is more insistence on central problems and on insight into them, and there is a greater feeling for the dignity of human beings and the essential unity of mankind. The reprint of Royce is welcome partly because it sheds a light on origins but especially because it is an early model of emphasis on truth, tolerance, and good will in a Western book.

AMERICAN FABLE

by Rosalie Moore

OUT IN THE Great American Flat, in the squared-up farming country where everything is divided off by fence posts even as toothpicks, grew a large, flop-eared sort of family called the Boaks. The Boaks were not at all like the country they grew up in, where every little knob of a green plum, even, fitted its stick as certainly as a doorknob. The Boaks didn't care for fussiness and neatness. Pa Boak, for instance, liked to leave his hoe wherever he happened to drop it.

"Some day I'll probably come across it," he'd say, "and it'll be just like finding a hoe."

The Boaks liked everything to just happen natural—they liked to be surprised. They were, too. Nobody knew what kind of a ragtaggle crop was going to come up next. Ma Boak, when she was alive, used to brag that she could stand at one place near the cowshed and reach enough kinds of vegetables to make stew out of, while other women had to run around to five or six different garden plots.

Now the Boaks of Casper County were not popular people. The neighbors said they were shiftless as so many floormops with nobody to push them. Besides that, they drove everyone crazy treating ordinary weekdays to the kind of horseplay most people save for April Fool's. Even after they'd get put out of school along about the third grade the Boak boys would spite the teacher by looking in at the windows and grinning like carved-out pumpkins—more, that is, with the gaps than the teeth. And any time a stranger came to Casper County and asked the way of a tall, striped fellow—who would jerk out a thumb the size of a fig and send the stranger off in the wrong direction—that would be a Boak. That probably would be Cavalry Boak.

Every once in a while the neighbors would get together and hum like a bucket of bees. They agreed there was nothing in the world, not even a mosquito playing his fiddle, as aggravating as a Boak,

AMERICAN FABLE

and they ought to be run out of Casper County. Once the Justice of the Peace started out for the Boak place, but he came back fast with split pea soup all over his head.

"If anything's going to run the Boaks out," he said after that, "it'll have to be an Act of God."

The last person to try and talk some sense into Pa Boak had been Old Man Duncan from the adjoining farm, who'd told Pa straight out that he was due to be run out of the county, come one way or come another.

"If the neighbors don't do it, an Act of God will," he said.

He had carried on like this for over an hour, but the Boak boys had catcalled and whistled so loud the whole time that Pa never heard a word. Pa seemed to think afterward that Old Man Duncan had been offering him the use of his manure spreader. Anyway, Old Man Duncan stamped out of there, with the Boak boys laughing and slapping their knees.

"That's all right," he'd said to the boys. "You can laugh now, but just you wait till the cyclone comes."

And any time one of the boys crossed a field or ambled down a road, he could be pretty sure Old Man Duncan or some other neighbor would be watching, torn between the desire to see the cyclone come on account of the Boaks, and not to see it come on account of himself.

Now the youngest member of the Boak family was Hucksey, who was a little different from the others. He wasn't able to get himself put out of school until the sixth grade, and he didn't seem to know how to distribute a banana peel around so the most people would slip on it. Hucksey had to be taught.

Hucksey admired his brother Cavalry more than anyone in the world, but Cavalry used to tell him he'd never be a true Boak. His knees weren't knobby enough.

Hucksey didn't always know when to laugh, and when not to. His brothers had to nudge him around a good deal to take the embarrassment out of him, as they expressed it, and Hucksey finally learned to laugh whether he saw a joke or not. Cavalry bought him a little tin whistle to blow on when the bigger boys were catcalling and stomp-

ing, and after that Hucksey got along pretty well, although nothing to be proud of.

One bright summer day when Hucksey was seven or so he was wandering around the place practicing kicking radishes up and breaking the tops off tomato plants. He came to Old Man Duncan's fence, and looking across noticed the plowed fields and the corn waving its flags, and the sun over the whole thing as thick as apricot. Hucksey thought it looked pretty nice. He was too young to understand yet how the neighbors felt about his family, so he spoke to a fellow who was hoeing weeds on the other side of the fence.

"Nice place you've got," Hucksey said.

The fellow turned in alarm and hauled the hoe up over his head. It was Old Man Duncan's son, but Hucksey didn't know that.

"Keep out of my place!" the fellow said. "Keep out of my place or I'll shoot."

"I'm not on your place," Hucksey said.

"Well, don't talk about it then," the fellow said. "Don't even look at it."

Hucksey didn't know what to make of this, so he reached over and snapped off a straw from the fellow's side of the fence, and started to pick his teeth. Hucksey was scared, but he did it anyway because he thought that was what Cavalry would do. Then he took out his whistle and blew on it, hard.

"Never you mind," Old Man Duncan's son said. "You can laugh and whistle now. But you Boaks haven't any crops stored away and you haven't any cyclone cellar. You haven't any money in the bank, either. Just you wait till the cyclone comes. The cyclone'll run you Boaks clean out of Casper County."

Hucksey thought about this until supptime.

"Pa, what does it mean, 'Wait till the cyclone comes'," Hucksey asked.

"Aw," Pa said, "people are always talking about the cyclone." That's all Hucksey got out of him.

Another time when the Boaks sent Hucksey to church for a joke he heard someone mention the cyclone again, only this time it was a flood. Later on at a tent show he heard something about a holocaust.

AMERICAN FABLE

Little by little Hucksey pieced together the idea that something momentous was going to come, to punish the Boaks and run them out of Casper County. At least, when anyone mentioned a cyclone, a flood, or a holocaust, they always looked Hucksey straight in the eye.

Hucksey had one particular pig that was positively the most unruffled pig in Casper County, and when anything happened to upset him, Hucksey would go out and look at the pig, and this would make him feel better. No matter how long Hucksey watched, the pig would never look up. He thought, "When that cyclone comes, I'll never look up."

Hucksey was fourteen years old when one day the windows started to rattle like teeth chattering. At the time, Hucksey was trying to get a bite out of a particularly slippery apple and the house was shaking so he couldn't get his teeth hooked into it. He went outside and discovered there was a wind going on that was blowing the birds around like they were made of flannel. The trees were rattling the squirrels, and the chickens and hogs were running every which way.

Hucksey looked across the fields and saw Old Man Duncan, with a bantam under each arm, just disappearing into his cyclone cellar. Hucksey went around to the back of the house and found his father climbing into a burned-out hollow stump.

"This is the cyclone, Pa. What shall I do?" Hucksey asked.

But Pa just told him to go away and shift for himself.

Then Hucksey thought of his pig. He ran to the pigpen and threw himself down, with his arms anchored tight around the pig's belly. All the time the cyclone was going on the pig never looked up, and neither did Hucksey.

After a long, long time everything got quiet again and the blowing stopped. Very cautiously, Hucksey looked up. The cyclone had been there and gone, all right, Hucksey could tell. He could tell this more by the neighbors' land than by his own, for the whole county looked like one great big Boak patch. Hucksey went to find his father and there he was, just climbing out of the hollow stump.

"Well, son," Pa Boak said, "that was the cyclone. They'll have to do a lot better than that if they're going to run us out of Casper

County." And he crawled into the house and started learning to sleep sideways in his bed, which had been knocked on a slant.

In a month's time all the Boak boys found their way back, some having been blown one way, some another.

"We've lived through some pretty troublesome good times," Cavalry Boak said. "Guess we can stand a few little old bad ones."

And the boys all climbed up on their caved-in roof to get a good view of Old Man Duncan and the others trying to set up fences again and trying to get the corn back in rows. The Boaks said the neighbors looked like a bunch of ants trying to straighten a battlefield, and they hollered and catcalled at them from the rooftop.

After the cyclone came and went and didn't run the Boaks out of Casper County, the neighbors got madder than ever, and the Boaks got happier. No sooner had the neighbors finished clearing up after the cyclone, than they started fretting and fuming about something else, just like Pa Boak knew they would. They complained that there was too much of everything. The crops kept coming up like self-rising dough, and instead of thinking it was a good joke the way the Boaks did, the neighbors bellyached about it and called it overproduction. They started plowing away like a bunch of fools to keep the crops under and the prices up, but the Boaks were using their plow for a turkey roost by then, and couldn't plow anything under even if they would.

When the time came to sell, each of the neighbors had a little corn which they wanted to sell for sixty cents a bushel, while the Boaks had as much as everyone else in the county put together, and were glad to get shet of it for anything from nothing up to fifteen cents.

That was when Old Man Duncan and the others gave up. They all got together and shook their heads, but nobody talked much, because it was clear to them all without saying so that the Boaks weren't going to get run out of Casper County. Everybody else was going to get run out of Casper County. Nobody could live in the same county with the Boaks, that was all there was to it. The neighbors decided to take all their stuff and go West.

"Maybe a holocaust will come and clean them out," they said. "Then we can come back."

AMERICAN FABLE

Cavalry Boak and the boys sat on the roof and watched them go, with their wagons and their bedsteads and rolled-up chicken wire.

"You can laugh and catcall now," Old Man Duncan screamed as he rattled by on a hayrick. "But just you wait till the holocaust! The vengeance of the Lord will visit Casper County, just you see! It will raze every living thing, and burn the whole county black!"

But Cavalry and the others just laughed, and Hucksey blew on his whistle.

In a year or two the entire county was just the way the Boaks liked it. The hay looked uncombed and the fences waved, and the wool on the sheep grew so long that you couldn't tell the difference between a ram and an ash heap, unless it moved.

Hucksey was nineteen by now, and he got to thinking.

"Pa," he said one day when they were having a cow-shoot. "Do you think there's anything in this holocaust business?"

"Naw," Pa said. "People are always talking about a holocaust."

"They were always talking about a cyclone," Hucksey said, "and it came."

"It didn't hurt us, did it?" Pa said.

"But a holocaust is different. It's going to visit Casper County just on account of us. It will raze every living thing and burn the whole county black."

"It's welcome to try," Pa said.

And so the Boaks kept on the way they were.

Along in the autumn of the third year or so, Hucksey went out into the fields one day. The Boaks had let everything grow so thick around their place that you couldn't see ten feet in front of you unless you stood up, but Hucksey sometimes went over into what used to be Old Man Duncan's alfalfa field to look around.

On this particular day the horizon to the east was full of black clouds knotting and buckling. It was one of those singed autumns, with a twig held up here and there like a crow's finger, and only a few spotted leaves. Hucksey felt lonely, as if all over the land old tongueless bells were swinging.

Hucksey looked at the clouds again. They were boiling and

churning the way smoke does. Hucksey decided he'd better go find his father.

Pa and the boys, as usual, were lying out in the cornfield. Pa had lain there so long he could hardly get into the house any more, so the boys just left him out there and put a canvas over him when it rained. Hucksey told them all about the clouds, but of course they just laughed.

"If you'll stand up," Hucksey said, "I think you can see for yourselves." But Cavalry replied they weren't going to stand up for anybody. Not unless they happened to feel like it.

Every day Hucksey went out and looked at the smoke. On the third day he could see red breaking the black, and could hear a roar too big for the place, like a train's roar on entering a canyon. Hucksey ran back to tell his father and brothers.

"You'll be able to see it now," he said, "if you'll just get up on one elbow."

Cavalry and the other boys did, and they saw the smoke and the red and the rolling.

"Now do you believe it?" Hucksey asked.

The boys said they did, but Pa, who hadn't been able to get up on his elbow, he claimed, said he still didn't believe it.

On the fourth day when Hucksey went out to look, the fire was right in what used to be Old Man Duncan's yard. Hucksey could see the barns and sheds sizzling like dough dropped in grease. The smoke was revolving faster as if rolling over a million barrels. Hucksey ran to tell his father and brothers.

When he reached them they all turned on Hucksey and told him not to go tattling and hollering because they knew all about it already. The fire was so close that it could be seen even by a man lying flat on his back in the tall corn. Pa put his hand up in front of his eyes and squinted out from between his fingers. The light had turned waxy and soft. And hot.

"Yep, that's the holocaust all right," Pa said. Then he made a great effort and sat up.

"Fellows," Pa Boak began, "it looks as if they're determined to run us out of Casper County, but it took a holocaust to do it."

AMERICAN FABLE

The boys looked kind of uneasy.

"But we're not going to let it burn us up, are we Paw?" one of them asked.

"Maybe *you* are son, but it's not going to get me," Pa replied. "I'm going to die me a natural death before she gets here."

To the surprise of everyone, Pa Boak hauled off and stood up. Then he took a running jump and dove head foremost into the well, making a splash that put out a small fire that had started near the vegetable patch. Well, that made all of the boys good and mad because here Pa, the old weasel, had let on he couldn't so much as walk for a year and had had them carrying salt out to him every time he wanted to eat an ear of corn. They were so mad they all dove down the well to fix Pa, but Hucksey didn't know whether they did or not, because none of them came back up.

Hucksey just stood there. His brothers had made a splash when they dove down the well that wet everything in the vicinity and handicapped the holocaust considerably. But the fire was still coming, and Hucksey knew it wouldn't stop until it had burned from one end of Casper County to the other.

"I could run away to the West," Hucksey thought, "and find Old Man Duncan and the neighbors."

"But no," he thought again. "They'd just tell me to keep away like they did before. Besides, if I lived with them they wouldn't let me blow my whistle."

Now Hucksey was pretty disappointed in his father and brothers. They hadn't been anywhere near as tough as Hucksey expected. Any way you looked at it, the holocaust had run Cavalry and Pa and the rest right out of Casper County, even if it was only down a well. Hucksey didn't have any idea of jumping in after *them*.

About this time he heard a snort over at the pigpen. Hucksey remembered his pig. Hucksey went over and found the pig just digging himself down in under the wallows, where it was muddy and soft. Then Hucksey made up his mind.

"I'll stay," he said. "I'll dig myself in under the pig wallows, and I'll never look up. I'll stay, and I'll be the hardest Boak of all to run out of Casper County, harder even than Cavalry or Pa. And

ROSALIE MOORE

when the neighbors come back, if they do, I'll be here to laugh and plague 'em and blow my whistle."

So Hucksey dug down under the mud, and hugged his pig and waited. After a while he thought he could hear skyrocket and pin-wheels going off, but he never looked up. It was so hot that the steam was rising up out of the wallows, but Hucksey and the pig just burrowed deeper into the mud. Along about midnight the holocaust must have hit the Boak house and got into the drawer where Cavalry kept his shells, because there was a racket as if all the Fourth of Julys you could ever remember were shooting their rockets at once. When the pig heard this, it struggled up through the mud to take a look, but Hucksey remembered just in time to let go of the pig and stay buried down in the wallows. "I won't look up," Hucksey said, "no matter *what* happens!"

The next day when Hucksey stretched his legs and shook off the baked earth, he knew that the holocaust had come and gone. Casper County was black from one end to the other. But Hucksey still had a little life left in him, and besides, sitting at his feet, he had a good roast of pork. Hucksey hugged the roast and laughed and cried, because he was a Boak at last: the best, the toughest, the only Boak.

Hucksey carried his cooked pig out into what used to be the corn patch and sat down. He rummaged around through his pockets, and besides his whistle he found a few grains of corn, and he picked a few more grains from between his teeth. He threw these around from where he sat, then lay down and waited for the corn to come back up.

Hucksey grew as thin as a last-year's stalk. His hair was uncolored, like corn silk, and his skin dried like old shucks. But always Hucksey grinned broad like an ear of corn while he looked toward the west and waited.

By the time the corn grew up around him again you could hardly tell the difference between Hucksey Boak and an ear of corn, except that the corn was green, still, and Hucksey was brown. Hucksey never stopped watching and grinning.

Far to the west, after while, the neighbors began to creep back. First Old Man Duncan, with his hayrick and bedsteads and rolls of chicken wire. Then the Justice of the Peace with his mare, looking

AMERICAN FABLE

around as if he were still on the lookout for split pea soup. Then they all came.

Hucksey watched, lying low, while they settled their stuff down and set to work straightening everything—cautious at first, then bolder—dividing up farms, putting back fences.

One of the first things the neighbors did was to build fenders in front of fireplaces so they could put their feet up and draw big sighs of relief.

"This is good rich land," they said. "It'll come back fast. Why out in what *used* to be You-Know-Who's place, there's a nice patch of volunteer corn coming up already!"

And out in the middle of his new Boak patch, just toying with the idea of getting his whistle out, was Hucksey Boak, picking his teeth with a large pig bristle and grinning and grinning.

A diversification among human communities is essential for the provision of the incentive and material for the Odyssey of the human spirit. Other nations of different habits are not enemies: they are godsend. Men require of their neighbors something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration.

—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
*Science and the Modern World**

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EDEN IN PERIL

by Lovell Thompson

THE TRULY SIGNIFICANT victims of the extraordinary election of 1948 were not Mr. Dewey and his fellow Republicans but Dr. Gallup and his fellow prophets. We've all been told what that Democratic victory means for us and the world. The analysts got new labels for everyone in no time, and everything is shipshape now, and the fallen Republicans are all neatly nailed on the woodshed door. We've been told why we elected Truman, but no one has told us why we did this, all the time thinking we were electing Dewey.

The thing that that election showed us, and the thing that we subsequently lost sight of, is that it is possible for a mass of opinion to lie hidden beneath the surface of American life, like a lake of oil, and that such a lake can only be found by a hillbilly with a divining rod. It's my belief that if the prophets had known only what they read in the papers, or heard on the radio, they would have been closer to the fact, and that if they really read their papers now, and I mean the Kigmies at the back as well as the UN news at the front, they might find some unconsidered factors in the American scene that are worth noting. It is the purpose of this article to re-examine some of the things we all read and hear in search of some of these unconsidered factors—the kind that can cause election upsets.

Let us begin with that familiar publication which embraces almost the full circle of material living—the mail-order catalogue. The semiannual circulation of the Sears Roebuck catalogue is at about seven million. Add to that enormous clientele the circulation of its brother institution, Montgomery Ward, and it becomes clear that easily a third of the population must have access to these pages which sound the horn of plenty. Here there is at least a pattern, a pattern which is part of most Americans, and it appears to be a design of hope without limit.

EDEN IN PERIL

The world of the mail-order catalogues is a material world. The materials are the materials of an idyllic contentment. Clean kitchens and fertile fields; flat, beautiful bellies, needing not the restraint of the armored corsets which encase them. Vigorous young men, in spotless working clothes, and equally vigorous old men, arrayed in the accouterments of senility. There is nothing lean about the slippered pantaloons in this world where the fountain of youth wells out of every page, where we are offered one hundred different kinds of rings with which to seal married bliss, fourteen double beds, and not one coffin. The tools and materials are here to enable man and woman to do everything for themselves as happily, as quickly, as possible, but since the service of burial is not self-service, Sears seems not to be interested. Credit with which to buy these things seems so automatic as to be accorded to most of us literate enough to ask for it by mail. There cannot be many Americans who have not dallied in this low-priced Eden, and not many whose dreams have not been partially represented by the tycoons who create this world of bliss out of the distressing fertility of our industrial production. This beautiful world of Sears and Montgomery Ward is practical, but, above all, it is egalitarian. It is the world of the Connecticut Yankee. It is founded on the idea that America wants, and can pay for, comfort, health, and bodily beauty, but not privilege. Mass production has created mass consumption. Eden and independence for all. For one who judged us only by our mail-order catalogues, that would be the inescapable picture.

Against the material mail-order world, we may match the *Reader's Digest* as a guide to the spirit. Its total American circulation is about the same as that of the mail-order catalogues. On the table bought from Sears, and by the Montgomery Ward bedside, more often than not there must be a *Reader's Digest*. It costs a quarter, \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$35.00 for the rest of your life. What a present that would be for the first birthday of the child of a friend—or of an enemy! Through golden childhood and starry adolescence, through the luxuries of love and the tender alarms of parenthood, and finally through the long silver twilight years of social security—dogged by the *Reader's Digest*. Thirty-

LOVELL THOMPSON

five dollars doesn't seem too much for a blessing or a curse of such proportions.

The *Reader's Digest* is as full of advice as a commencement address. In it you will be advised how to have a baby, how to put up with your spouse, how to live much longer than you otherwise would, and how to preserve the American way of life. This need for advice seems to indicate, however, that all is not well in the Sears Eden. In the *Digest*, the marriage sealed by the one hundred rings from \$4.95 to \$1,500, and consummated in the fourteen double beds, modern or Hollywood, according to your taste, seems precarious. In fact, if we are to believe the *Digest*, beds and rings may be repossessed by an unpaid Sears, even before divorce is universal, because we let bureaucracy swindle the taxpayer. Marriage may be dissolved merely because we can't pay the last installment on the accouterments of our union. Even death is faced in the *Digest*, and we discover that a ten-foot Farm Master hinge-joint fence, at \$8.80 for a 165-foot roll, will not keep it out, not even when hopped up by a Field Marshal electric fence charger. No, the world of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace is not nearly so clean and bright and pure as the Eden of Montgomery Ward. It is, moreover, not so egalitarian. There is a touch of the old theocratic self-interest in the *Digest*, and politically it sometimes appears to stand behind Calvin Coolidge. It is agin sin, and we life-subscribers will linger long upon the grassy banks of our graves, listening to its valedictory. The pattern of the *Digest* is not inconsistent with the terror of the time; we feel the need of advice on just about everything, and that is what we get. But chaos begins here, for we sense a discord between the restrictive tone of the Wallace catechism and the expansionism of the mail-order mass-consumption Eden.

Another publication which we could hardly omit in our study of our social jungle is *Life* magazine. We should expect it to swell the nucleus of chaos which we seem thus far to have established. Passed from one idle hand to another, and with a circulation also about the equivalent of the Sears catalogue, it must reach and presumably in some degree satisfy every halfway adult American with eyes. It is not to be avoided. Let us approach it boldly.

EDEN IN PERIL

Life is like going to a large cocktail party where you know no one, and drinking countless watery cocktails in the hope of getting enough to enable you to talk to one of the other strangers for more than five minutes together. As we wander amid the other ghosts drinking the ghost of long-dead cocktails, we encounter an editorial that reads like *Oklahoma* with the jokes left out, faced by a flash-bulb picture of the latest lynching or a seluki playing a piano because he has a broad pelvis, or a suicide caught passing the seventeenth story. Thence we trip to the execution of three Chinese spies, with a curtesy in passing to some venerable eunuchs. We shed a tear on a dead Indian child lying in a gutter, salaam to Ibn Saud, and rush through the intricacies of the Churchill family tree, pass wistfully two wholly beautiful and wholly naked girls September-morning it in an English lake—a private lake, we are assured—and photographed by a woman, we are assured (does that make it better?), assurances thrown in for the many occasions when *Life* will cohabit with the *Digest* on the Sears parlor table and listen to its small but none-too-still voice. But now we seize the surgeon's scalpel, and with newly developed technique unlace the skin, unstrap the muscle, slip the sinew from the shoulder, and expose the heart in a biological striptease that makes of nakedness mere coquetry. Without a backward glance, we are off to see Lucius Beebe drinking champagne in a flatcar, and we follow that with a grand right and left with New York's four hundred, and a dos-à-dos with a map of atomic power politics. Then we balance with the Riviera set and Orson Welles and a familiar gangster living in rural retirement, and wind up with conclusive proof that a seal can swim faster than a man.

All this is framed in advertising which, with a kind of tragic irony, presents a series of purgatorial treatments to which we must lend ourselves before passing from the world of *Life* with a cap "L" to the Eden of Sears. Almost every ad is aimed at making you younger, healthier, or more vital, though odorless, or perhaps you are to smell of hickory smoke or moon-chilled dew drawn from the lily's throat. These are charms to carry us through the irredeemable chaos of the spirit which is "*Life*." What can the garden-

ers of the mail-order Eden, or the finger-shakers of the Wallace Sunday School, make of Luce's anatomy of disorder, where Eve must be photographed by another woman in order that her pictured beauty may delight four million Adams? Don't think the men who order their paradise with a bulldozer and hem it in with Farm Master hinge-joint fence, and hit the comeback trail with Mr. Wallace, can escape the facts of "*Life*." They are also the sad-faced men behind the flame throwers of Tarawa; they are the armies of John Lewis; and the builders of the hanging gardens of Manhattan. They are the lynchers and the suicides, the wanderers in Saudi Arabia, and the yearners after Eve, whose warm body turns to wood pulp and printer's ink at a touch as Daphne turned to a tree. They are the dwellers in this Golden Republic.

To the Sears Eden and the Wallace Sunday School, we have now added a picture of life in *Life*, and in some ways we have compounded our chaos. However, these three sheets of enormous circulation and of the most general interest do provide a cutting of what, without some such device, would be too vast to study at all—the state of the nation's mind. And the three have, in truth, certain things in common. As purveyors of information at an unexacting level, they are extravagantly efficient. Each in its way must titillate rather than satisfy the customer. And each of these publications arrests for the public, as for us, a world which otherwise would be turning much too fast. Each makes certain assumptions which seem almost to exclude the presence of at least one of the others, and each clearly addresses itself to the same spent eye.

As you extend your view of America's mass reading, those divergencies appear to be rooted in the common factor of nervous haste which is the determinant of format in every case. In the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that master problem suggests itself more specifically.

The *Journal* is directed to women. Its circulation is around four million. If the readership of *Life* is divided equally between the sexes, then among women the circulation of the *Journal* must be as great as that of *Life* or the *Digest*.

Possibly the thing that strikes you first as you fan the *Ladies'*

EDEN IN PERIL

Home Journal is the double-page clinches. Beautiful things, sleek lean men and women, drawn with an unfaltering draftsmanship and a command of the human figure in novel perspectives such as has hardly been matched since Veronese drew his worm's-eye views of chubby naked cherubs trotting through the summer clouds on the ceilings of baroque palaces! Here are a thousand and one ways to get entangled with a man, portrayed with an energy of line worthy of the Renaissance, and a mechanical ingenuity and sense of bodily leverage that could only be achieved in a nation of technicians. The period of the magazine's name is startlingly at variance with the problems it seems to face today, for some of these are attitudes no lady would be seen in. The knot of true love is drawn tight in the "*Ladies'*" *Home Journal*, and divorce, which seems to be one of its major problems, must be surgical.

The stories are almost always in the field of domestic adventure, the consequence of getting wrapped up with a man as pictured for the *Journal's* ladies. How to get your man to the altar, or occasionally how to get to the altar for the second time if, in a momentary pet, you have taken your victim to the judge's bench, or how to make his children get on with the ones next door, how to cope with the familiar pain in the old wound when the weather turns east or the old beau brings his kids to call. These are the questions which the *Journal* stories ask and answer. The magazine bristles with questionnaires to aid you in the selection of your mate and show you how to be happy when the excitement of the chase is gone and nothing is left but the heavy task of bringing home the bacon. The nonfiction tells you how to be a good housewife, in a pretty home, how to get all the work done, keep the children happy, earn some money on the side, and be spruce and sprightly and sexy with good talk on your tongue, and love in your eye, and a well-cooked T-bone in your hand when your man comes home to roost. If we are to judge our family women by their reading, these creatures, who are all Dorothy Lamour without and all Dorothy Thompson within—cozy matrons, with Roman hearts, these wives of our Golden Republic—do not ask much for themselves and want the world to be very good indeed. There are few social lines drawn

in the *Journal's* world. Though we stroll between the box hedges of Middleton Place, or view the temperate gardens on the bluffs that lean above the Columbia, no one asks whose sixty thousand bought this redwood temple of joy, or what servants dust this priceless Chippendale. Instead, we continue to discuss the relative merits of being married to an eighty-dollar-a-week craftsman or a fifty-dollar-a-week bank teller. The woman down the street may have the woman up the street come in "to help" two afternoons a week when she hits her peak load with three children under school age, but there are no servants. There may be hard luck; there is no inequality. Feminism, poverty, privilege, have all disappeared, and Dorothy Thompson writes eloquently of the training required to be a housewife, who must stretch her mind from income tax accounting to psychotherapy. A brave good world, the *Journal* world.

In effect, then, the *Journal* attempts to solve the problems which have been suggested by the three preceding giants of the printing world. The American housewife has a fabulously high standard of living to maintain, based on the demands of mass consumption which, at the same time, prescribe the egalitarian terms on which she must maintain it. If everyone marries and maintains a mail-order mechanized bower, no one will have much time to help anyone else. In the world of equal opportunity, there must be equal training and equal background. If anyone can be president, then everyone has to be educated for the job—mass production of supermen such as Shaw never dreamed of. From such factors spring the articles of the *Journal* and the haste and weariness which have designed the *Digest* and *Life*.

A pattern is beginning to emerge, but it seems thus far to be a pattern of frustration. The *Journal* asks too much. We are required to cope with the complexities of *Life* and the opportunities of Sears and Montgomery Ward according to rules laid down by the *Digest* which fuses morality with economy and the nineteenth century with the twentieth. In this desperate pass, the *Journal* offers new tactics, but more than that is needed. We need new strategy. Thus far we have examined only material intended for those

EDEN IN PERIL

who are at least physically adult. Let us, in search of new strategy, proceed to the reading matter of younger America.

Seventeen is the magazine of the junior caste, whose bodies must be held in cold storage while egalitarian and therefore universal higher education endeavors to match their minds to all their milk-fed grace. The *Journal* mother can't cope with this one. *Seventeen* steps in, like an incubator, shedding mother warmth from an electric coil.

The decade that followed the last war saw the death of *The Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The American Boy*. Their modern counterparts could not possibly fail now. New and unmeasured forces are at work upon us.

Seventeen was founded in 1944; its circulation now teeters around the million mark. The magazine is directed only to girls between the ages of perhaps fourteen to twenty. If we allow to each copy three readers, lying on the sofa with their bobby socks over its back and their elbows on the floor, it's easy to believe that *Seventeen* reaches fully half of its potential market. How much to neck, how many chocolate sodas to eat in a row, how to be thin or plump, how to dress, how to conduct that twilight companionate marriage which is known as "going steady"; how, in short, to slow down the pace of sophistication in favor of knowledge—that is *Seventeen*. The magazine is full of advertising, indicating that the teen-age group spends its own money and exercises its own taste. In the *Journal's* classless society, where these children live and love, there is so much for a mother to learn and earn that there is little time for teaching. Someone or something must supervise this trial life in which our children prepare to be struck by the lightning of success. It will be seen that in desperation the little girls are hiring their own chaperones at the magazine counter in the corner drugstore. And how could it be otherwise in a nation which has set itself to produce a million or more first ladies every year? With pay and hours what they are, three shifts daily of flesh and blood duennas in black lace mantillas would be out of the question.

There is new strategy here. Going steady used to be the preroga-

tive of the hired hand and the daughter of the farm. It's well-nigh universal now, and it's sophisticated. A fairly definite amount of physical affection has to be accorded in the partnership. However, the line is sharply drawn and conscientiously adhered to. It lies somewhere between necking and petting. When steadies break up you hear it called divorce. Divorce and commencement are frequent and accepted concomitants. The necessity of a steady is recognized and there are other motives than love involved. There are goings-steady of convenience. The need of a hot-rod or a good hand in math or someone on whom to practice your serve may be motives. Faithfulness is the price paid. The *Journal* will not need to give so much advice on how to pick a mate and how to stay mated when these children grow up. They will have learned something both in patience and in hardness, and the fact that they have learned it for themselves will make them less acceptant of advice whether for better or for worse. Going steady is but one facet of the new strategy. It is a symbol of a general trend toward a new cycle in the life of the American. It is a cycle in which the almost-adult meets the need of high education, in good part at his own expense, and at a new level of independence, and makes a dry run over the great objectives of the Golden Republic and the good life. The change in the status of the "bobby soxers" could not occur without forcing and being forced by equal changes among their younger siblings—those untouchables, the soapless sexless intolerables of six to thirteen. They are tomorrow's presidents and generals, the inheritors of the atom, Congressmen and women, and tomorrow's mothers—the men and women who will die upon the moon as Scott died at the South Pole.

When we come to them, we come to the practical end result of the changes forced upon us by industrial plenty and the exigencies of mass consumption and the egalitarian philosophy which created it and now is in turn compelled by it. The untouchables are also the taproot of all future change. When you study their reading, you study the comics—the lunatic phantasmagoria where the fools rush in and where the angels stand supercilious and daunted on the brink. Well, let us pull the coveralls over our wings and go find the method

EDEN IN PERIL

in this madness. That method is startling indeed, for we find here the realities we have missed or been misled by or misunderstood, the realities of the world of tomorrow. At the moment, the best way, in fact the only way, to get at these tremendous new realities is by way of fantasy, and fantasy goes on to create reality. Our untouchables, with some assistance from their adult inferiors, buy about forty million comic books monthly, circulation such as *Life* and *Look* and *See* all combined never dreamed of. Of course, that's not one comic magazine, but a garish host, with circulations which run from four hundred thousand to almost four million. Nothing is outside this world. Nothing inhuman is alien to it. Here men and mammals mix, and mice shoot it out with bad men. Anything but inaction goes! When Andy Panda finds Harry Knuckles in a bar, he says: "If you're a killer, why ain't you out killin'?" The untouchables know that this is no time for sloth or love. Here Superkatt wears didies and a blue sunbonnet and protects Humphrey the Hound from the solicitations of a Lassie who looks suspiciously like Garbo. Here is Twinkle, the star that came from Heaven and not Hollywood. He has a five-pointed face, and a body like Superman. He is the friend of inchworms and quells storm clouds with sweet reason. Here is Superman himself, who meets his match in Smarty Pants, an atomic version of Little Lulu. You can also have "Murder Incorporated," or "Crimes by Women" (lest the Little Lulus feel inferior), or you have Joe Palooka and Lil' Abner, Terry and the Pirates, and Steve Canyon. A popsicle and a comic book are supposed to shut up any untouchable. Give him two bits and send him to the corner druggist, among whose drugs not the least potent is the comic.

Superman, Batman, Green Hornet, Black Cat, the comforting Roy Rogers at the Bijou on Saturday afternoon—the untouchables are surrounded by friendly giants who can protect them from the chaos that they see over their elders' shoulders in *Life*. While mother stands at the instrument panels in kitchen and laundry, and sister dabbles in calculus and sets her Toni, and grandpa flees the whirlwind in his trailer, Junior is learning to be the new Connecticut Yankee in very earnest, and may play the part to its sad end. Consider the range of his interest: judo, interplanetary space, atom jets,

wingless flight, the politics of where the yellow peril has become the red menace, the pattern of the Yankee technician in Asia, oil in Africa, where Buz Sawyer with Christie his wife, fights buffalo and seduction hand in hand, uranium ore, Eurasian princesses—the untouchable has all knowledge for his province.

Here they are, then, the sweet soapless, the children of Eden imperiled. They are tended by their own weird gods and over all still towers the emblem of the shmoo, creature without ambition, fear, or want, seeking only joy for others, whose small, hesitant, uncomprehending perpetual smile reminds us of someone we know. President Truman, perhaps?

Here also are strange patterns. Here are our children learning from the example of their heroes to accept powers and responsibilities which until now we had hoped might be reserved to God alone. Here we see them learning to become what must be in tomorrow's world a universal phenomenon—the Yankee technician. Since technical advice is not to be separated from human values, we also see them learning bold decision and mercy from Superman and Superkatt. The seed of Hank Martin will be numberless, and may well attempt to carry Egalitaria to Mars.

The essential thing, however, is that the impression we get from the chaotic comics is harmonious with our findings in the other great media we have studied. Here is the same picture of a newly self-sufficient society, asking much in comfort and little in personal service. Here is reading which replaces the busy parent and in its strange and often sinister way teaches the child the things that must be and comforts him with the magic of make-believe science.

We have been discussing a dream world, but one which is our extension of reality, and when we are searching for the source of impulse, dream is as good as reality. The media we have examined offer proof of a daring attempt to make the good society which is half-unnoticed by us who make it. Added to the suspense of this greatest experiment is the pervasive threat of a war which would make our Eden, so nearly won, most dearly lost. It gives a reverential aura to all we do. Little Lulu in a halo seems to offer Kleenex for the purification of our souls. Our partnership in the making of

EDEN IN PERIL

the bomb, our frightful journey into intra-atomic space, has given us a new tolerance for one another. In a hush of terror—as if time were short—we appear to struggle with frightening intensity to find out how we may complete and preserve the Eden of Monkey and Sears. It is the American dream almost come frighteningly true.

We might be inclined to doubt this picture of deep social change which is beginning to appear out of the claptrap of our great publications but for the fact that it is so firmly supported by what we hear on the radio.

The problem of the magazine is to find a market; once that market is found, the strategists of journalism do not have to worry about when their pages are read. Their problem is some of the people all of the time; the problem of the radio strategists is all of the people some of the time. Every one has a radio, but each owner has to be approached when he is free to listen.

Thus the *Journal* audience is appealed to during the long midday hours when men and children are out of the house; the untouchables, as soon as they are home from school; the teen-agers, when they do their homework; and the men—the builders of the Golden Republic—late at night. The early hours do not serve our purpose, for they are devoted to the old and ailing, no doubt on the hypothesis that hypochondriacs sleep at odd hours, or it may be that the mineral minstrels and the cowboy and his catarrh believe that the early bird gets the worms. Anyway, one would judge from the music of this daily dawn of creation that all the aged listeners want to be buried on the lone prayree, and by after breakfast, so far as radio is concerned, they are.

It has happened since the time of Scheherazade's tales—if you leave a slave at home to look after your wife, the slave becomes her lover. In the time of the Sultan, the husband got around this situation by making of the slave a eunuch. Yankee ingenuity has improved on the device of the sons of the prophet. Today we leave at home a creature more powerful and still more impotent. In the radio, modern man has found for the Sears self-service Eden a snake without an apple. There she sits, the bemused, ever-older wife, in her kitchen-

LOVELL THOMPSON

seraglio surrounded by amorous spirits who are not only imaginary but virtuous to boot, and in the end turn out to be just last winter's husband dusted off. She is the central figure of radio's American family—this Queen Eleanor and her troubadour, Mrs. Marlin and her Senator—such is Neoplatonic love. Yet, when you scan the problems with which the soap opera creates its plots, you find they are those of the *Journal's* family quarterback playing an old game in which the rules have suddenly been changed. It is an audible comic strip of the genre of Mary Worth, and it is also restful infantilism—a world with an unending happy ending.

About five, when the children's hour begins, Sky King, the Green Hornet, Jack Armstrong, Superman, Captain Midnight, and the Lone Ranger replace the all-wise Stella Dallas. By seven or eight the littlest ones are packed off to bed with the last stroke of "Heigh-ho Silver," and, as in the comics, where we have met so many of the same characters, they have lived in a new high-tension world; each Robin has been protected and tutored simultaneously by his particular Batman.

The older children now have work to do, and the basilisk beam of radio is turned upon them. They combine multiplication and division with deduction while the radio with "I Love a Mystery," "Inner Sanctum," "Lights Out," "Ellery Queen," "The Thin Man," and the Norths, reels, writhes, and faints in coils. Along with his lessons for tomorrow, the youth prepares for the war of tomorrow. If he can add a column of figures while the radio grunts with love or death, he can figure his data for a bombing run while sitting on top of an ack-ack umbrella of guided missiles. Moreover, on the radio, he is exploring a range of adult emotion which is new to him. He is not very far from the draft; he and all our children live in the shadow of violence. They do but read the lines and learn the groans for the act that may await them.

The program strategists seem to subscribe to the adage "Six hours for a man to sleep, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." By nine or ten, the fools and children have been put to bed. By eleven the women go, and drama goes with them. Now radio settles down with the man of the house. The fiendish laugh of childhood is

EDEN IN PERIL

still. The measles are two months behind him, the mumps two months ahead. Then come the songs of his courting days—"Rag Time Band," "Underneath the Stars," "The Red Mill," "Whispering," "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Then news—miners strike, borders are violated, but men do not cry out. He can carve another notch on the briefcase handle; another twenty-four hours have been killed, and no blood shed.

"And now the national anthem" radio leaves the air. The husky static of the spheres is the only sound in the house. Through its weblike texture, faint SOS's flit—like departed souls—in the vaulted nothing of radio's audible silence.

What have we seen in this round of duty with the radio, this twenty-hour watch? We have seen the young in their appallingly relevant phantasmagoria, the adolescents gathering high-frequency behavior patterns from Henry Aldrich as from Penny Pringle on the funny page. The radio beam, like the magazine, turns up in *loco parentis*.

What is the impression presented by these great instruments of public entertainment and guidance? Consider the world of tomorrow as reflected in the world of today's twelve-year-old Superman; consider the standards of that world as they are being prepared by Penny Pringle in the world of *Seventeen*; measure the need of the mother whose better home and garden, as it appears in the slick magazine world, must have a technical equipment for living and learning unheard of elsewhere in either space or time; and measure also the chaos in which men live as depicted in *Life* or on the late news broadcast out of which they are asked to contrive in accordance with the anachronistic standards of the *Digest* room for a future incalculably better than the present for Superman and *Seventeen*. Remember that this is to be done in a world shrinking in size and resource. Consider these things, and you will feel the pressure beneath us. Each age, each caste, feels the pressure and takes a segment of the dream in its care, and in each case the ardor within and the chaos without create fear and impatience. Implicit and half-realized on every newsstand and in every broadcast, it is the yearning for relief from this tension that was epitomized in the shmoo, and it is the song

of the shmoo, so varied, so sweet, so wistful, so unreal, that comes in every Saturday night on the "Hit Parade."

In the words that accompany the sound, there is one theme, search—search in sweet desperation—for every illusory refuge from doubt, whether it be Galway Bay, a static society as the song pictures it, with turf fires in the cabins, or "The Gypsy," who can look into the future and drive away all your fears. "The Best Band in the Land" winds up the age of "rag" playing hushed balladlike songs that echo the lullabies of the race's infancy.

"White Christmas" is the all-time winner of Hit Parade honors. What is the long-vanished sleighbell to us now—the echo of a carefree day; and a "White Christmas" is one that does not mean a full graveyard.

Consider some of the past leaders of the Parade: "Don't Fence Me In," a conscious cry for relief from civilization; "Tree in the Meadow," a summer idyll of irrevocable loss; "Slow Boat to China," a reflex from civilization's claustrophobia; "Nature Boy," a hymn to the womb of race; "Serenade of the Bells," a prayer for omnipotent interference; "Buttons and Bows," symbols of security. "Now Is the Hour"—and indeed it is. Sing me a song of security; such is the song of the shmoo.

The songs of any people have always been the expression of longings both realized and unrealized. Like the dreams of men—the superficial meanings are sometimes valid in themselves but are also clothes for a nakedness of fear and need which the dreamer dares not face with conscious reasoning mind. One way or another, the Hit Parade favorites look back. They look back in time or place. They praise peace and they praise the freedom no one thought to ask for—freedom from responsibility—the freedom you can't have if you are to have the others. It is this weight of responsibility that shows up in the childish quality of much of our adult entertainment and in the sinister adult preoccupations of some of what our children read. It appears in the widening spread between the fiction and the nonfiction in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It shows up again in the spread between Dorothy Thompson's rather conservative views on domestic politics as seen in the newspapers and her rather radical views on

EDEN IN PERIL

domestic economy in the *Journal*. *Life*, the *Digest*, the comic magazines, and *Seventeen* are all, despite their giant circulations, young in years of publication. They are the measure of new needs. Circulations of these proportions, the largest the country has even seen, do not grow where circulations never grew before without being fed by extraordinary social change. The purpose of all of these media is, in certain respects, the same. They give information and experience quickly and comparatively cheaply, and, at the same time, act as an anodyne, giving pages that a nervous hand can flip. If we had a Stalin or a Hitler, we would not need them. They are proof of the exertions of democracy, for they show that the nervous weariness which springs from individual responsibility has become a national characteristic. *Life*, the *Digest*, the comics are the price, not the reward, of freedom. They reflect an increased pressure for time, a growing need of knowledge of the world and of new tastes and standards. They reflect a reorganization of our society based, crudely speaking, on the material Eden of the mail-order catalogue, accomplished by the depression, articulated by the New Deal, and matured by the second World War. It is a society in which a great many people have been required to think who did not think before, and others to work who did not work before. To this social order, newly formed, technically experienced, practical and earnest, the world has been delivered, a fact which was symbolized and underlined by a momentary pre-eminence in the control of the neutron. This society, the new worker and the new thinker, fears the new responsibility, and out of that fear come weariness and a sadistic yearning for the relief of death and the melancholy of the Hit Parade, the nostalgia for the old days. Out of it come a new humility and a new doubt such as Truman felt in the hour of Roosevelt's death. Just as King Arthur's table was dropped in the lap of Hank Martin, so we face the world today, and we remember the dying Hank and the stink of the knights turning to liquid in their casques and curiasses as they lay on Hank's fences which were souped up by the forerunner of the Field Marshal electric fence charger. This is no time for the leadership of an Eega Beeva. For the moment, we must stand by the shmoo. A nation which was singing "Nature Boy" or "Cruising Down the

LOVELL THOMPSON

River" was not going to elect Dewey. Now, with hindsight, we can see that.

The new order rises in such things as the Hit Parade and the comics and continues in successive layers of intellect, through radio and magazine, into the best-seller lists and the world of books, where even T. S. Eliot, shoulder to shoulder with the *Digest*, struggles to halt progress with a definition of culture, and where emotion is sterilized as thought and put up in covers for reference.

The pattern of our jungle is visible. Its growth is forced up by the pressure below in a paroxysm of escape. The pressure is the perilous need for a new form of society. The pattern dimly seen in the great magazines and programs is the form of the new society. It is a pattern of luxury without leisure, education self-served, plenty for all and time for none, freedom to serve, each as he sees fit, but all the time. It is inspiring in outline, but clothed in weariness and doubt, tortured by the pain of birth.

Above the roar of double talk, we search for the supersonic sibilance of truth not in the song of the shmoo, for it has long been there, but in the solemn columns or in the creaking of the sills beneath the platforms of 1950. If we find it—then the Golden Republic can die of happiness like the shmoo.

THE PHILIPPINES—MEETING OF

by Paul R. Hanna

SEVERAL EVENTS during 1949 focused world attention on a people who live on the Asian rim of the Pacific Ocean. One of these events was associated with the struggle in our divided world. Prior to this year, China was generally considered the Far Eastern bulwark against communism. Then the Communists pushed through China to the Pacific and sharply restricted communication and commerce, at least temporarily, with the democracies. With China in the Communist sphere of influence, one sector of the battle line of the cold war was bent out into the Pacific and attention focused on that important group of islands called the Philippines. The question is now raised in many quarters: Can the Filipinos hold this new line or must they, too, yield to the pressure of the Communist forces of the East?

Another event in international circles brings the Philippines into prominence. A Filipino, General Carlos Romulo, was elected President of the Assembly of the United Nations and served with distinction in this extremely difficult post. People around the world are asking: What are these Filipinos like? Is the Philippines a great nation in the making?

There are many frames of reference by which a nation may be judged. Common to most of these are five factors which are used herein to judge the potential greatness of the Philippines and to speculate on the role this nation may play in the world during the second half of the twentieth century. These five factors are: (1) the *physical environment* and its endowment of natural resources; (2) the *people*—their numbers and their native endowment; (3) their *national character*—the values they stress; (4) their *laws and institutions* by which they regulate their economic, social, and political affairs; and (5) the status of their *industrial arts* by which they extract and manufacture and distribute the goods and services needed for the good life as defined by their national character.

Let us examine the Philippines against such a background. Start

EAST AND WEST

with some of the physical features. Located on the western rim of the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles off the coast of southeast China, is a mass of 7,000 islands lying in a triangular shape with a 700-mile base line along the equator and terminating in the apex 1,200 miles to the north. The land surface is larger than the British Isles, about the same size as Italy, or roughly seven-tenths the size of California. These islands lie entirely within the tropics, and this location gives them a climate the year around which people in a temperate zone consider "summer." The islands are in reality a group of mountain ranges rising out of the sea, resulting in a terrain that is generally rough. There are, however, numerous plains which are excellent for agricultural uses. The irregular coast line provides first-class harbors.

Then what about the *natural resources*? The Philippines possesses a portion of the crust of Mother Earth rich in the materials needed to produce a high standard of living.

The Philippines has forests. Almost 70,000 square miles of fine virgin timber give the people a wealth which, if the forests are properly cut on a sustained-yield basis, will supply the Philippines and her neighbors with high-grade woods for generations to come.

The Philippines has fish. Annually the Filipinos take out of the ocean and fresh-water ponds 300 million kilograms of fish. They could develop the commercial possibilities of the inshore, offshore, and fresh-water products to the point where annually 500 million kilograms of fish, plus quantities of sponges, shells, and pearls, could satisfy their own market and provide a large reserve for export.

The Philippines has minerals. Gold and silver mines have yielded these precious metals for centuries and today are a source of substantial income. Philippine gold production ranks fifth among the countries of the world. Recently, extensive deposits of iron, copper, chromite, and manganese ores have been inventoried. It is believed that there are almost one billion tons of 37 percent iron ore

THE PHILIPPINES

in the Surigao region. Small deposits of oil have been located and there is undoubtedly more to be discovered. Quantities of low-grade coal await more efficient processes for development.

The Philippines has potential hydroelectric power. Many rivers rising in the mountains carry heavy rains to the sea and can be harnessed to produce electric power needed in mining, fabrication, lumbering, agriculture, and generally to provide the energy for large-scale industrial development of the natural resources. For example, the Agus River, draining Lake Lanao into the Mindanao Sea, has been surveyed for seven dams and generating plants, which will produce 700,000 kilowatts. One of these power plants, to be built soon at Maria Cristina Falls, will generate power for chemical plants, aluminum furnaces, and scores of modern industries that are planned for Mindanao. Similar river development, planned for many of the streams, will improve water transportation inland and equalize the flow of irrigation water throughout the year, as well as provide cheap electrical power.

The Philippines has extensive areas of soil for agriculture. With the variety of plant life adapted to the soil and climate of the Philippines, not only can she feed a population twice the present size but in addition she can export food to the more densely populated neighboring countries. Timber, sugar cane, coconut, and rope fiber are only a few of the crops that give the Philippines a strategic economic position.

These riches, possessed or potential, are sufficient to give the Philippines a relatively high rating on the first of our criteria that go into making a nation great.

Consider next the Filipino people. Who are they and what are they like? There are about twenty million people in the Philippines living mostly in rural areas. The largest city, Manila, has passed the one-million mark since liberation from the Japanese in 1945. The cities of Cebu and Iloilo are next in size. But for the average Juan de la Cruz the rural life of the barrio or village is preferable. Twenty million people is twice the population of the state of California but less than half the population of Italy or of Great Britain, with which we have already compared land areas.

What about their physical and mental capacities? There is abundant evidence that these people are vigorous physically. Their fertility is enormous as indicated by the recent increase in population from seven million to twenty million. They are smaller in stature than are we but they have strong, well-co-ordinated bodies. They are attractive people. They have brown skin, straight black hair, and flat noses. The evidence available demonstrates that a cross section of Philippine population possesses its share of good, alert minds. In the opinion of many observers, the Philippine people are fully capable of taking a prominent place among the nations of the world community of the future.

Next consider the national character of these people. They are of Indonesian and Malayan stock who migrated in successive waves to these islands. The earliest were the Negritos, very small in stature, who have been pushed back by successive waves to live in the mountain retreats. There is only a handful of these Pygmies left, and they are the most primitive of the non-Christian groups. Next, came the Indonesians, who in turn were pushed up into the less desirable mountain regions by the Malaysians. These non-Christian Indonesians, comprising about 0.1 percent of the total Philippine population, are picturesque and ingenious people; among them the Igorots in northern Luzon have created one of the wonders of the world in their ancient rice terraces which cover the steep sides of the mountains.

But the overwhelming majority of the twenty million Filipinos are from later migrations from Asia mainly by way of the East Indies. These Malaysians have completely taken over the Philippines and from these folk we observe the national character. They are a freedom-loving, generous, reverent people. Their ethics are ancient and stem from much the same view of life as our Christian ethics. To illustrate: the Visayans of Central Philippines have a historic term, *Kabalaka*, which means the unofficial and unsolicited concern of each for all his fellows. Another of these venerable concepts is *Patugsiling*, which is translated as the principle of viewing things through the window of conscience, putting ourselves in the place of the other person and acting toward him as we believe he

THE PHILIPPINES

would have us act. This principle goes beyond our own Christian Golden Rule which directs action from the point of view of the self. Still another ancient ethical principle is *Kakugui*, which connotes for the individual useful industriousness and the judicious safe-keeping, disposal, use, or enjoyment of anything rightfully possessed. This sounds as if it might have come out of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

These strong ethical characteristics of the Malayan people easily merged with the Christian doctrines brought to the Islands during three hundred years of Spanish rule by the friars and monks and by the Spanish families who merged with the Filipinos during the colonial period. These traits were later reinforced by the theory and practice of democracy brought to the Islands by representatives of the United States when the Philippines was liberated from Spain in 1898. Today no people in Asia is as close to us in its national characteristics of democratic and Christian principles. What greater demonstration could people give of their devotion to the democratic way of life than these people gave at Bataan, or in the underground resistance movement, or in their abandonment of personal safety and comfort to aid the American fighting men! The roots of democracy and Christianity are so firmly intertwined with the soil and bedrock of the Malayan culture that nothing short of catastrophe will uproot the tree now blooming in the far-off Pacific. In the opinion of many, the national character of the Philippines makes her potentially a great nation.

Then what of her laws and her institutions? Two major influences have modified the ancient Malayan way of life: the influence of Spanish law and institutions on the economy, politics, and social life at the local community level; and at the national level the laws and institutions of the United States. Spanish colonial policy emphasized barrio life with its church and localized political and economic institutions. The Filipinos struggled unsuccessfully to bring about national unity through the creation of national law and institutions and a national language. But Spain's representatives even refused to allow the Spanish language to be used in the primary schools for fear that a common language might contribute to unity and thereby

threaten the domination of Spain over a people divided by eighty-seven nonintercommunicating dialects. Finally the Filipinos revolted and with our military assistance threw off Spanish control. Under the guidance of the United States, the Filipinos were encouraged to create social, economic, and political institutions of national scope. Of the numerous foreign enterprises of the United States government, probably none is more to be commended than the leadership and assistance given the Filipinos during the past fifty years in developing their democratic, social, economic, and political institutions. Among these, a chief monument to our democratic tradition is the strong public school system which the Philippines is rapidly building into the finest of any nation in the Far East today.

As further evidence of the maturity of these people one has only to remember that only four years ago they were granted full independence by the United States. In these four years they have moved steadily forward in their contribution to international understanding and peace. General Romulo as head of the Philippine delegation to United Nations symbolizes for young and old republics alike the precious nature of the bill of human rights. The Philippine leaders may possibly play an important role in the struggle in noncommunist Asia for preservation of this bill of human rights. And not to be overlooked is the fact that the Philippine people engaged during the past autumn in a hotly contested election for the Presidency of their Republic. In November, the two parties—Liberal and Nationalista—put their platforms and candidates to the test of the democratic ballot box. Observation during the national conventions in May and during the spring and summer campaigns led this author to predict correctly that their political behavior had matured to the degree that there would be little violence connected with these elections. One might name a number of older republics in the Western Hemisphere in which much greater disorder accompanies each election and in which at least one political revolution a term is normal; or one might name republics in which elections are held only at the pleasure of the "boss." To repeat, the democratic portion of the world can be proud and hopeful of the political maturity of the Filipinos.

THE PHILIPPINES

All too hastily there have been considered here four of the five factors used in judging the Philippines. In each category there is evidence that these people have the stuff out of which great nations are built: physical environment and resources, people, national character, and institutions. But what of their industrial arts? How well are they able to extract their natural resources, shape them into consumer goods, and distribute them? No nation can claim greatness today if its economy falls far behind in producing and distributing material wealth to its citizens. In fact, it seems doubtful that an economically backward nation can withstand the present pressure of communism.

For the Philippines here is the crux of the problem. Lying as she does at the front gate of Asia, the pressure from a communist mainland will be terrific. Already in central Luzon there is the problem of the Communist-led, discontented Hukbullahops, who originally were nothing more than tenant farmers who desired additional economic returns for their labor. Without weighing of the issues, it is a fact that the poverty of these landless tenants, enhanced by population growth and landlordism, provided a suitable soil in which to sow the seeds of communism. Now the "Huk" problem is a troublesome one for the Philippine people and their government, one which can be solved only by rapidly raising the standard of living for the entire population.

On the assumption that abundance of undeveloped natural resources does not of itself satisfy human needs or produce a great nation, that there must be labor, management, capital, power, and machines to translate timber, soil, ores into consumable wealth, let us examine the status of these arts of production in the Philippines.

To date, the Filipinos have lived in a simple handicraft economy, using muscle power of man and his carabao, plus a few simple tools, to extract and process only enough goods for a relatively low standard of living. This generalization can be documented a thousand times with pictures from rice culture, rope making, lumbering, sugar manufacturing, salt making, pottery and weaving, coconut production, and transportation.

The typical Philippine rural landscape lacks tractor-drawn agri-

cultural machinery; the city scene shows very few modern factories; transportation, except for an excellent air transport and the use of automobiles in the larger cities, is still primitive; it is the exceptional home or shop that is equipped with labor-saving devices. The better-educated Filipinos are conscious of the nation's weakness in this field. They are the first to point out that their productive efforts do not match the demands of the twentieth century. The lag of their industrial arts behind the high ratings given on the four factors previously sketched sets the problem for the Philippines: the rapid development of modern power industry by which natural resources can be made to serve the needs of the people.

Recognition of this problem forces us to face squarely the question of what Philippine education is doing to meet it. The economic development of the Philippines, either by the Filipinos or by outsiders, is seriously limited by their lack of "know-how" in modern industrialized agriculture, fishing, lumbering, mining, and manufacturing. The lack of even elementary notions of how an economy works in the twentieth century is evident among the people everywhere. Further, the mass of the Philippine workers does not know how to create or use the complicated machine tools, how to operate and maintain plumbing, electrical circuits, gas engines, presses, and the vast array of automatic machinery in a modern factory or on a modern farm.

The problem is primarily one of educating and training a nation for the power-machine age. Can the schools accomplish so great a task soon enough? Let us examine briefly the educational system. It is less than fifty years old. Forty-nine years ago the first boatload of American schoolteachers left San Francisco to start free democratic schools in the Philippines. These educators accepted as the major school objective the task of helping the Filipinos develop political democracy and thus set the stage for Philippine independence. They did their task so well that within one generation the Filipinos have learned to govern themselves and have won their place in the family of free nations. Every Filipino is generous in his praise of what the American schools and teachers contributed to his political beliefs and practices.

THE PHILIPPINES

But that political goal has been won. It may now be said, with benefit of hindsight, that a second goal of economic democracy should have been stressed equally. Since it was not, the schools must now turn their primary attention to the upgrading of the human resource—to the upbuilding of the economic man. Given success in this new objective equal to the schools' success in developing the politically mature man, there is little doubt that in a generation the plans for Philippine national development in economics and social welfare are likely to be achieved.

It is evident that the task of upgrading economic man has already begun in the Philippines. The establishment of many vocational schools, trade schools, agricultural schools, and similar institutions, greatly accelerated since the war, is proof of the fact that these people realize their plans for national development must rest on a base of technically competent labor. Further, reform in the elementary and secondary curriculum places great emphasis on the building of modern economic and social understandings and attitudes. The Filipinos look to the United States and see the strategic place the common schools and the vocational schools play in the advanced economic and social position we hold in the world today. They are taking a page out of our success story and creating within their own territory the kind of free and universal schools that will give them the fifth factor—a modern economic outlook and advanced industrial arts—which is needed for a nation to be truly great.

In the Philippines there is a unique meeting of East and West. Many of her ancient thoughts and customs are Oriental, yet in her institutions and political outlook she is part of the community of the West. By choice her people wish to remain a blend of East and West. But that choice will be difficult to maintain. Already the challenge has been given in the spread of communism to the Asia mainland nearest her shores. Whether the blend of East with Western democracy and technology can be preserved depends on how well and how quickly the Philippines is able to put the necessary economic and social welfare base under her structure of political democracy. The challenge to which the Philippines must offer an

PAUL R. HANNA

answer is well stated in an editorial in a recent issue of *The Philippines Journal of Education*:

Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo said that communism is a faith, a political, social and economic system which we cannot successfully stop or combat by the use of guns and money alone. It would be necessary, according to Ambassador Romulo, to prove not only in theory but in practice that our democratic faith together with our democratic, political and social systems are better than communism both in theory and in practice. He further said that communism is an idea, and there is no effective way of eliminating an idea but by proving that democracy is a much better idea.

It has been pointed out by President Truman and General Marshall that totalitarian regimes such as communism thrive wherever democratic economic planning fails. On March 12, 1947, President Truman said: "The seeds of totalitarian regime are nurtured by misery and want. They spread and grow in the evil soil of poverty and strife. They reach their full growth when the hope of people for a better life has died." If communism is to be combated successfully in our country, our democratic regime must offer better opportunities—educational, social, and economic—for all our citizens.

by Leslie Smith

HE WALKED across the concrete floor toward the stairway that led up to the offices. He was so seldom in that part of the building that the plant took on a different aspect for him and he was aware of different perspectives of the familiar machines. Looking through the dirty windows along the front of the giant metal building, he could make out segments of the block letters that formed the name HINDEMUTH IRON WORKS on the sign outside. The rumble of the furnaces filled the building with a hoarse sighing. The lathes and sheers and presses were quiet, though, for it was lunchtime.

Most of the men ate in the fenced-in yard which adjoined the parking lot. A few of the old-timers stuck by their machines and ate, sitting cross-legged on wooden boxes or piles of scrap with the morning's *Journal* or a labor paper propped up before them. He looked them over as he went along but they didn't seem to notice him. He climbed the stairs, relieved that he wasn't noticed, but feeling the effort of the climb. He wasn't a young man any more.

On the landing, he walked by doors that led into the backs of the offices. At a door marked PERSONNEL DIRECTOR he stopped, shifted his lunch box from his right hand to his left and entered.

The desk in the outer office wasn't occupied, but through an open section in a glass partition into the inner office, he could see two men side by side at an oval table. Their backs were toward him. One of the men, broad-shouldered in his pressed gray suit, pink-necked below his neatly trimmed gray hair, twisted around to see who had come in. His forehead above his frameless glasses furrowed momentarily. "Yes, Miller, what is it?"

"Do you have a few minutes, Mr. Foster?" Miller asked. He looked pointedly at the man beside Foster and then added, "I'd like to see you."

Foster looked hard at him. He said, "I'll be through here in a few minutes," and turned back to his companion.

Miller expected more. He waited.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

The two men bent closer together and talked in low tones, and then the other turned to glance at Miller, his eyebrows raised.

Foster said more sharply, "All right, Miller, have a seat out there. I'll call you."

Miller crossed the carpet to a leather armchair by the window and sat down. From there he could hear Foster and the other man talking and laughing together. He reached over to the desk and took a magazine, but not seeing it with his mind, he just flipped through the pages.

Glancing out the window he saw the girls returning from lunch across the neat green lawn in front. Their colored dresses seemed as much in place as the men's work clothes on the other side. The bridge tower loomed up behind the buildings of the street. Smoke curled up from the river traffic.

Foster and his friend got up. Miller could see them, vaguely, through the opaque glass, standing close together. He was envious of their intimacy, their controlled laughter, their good clothes and carefree manners. He longed to be like them.

Then the friend came out and walked across the room without glancing at Miller. At the door, as he was going out, a girl entered. The man stepped back and made a little bow. "I beg your pardon," he said, and smiled.

The girl was friendly, too, and skipped ahead, not to keep him waiting. She came to the desk near Miller and sat down.

"You waiting to see somebody?" she asked. She didn't look directly at him.

"Yes, I want to see Mr. Foster."

"I don't think he's in." She looked down at her legs and began to straighten the seams on her stockings.

"Yes, he is," said Miller. "He knows I'm here."

The girl looked at Miller's overalls and then at the magazine he was still holding. She pushed a button on her desk.

"Do you work for us?"

THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE

"Of course I do," said Miller. He replaced the magazine.

"Well, I'm *sorry*, he doesn't answer."

"He's in there," said Miller, "and he told me to wait for him."

"It's up to you, then," said the girl. She tossed the magazine into a wastebasket.

It was after one o'clock before Foster appeared and said, "All right, Miller."

"Mr. Foster," said Miller when he reached the door the other held open for him, "I was due back to work at one. I didn't think I'd have to wait so long."

"How long will this take?"

They stood together in the doorway. Miller felt bent and small before the other man. He tried to lower his voice. "I've got a cylinder here. I thought you would want to hear it." He nodded down at the lunch pail he carried.

"You have? Well, can't you leave it?"

"I'd like to explain it to you."

Foster puffed up his cheeks and exhaled loudly. "All right. Miss Swanson."

"Yes?" said the girl, looking up.

"Call" He looked down at Miller. "Where are you working now?"

"Assembly 32."

"Call Assembly 32 and tell Rasmussen we're holding this man."

"Whom shall I say we're holding, Mr. Foster?"

Miller spoke up quickly. "James Miller."

Foster closed the door behind them. Then he sat at his desk and lit a cigarette. "Sit down, Miller. What's this all about, now?"

Miller dug in his shirt pocket for a cigarette.

"They told me at C.A.P. to come directly to you if there was ever anything that looked important"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, last night, some of the men stopped by the Shannon for a drink, and Ferris Do you know Ferris, Mr. Foster?"

"You mean the Hugh Ferris we fired last month?"

LESLIE SMITH

"Yes. Well, he was talking about the plant, so I . . . took it down."

"*What* about the plant, Miller?"

"He was trying to start trouble by saying you had spies working here."

Foster sat up. "What the devil does he know about it?"

"I don't know, Mr. Foster. He didn't say that. But I think he's a Communist" Miller felt that explained everything.

"You have his conversation recorded?"

Miller nodded.

Foster laid his cigarette on an ashtray and drummed his fingers on the desk top. Brisk, black hairs stuck up over the white cuff on his wrist.

"Let's go hear it," he said.

He got up and opened another door. Miller followed him into an oblong room with a white screen at one end. A movie projector stood on a table in the back. The walls and ceiling were lined with Celotex.

Foster opened a cabinet in the side wall and swung out a chrome-plated machine. "Do you have the cylinder?"

Miller opened his lunch pail, reached inside for the cylinder, and unsnapped the catch.

"Is your recorder working all right?" asked Foster.

"It works fine." Miller held up the lunch pail for Foster to see.

"Where's the microphone?"

"It's in the top. Here." He pointed.

"Oh, yes, I see." Foster leaned over him, interested. "I haven't seen one just like this."

"They're all made different, depending on how they're to be used," said Miller. "They don't want them all to look alike, either."

"Yes, I know."

"I turn it on by sliding down the name plate."

"I'll be damned!" Foster raised himself up and smiled and held out his hand for the cylinder.

Miller grinned with delight. He felt as though he'd made the machine.

THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE

Foster took the cylinder to the built-in reproducer, secured it in the spindle, fixed the head in place, then turned a switch. The cylinder began to revolve very slowly. He swung the apparatus back into the wall and closed the cabinet.

"We'll see what it sounds like," said Foster. "Sit down."

They sat facing the loudspeaker which was behind the projection screen. Soon the room was filled with men's voices. The Shannon came to life for Miller. He raised his voice so that Foster could hear him above the noise. "I was sitting at the bar with Hal Pierce and Bonzini when Ferris came in."

The loudspeaker seemed to have picked up a conversation about the relative merits of beer. "*Hell, if it's beer, it's beer! That's all I care about,*" said one voice. "*As long as you get the effect . . .*"

"That talk doesn't mean anything," said Miller. "I was moving to a table near Ferris."

Foster looked up at the ceiling.

Cries of greeting came from the loudspeaker: "*Hey, look who came in,*" said one voice. "*Well, Hughie, me boy,*" said another. There were sounds of chairs scraping and muffled laughter.

"The men from the plant were crowding around to talk to Ferris, and I had to move the machine to a better place, so's it would pick up what Ferris was saying. You see, Mr. Foster, that's why I had to explain this to you."

Foster nodded and fidgeted on his chair.

A new voice came from the speaker: "*How've you been, Hugh?*"

"*Oh, all right, Hal, considering everything.*"

"That's Hal Pierce, talking to Ferris," said Miller, quickly.

"*Hey, Bonzini, how's the family?*"

"*Ho! Same thing. The wife she cook all the time. The kids they need the shoes . . . Why you no come to see us?*"

"Who's this Bonzini?" asked Foster.

"He's on my assembly, both him and Hal Pierce."

"Oh, sure," said Foster. "I'd forgotten him."

"*Well, you know how it is . . . no job.*"

Hal Pierce's voice broke in: "*Say, Hugh, I heard you weren't working. Is it true they got you black-listed?*"

LESLIE SMITH

"It seems like it. I haven't been able to get work, yet."

"Holy Christ! Have you been out of work all this time? There are lots of jobs."

Other voices rose in exclamation.

"Not for me," said Ferris. "The school board's getting after my old lady now. If she gets the can, I don't know what we'll do."

"Old Happy Harms, he gone to California, no?" asked Bonzini.

"That's right," said Ferris. "He sold his place and took his kids out of school."

"What did they have against him?" asked Hal.

"I'm damned if I know."

"Well, Christ! If they can fire a man like that, none of us are safe."

"That's what I been telling you," said Hugh, his voice rising. "They'll pick us off, one by one, until the local's busted wide open. Just like me and Happy. We're only the first. You'll see!"

Then Hal's voice came through very strong: *"All right, boys! You all heard that. Does this go on the agenda, now, or not?"*

"Wait a minute!" said a new voice, and a flurry of voices blended together in argument.

"Let's throw all the Commies out!" someone yelled.

"Shut up! Let's hear what Hal has to say."

"Let him talk."

Foster was listening intently. *"You say Hal Pierce works with you?"* he asked.

"Yes. He's on my assembly."

Foster wrote the name on a pad of paper.

Hugh Ferris spoke again: *"There's only one way that I can see how they would know as much as they do, Hal."*

"Yeah?"

"They must have a stool pigeon in the plant."

There was a momentary hush.

"Stools!" someone said. *"God damned stools!"*

"Jesus!"

"I been working for old man Hindemuth for twenty years. I never would have believed it."

THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE

"It sure looks like it."

A chair was scraped across the barroom floor.

"Now listen, men." Hal's voice spoke with authority. "Our local's got a good reputation. They haven't got a thing on us. Let's keep our noses clean and our eyes and ears open. If there's a stool"

"We'll castrate the son of a bitch."

"I kill him," said Bonzini, simply. His voice was rasping with emotion.

"Now listen to me" Hal's voice pleaded with them, but the protests and the noise rose in volume. Then the machine was suddenly quiet.

"That's all," said Miller.

Foster turned to him, surprised.

"Sounds like it was just getting good. Did something happen?"

"Oh, no! But I didn't want to take any chances, so I turned it off and left."

"Do you think they suspect you, Miller?"

"I don't think so." Miller couldn't hide the apprehension he felt, though.

"I'm sure it's supposition. They can't know anything. But be careful, anyway. We don't want to lose a good man."

Miller flushed.

Foster got up and turned off the reproducer. *"That's good work, Miller. You've had a good record here. I was sure we could count on you when we picked you out. I want you to know we appreciate your efforts. You're not only doing us a service, but you're doing a service to every real American in this community. You want to be proud of yourself, Miller."* He slammed a fist into his open hand. *"We're going to clean out this mess of Reds if it's the last thing we do."*

Miller felt stirred by the praise. He watched Foster's tight mouth as he spoke, hanging on every word.

"Follow up on those men, Miller. Get them talking. Get into their homes if you can. See what they're reading. We must have proof before we can fire a union man, you know."

LESLIE SMITH

Miller sat deeper in his chair, planning. "Was that the sort of conversations you wanted, Mr. Foster?"

"Well, they're all right. They can be used as substantiating evidence. But we need more factual data—plots to slow production and that sort of thing. How about this Hal Pierce? Can't you get to be friends with him?"

"Yes, sir, I know him pretty well."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"I don't know, he seems to be all right."

"He sounds like an agitator to me."

"Maybe he is, Mr. Foster. He sounds like it, don't he?"

"See what you can get on him." Foster stopped talking and looked down at Miller for a moment. Then his voice changed. "Say, incidentally, don't come up here any more during working hours unless you've got something really hot. . . . Say, like something on Pierce. You shouldn't be seen around the office too much, you know." He jerked out his arm and looked at his wrist watch. "I've got to chase along, Miller. I'm afraid we'll have to talk some other time."

"Oh. Sure," said Miller. He stood up slowly. "I'll see what I can get on Hal Pierce."

"That's the idea. Here. Go out this way." Foster walked with him to a door that opened onto the metal landing in the plant. "Keep up the good work!"

"Yes, sir," said Miller. The last things he saw in the room were Foster's creased gray trousers and his shined, expensive shoes.

From the top of the landing, Miller looked around the plant. As far as he could see, men were working at the huge machines. No one seemed to notice him. Under every glaring light a man was bent over his machine. He started down the stairs and in doing so looked far out across the room and then stopped short. At Assembly 32 a man stood near the water bottle facing toward the stairs. The man moved and Miller recognized the swarthy face of Bonzini. With a sudden movement, Bonzini crumpled up the drinking cup and threw it on the floor and walked away.

THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE

The lunch box suddenly weighed heavy in Miller's hand. He found himself going on, down the stairs. He planned excuses, but they came out as a jumble of words in his mind. Then he was standing at his lathe and Rasmussen, his foreman, said that yes, he knew, and to see if he couldn't get caught up on a few of the brass fittings since Pierce was taking over the line work. For an eternity Miller watched his own hands busy with the lathe chuck and the mike as though they were animated old twigs. Then all at once the whistle blew and he was washing at the trough and a man shoved him violently.

He turned, shielding his face.

It was Bonzini's chest right in front of him, and it was Bonzini's voice that said, "You son of a bitch!"

That brought him out of it a little—the voice and the recognition. The plant came back into focus. He saw the lights being shut down and heard the motors whining lower in pitch as they slowed. The belts flapped slower and slower like great birds dropping down. There was horseplay around and the kind of end-of-day laughter men have. One man threw a wet towel at another. Miller wanted to run laughing to them but they were all oblivious of him. He turned aside and took a step away.

Bonzini grabbed him and twisted his denim shirt tight over his thin chest. "I talk to *you*."

Garlic fumes washed over Miller. He shut his eyes and winced. "Bonz, for Christ's sake!"

The cry came from behind Miller. He opened his eyes and saw Hal come up, carefully drying his hands on paper towels, carefully wiping each finger. "I said there wouldn't be any of that."

Bonzini took his hand away from Miller's shirt, flexing his fingers. "I don't say so."

"Leave him alone, Bonz."

Bonzini seemed to Miller to be growing less angry. He began to be calm and sad, like someone at a funeral.

"I kill him, Hal. He's a bad man."

"You can't kill a man here in the washroom. What's the matter with you?"

LESLIE SMITH

"Look," said Bonzini.

He lashed out at Miller, but Miller jerked away and the blow missed. Then Bonz and Hal were tussling on the floor and a crowd gathered around.

Miller edged back as the struggling men were separated, and Hal shook himself loose from the men and said, "Take that silly wop out and get him drunk."

Most of the men moved off with Bonzini as Hal turned back to the trough to wash again. He looked up at Miller once.

"I'm sixty years old, Hal." Miller was beginning to shiver. But he could feel streams of sweat running down under his shirt from his armpits.

"I know, I know. Shut up."

Miller wanted desperately to get away. A few of the last men stepped back for him and he'd got outside in the yard before he remembered the lunch box. He felt sick.

Gradually, his mind cleared in the fresh air, and he began to fortify himself. He had done the wrong thing to take all that guff from a couple of dirty Reds. He could have gone up to the office, only there probably wasn't anybody working that late. The men were clearing out of the gate. The last cars were gunning away. The building cast a great triangular shadow across the grounds in the low sun. "They can all go to hell," he said. He spat.

His lunch box was where it should have been—in his locker. Finding it in place gave him courage. He would do all right. He would win out. Foster would see.

At the gate Hal was waiting for him. The others were gone.

"I'll walk with you," said Hal.

"What for, Hal?"

"I've been thinking it over. I guess I ought to walk with you. I'd better go as far as the bridge with you, anyway. Just in case."

"You don't need to do that, you don't need to do anything for me," said Miller, sullenly. He thought he had heard a tone of conciliation in Hal's voice. It puzzled him, but also it added to his strength.

They walked in front of the plant, along the trimmed, green

THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE

lawn. Mr. Foster could see them together if he was looking out the window.

"Bonzini shot off his mouth about seeing you upstairs." Hal looked down at him as they walked along, and there was a curious kind of twitching to his mouth. "The boys are all touchy because of the way things are now. You know how it is. They're too easily led that way. And Bonzini" Hal's voice trailed off as though his mind were on something else. He shrugged.

Miller couldn't believe what he was hearing. He caught his breath, sharply.

"Oh, well, Hal, it's over with. Let's forget it."

They were walking past the cafés and the bars. The Shannon was ahead of them, on the corner by the river front.

"That's just it, Miller. That's just what we can't do. Ever. That's why I had to talk to you. I wanted you to know about Bonzini, for one thing. He *did* want to kill you. For him, it's that simple. You see, he's a pretty rough boy. His old man was killed by the finks in Harlan County and he's never forgotten it. He holds a grudge against company men. He's never been educated, Miller. He don't figure out things so good. He knows you were up at the office, and so he added up the score, on impulse" Hal looked away. "And what answer do you think he got, Miller? The right one or the wrong one?" They were almost in front of the Shannon.

"How about a drink?" Hal shot the question at him.

Miller stopped and his pulse began to pound. "Where you taking me?" he said. His voice caught in his throat. He imagined the inside of the Shannon, with Bonzini, Ferris, and all the others, facing the door, waiting for Hal to bring him in. He'd been trapped!

His fear captured him again, suddenly and completely. He felt lightheaded, adrift. His knees weren't dependable, but he broke away and started to run. A gutter separated the old granite curbing from the worn bricks of the pavement. Miller jumped it, his heavy shoes floating out before him. The opposite walk would be a haven. If he could just make it! His ankle turned on a rounded brick, and the pavement slanted up to catch him. The lunch box skidded noisily down the street.

LESLIE SMITH

Hal walked to him and shook him to an upright position again. Then, while Miller stood in horror, Hal walked with deliberate hesitation to the lunch box and picked it up. But he merely slipped it under his arm.

"All right, come on. We can skip the drink. I thought you liked that place, Miller."

They reached the bridge and climbed the circular iron stairway together, stepping together, up and up, a step at a time.

At the top Hal faced Miller. Now there was no mistaking his intention. "That way," said Hal, carefully spacing his words, "the road is open to you, but don't ever try to come back. This is the only chance you'll get."

Miller looked down the long tunnel of cables and bridge members which led to the residential city beyond. He held out his hand for the lunch box, unable to speak.

"What's holding you back?" asked Hal.

Miller leaned back against the balustrade. He waited for the final blow, hardly caring. His shoulder throbbed from his fall.

Hal walked up to him and held out the lunch box with both hands. "Yes, I know what this is. I broke into your locker this afternoon and looked at it. I didn't tell the others" He drew in his breath. "I don't believe in killing, Miller, even a bastard like you. I just don't ever want to see you again."

The auto traffic on the bridge was heavy. A few loiterers watched the river, leaning over the balustrade. Some kids were throwing stones down at a tug beating its way stubbornly against the current.

Hal tossed the lunch box over the rail like a basketball. "Now, beat it," he said.

Miller turned and watched the lunch box sail down. It slapped on to the mottled surface of the water, bobbed up on a swell, and sank. He heard Hal's steps dim out down the stairway.

The neon signs of the cafés and bars framed the street that led beyond the Shannon. At the end of the street, Miller watched the last patch of the green lawn at the Hindemuth Iron Works disappear into shadow.

Now Is Always Beginning

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

My blue tires wrack the Horse Creek bridge
At Meridan above Cheyenne,
What did they call that sumpter squaw?
Was it Molly-Picket-Pin?

My throttle opens Goshen Hole,
Who was Molly? Lilith either?
Which of them is lost in greasewood?
Which of them my mother?

Lilla Abi! Lilla Abi!
Lulla Molly lullaby
Tongue can taste a myth forever,
Tongue can sing its meat and die.

The Hereford cattle blow away,
The books of Alexandria burn,
The gunsight peak the North star used
Is mummy flake, it won't return.

But Lilith, Molly-Picket-Pin,
Where I am the first man is,
You, Sheepherder I'm passing now,
You are, you start all mysteries:

Man and Woman, Hell and Heaven,
Valley, Mountain—Hand, Machine,
And there . . . the lights of Hawk Springs,
The first lights ever seen.

I let my index finger leave
The steering wheel to split the rock
Of the sea cliffs of Nebraska,
I wind and set their clock.

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

by Henry F. May

IN THE SPRING of 1947, when I first heard of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, it sounded like the pipe dream of a very young and idealistic college instructor. A group of American faculty, mostly from Harvard, accompanied by assistants, were to go to Austria to discuss American literature, history, government, sociological and economic theory with a carefully selected group of advanced students, drawn from all European countries. Everybody was to live in a castle next door to the Salzburg Festival, everybody's complete expenses were to be paid, there was to be no interference with a free exchange of views, no red tape, no grades, no deans—in fact, practically no administration. These incredible rumors turned out to be exactly true. Thanks largely to three Harvard students, who persisted in this dream in the face of much intelligent cynicism, the money was raised, the faculty was collected, and the Seminar met in 1947. According to the reports of all participants, it was a magnificent success.

When I accepted an invitation to teach in the Salzburg session of 1949, the institution was a going concern. I wondered a little whether success and stability would have proved fatal to its tradition of daring, crisis, and improvisation. I need not have worried; the stability of the Seminar, though not its intellectual achievement, had been exaggerated. Its barely adequate funds are raised by fervent solicitation from foundations and individuals, and, as with most such organizations, financial crisis is not so much recurrent as continual.

This was not, however, my most serious doubt. I had read Professor F. O. Matthiessen's account of the original Salzburg summer, in which he emphasized first, the tremendous eagerness of European students for information about everything American, and second, the complete cordiality and freedom with which students from many countries, of all political views, had been able to carry on their dis-

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

cussions. I, and I think everybody invited for 1949, wondered whether either the enthusiastic interest or the free discussion characteristic of 1947, when postwar hopes were still alive, could have survived two more years of cold war. Had America become, to students from other countries, merely the official leader of a bloc, a symbol of one side in a great conflict, to be uncritically accepted or rejected? Would it be possible to discuss American culture, or any other topic, without political and national sensibilities constantly getting in the way?

These worries, though less unrealistic than the other, proved also to be exaggerated. The only serious result of the cold war, a tragic one, to be sure, was the end of the halfway participation of eastern European countries in the Seminar's work. Despite persistent attempts to convince Czech, Polish, Yugoslav, and Hungarian officials of the Seminar's sole intention—the objective study of American culture—no Eastern government except the Czech permitted students to attend the 1949 session, and the few Czechs were all students in the least controversial fields, such as music and literature. The students who did come from countries ranging from Finland to Italy, approached the study of America with the same free and uncommitted interest in learning the truth that had impressed participants in the earlier sessions.

Perhaps the bizarreness of the setting has had a good deal to do with the unique success of the Salzburg experiment. In the improbable atmosphere of an eighteenth-century castle, built (like many of Salzburg's treasures) for a left-handed relative of a prince-bishop, renovated by Max Reinhardt in the cosmopolitan heyday of the Salzburg Festival, and repaired and converted for dormitory purposes under the direction of American undergraduates, prejudices were bound to be jarred loose. Schloss Leopoldskron itself is a handsome enough specimen of Austrian rococo taste, built of yellow stone by the side of a deliberately picturesque, mosquito-swarming lake surrounded by minor mountains. In its façade, and in the elegant and restrained decoration of its great hall, it retains some authentic taste and magnificence. The Reinhardt era is, however, more in evidence than that of the Archbishop's nephew. The principal class-

room is a cluster of small mirrors, gilt, and Venetian landscapes. Self-consciously dilapidated statues are everywhere in the grounds. The cloying effect of this culture-layer, however, is removed by the artifacts of the third era—classroom chairs, lockers, dormitory beds, ping-pong tables, and the like. The whole lends itself admirably to the Seminar's major purposes, and can with a few candles and flowers be converted to a superb setting for festive occasions.

The faculty and staff reached Leopoldskron a few days early and waited eagerly for the arrival of the students, wondering what they would be like. When the first few appeared, stiff and polite, it was obvious that they were equally curious about us, and a little dubious about the purposes of the whole enterprise. With everybody conscious of this mutual sizing-up, it was difficult at first to avoid the nervous clichés of international amity. The students were, as we had been warned they would be, inclined to treat professors with a formal respect that makes American teachers uneasy; the faculty perhaps a little too eager to ask about "conditions" in Europe in every sentence. Within a week, however, these awkwardnesses had largely vanished, and members of each group had begun to be accepted by the other as individuals rather than as national specimens. In the neighboring Bierstubes late at night, on week-end excursions in the mountains, at meals in the castle, national groupings began, without any forcing, to break down. An epidemic of scarlet fever which quarantined the whole castle for a few weeks, forcing us to rely completely on each other for entertainment, was weathered without either excessive tension or any boredom.

This success in the details of living, largely the achievement of the group of Harvard undergraduate "administrators" who immediately convinced all comers of their sincerity and friendliness, had a great deal to do with the Seminar's accomplishments. From the point at which it became unnecessary to *talk* about international amity and free inquiry, these things actually existed. As the students gradually decided that the Seminar and its staff had no ulterior purpose, that we were ourselves really trying to understand our own country as it was, they began to ask the questions that were on their minds. From these questions (and those left unasked), from student

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

comments more outside than inside the classroom, it was possible to put together an impression, tentative of course but perhaps more valid than any that could easily be gained elsewhere, of the current attitude of a sample group of European intellectuals toward the United States.

The term intellectual, always something of an affectation in the United States, is natural and necessary in Europe. The students at Leopoldskron—professors, advanced university students, teachers, journalists, artists, musicians, and so on, belonged to a group more self-conscious and more clearly separated from the rest of the community than a similar group meeting for a summer session in the United States. The very large group in America that receives some sort of higher education in the liberal arts has no counterpart in Europe. There is no such degree as the B.A.; when one commences university education, one announces a determination to enter a special group of learned people, ordinarily headed for a learned profession. Four years of nontechnical education for ten percent or more of the population is a program that few if any European countries could support.

Thus a group of highly educated people such as that represented at Salzburg is more homogeneous, more closely bound together in a central tradition, and, however democratic their origins (as much so in France, for instance, as in the United States), more separated from the rest of the people. There is little of the tendency one sometimes finds among American academic people to insist that they are just like everybody else, that they really like baseball better than music (whether it is true or not), or that they have good business heads. "We intellectuals," a phrase often on the lips of Salzburg students and at first embarrassing to Americans, was to the European students a simple identification.

The phrase was used without connotations either of boast or apology, but not without pride, for it takes a special sort of heroism to choose the intellectual life in Europe today. From one nationality after another we heard the same depressing story of impoverished and crowded universities, inadequate libraries, and, still worse, a complete lack of opportunity for young scholars. The

professor whose salary, once adequate, is now paid in inflated currency and who therefore must spend most of his time trying to earn a living by journalism or translation; the graduate student trained for a kind of career that no longer exists; even in some countries the first-rate overworked doctor who receives less pay than a skilled worker, are all common, even normal phenomena. Naturally the frantic competition for openings in the learned professions, particularly in university teaching, leads to a defensive conservatism on the part of some professors. Innovations, new fields of study, new methods, are menaces to the holders of the few existing chairs, who cling to their small margin of security and prestige.

Yet we found students from all countries at Salzburg full of a disinterested eagerness for whatever was new and peculiarly American in subject matter or approach. I think often of a young Italian student of history. The Italians, partly because of the long Fascist interval, were particularly impatient with their country's official intellectual culture, which they described as narrow and class bound even if not without its own kind of distinction. They were correspondingly eager for new stimuli. This student, used to a rather pretentiously philosophic and literary historical tradition, was at first distressed and later rather impressed by his reading of American historians. He found a general bent toward pragmatic, painstaking research and, more surprisingly, a widespread, largely unconscious, and specifically non-Marxian emphasis on economic events and processes. These tendencies seemed to him so general among American historians as to inhibit the development of necessary theoretical tools. Yet he thought a closer acquaintance with American historical writing might be of benefit to Italian historians, guilty of the opposite faults.

Full of enthusiasm about this insight, he proposed for himself various tasks of translation and research, notably an inquiry, making use of techniques borrowed from American social scientists, into the effect on Italy of emigration to America. Naturally, he discussed these problems with various members of the Seminar staff. Only accidentally, after talking with him at considerable length, did we learn that he was planning projects for his *spare time*; he regularly

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

engaged in research without expecting any financial return and with only the dimmest prospect of an eventual teaching position. On his return to Italy he had immediately to face the problem of getting some sort of routine job to support himself, a necessity so obvious he had not bothered to mention it. This sort of dedication, almost a necessity for European intellectuals at the moment, compelled our astonished admiration as we met it again and again. It tends, however, to reinforce the exclusiveness and separateness already present in the European academic tradition, and in the long run, of course, the losses from sheer strain and fatigue must be immense.

Most of the students looked at America not only with the eyes of European intellectuals, but also through some sort of political spectacles. All political attitudes were represented at the Seminar except the communist. This important omission was by no means deliberate; students were chosen on the basis of promise and ability, with no political tests whatever. Either because the present Communist line rendered its adherents mistakenly suspicious of the Seminar as disguised propaganda, or for other reasons, no Communists were present, or at least none made themselves known in the course of considerable very frank and cordial discussion. Some of the students had been Communists in the past, ordinarily in Resistance days, and others had loyalties several generations deep to some phase of the socialist movement. Yet the intellectual speciousness of current Communist propaganda, and the increasingly complete and obvious lack of freedom in the East had alienated all from the Comintern leadership.

The general disillusion with communism had not, however, carried most of these students to the extreme of anti-Communist obsession which many Americans have reached after a short flirtation with the far left. Perhaps this is because their original leftist inclinations were more deeply based than those of some American fellow travelers. Communism, to them, was not a romantic discovery of the nineteen-thirties, but a choice which had long been possible, a major party, a serious political alternative, whose effects could be seen in Communist areas only a short distance away. It derived not from literary fashion, but from a hundred years of so-

cialist propaganda, and the still longer failure of European capitalism to provide the majority with a decent standard of living.

In conversation these students seemed to assume, as a matter of course, as something known to all sophisticated people, that secret police and concentration camps played a considerable role in East European life, and that much of current Communist propaganda is distressing and repulsive nonsense. They assumed also, however, that the ugly features of the Eastern regimes have roots in the history of those countries, that in the matter of intrigue and espionage the Communist countries are both sinned against and sinning, and that the dictatorships of the right, past and present, have still less to offer to Europeans with a taste for real freedom. Still more important, they accepted a large part of the socialist analysis of capitalism, and took for granted the necessity of a very large measure of government direction of economic life, not necessarily but partly through nationalization.

Not only had these students failed, in their disillusion with communism, to turn toward the extreme right, they had mostly avoided also the pseudoreligious, apolitical tendency so fashionable in Paris (and even New York) today. Most had, after all, played some part in the recent cataclysm—in resistance movements, concentration camps, or, in the case of Central Europeans, in the shattering upheaval consequent on the collapse of the Nazi regime in which they had been brought up. Perhaps because they drew from these events a permanent consciousness of political threats to all intellectual and spiritual values, or perhaps because hope and involvement are natural to youth in any period, most of the students I talked to found the current vogue of pharisaic aloofness unattractive.

Most of these students—and particularly those generally recognized within the Seminar as outstanding—belonged to that large group, perhaps a third of the European population, caught between the highly conservative governments now in power and the still flourishing Communist left. The latter they cannot join and, for fear of being swallowed, they do not dare even co-operate with it except on their own terms. The former, including the present governments of Italy, Belgium, Germany (elected during the Seminar), and to a

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

lesser extent France, seemed to them to be without program and without promise, holding office only because of the cold war, doing little to lessen the well-earned hostility of most of the working population, building, partly by inadvertence, a still less promising version of the nonviable Europe of the 'twenties.

Unable now to turn to Russia with any hope, conscious that crowded, specialized Europe cannot exist alone, these socialists and progressives found nowhere to turn but to the United States. Realizing the immense part that American economic and military decisions, not only in Europe but at home, must necessarily play in European affairs, they seemed to be watching all evidences of American intentions and tendencies with a rueful fascination.

Some of what they had seen, before coming to the Salzburg Seminar, had proved disquieting to them both as European intellectuals and as left-inclined democrats. Most of them had partly—not, I should say, entirely—put behind them the stereotype of America as a land of cultureless, uneducated Babbitts. Yet the slightly less out-of-date craze for the more bizarre and violent aspects of American culture was still in evidence. I felt somewhat more prepared for this fashion as a result of having seen in bookstores in three European countries stacks of Hammett, Cain, Chandler, and their pseudo-American imitators. In one Paris bookstore, a month before the Seminar opened, I had seen an "American décor," consisting of a revolver, a pair of dice, a bottle of whisky, and some dirty kid gloves, presumably worn by a torpedo or private eye. Some of the students, in their interest in jazz, the movies, and so forth, betrayed a trace of the titillated, patronizing reaction of an amateur anthropologist toward a native tribe. Knowledge of American academic culture was very spotty; ignorance of ordinary American life seemed universal.

Some of the least happy preconceptions had unfortunately been borne out by recent impressions of GI's. Some of the students had rather enjoyed the violence, hard drinking, and complete blankness toward European culture which seemed to them to be the common denominator of American soldiers overseas. Still more, I believe, had had enough of these once amusing and even lovable traits before

the occupiers departed. In Central Europe too many examples remained of ignorance, lack of taste, and satraplike luxury, more than balancing the work of conscientious and imaginative soldiers and civilians. As with too many Europeans, the only contact of some of these students with living Americans had been through the universal, taken-for-granted black market in army equipment or scrip.

Political hostility toward the United States was, of course, continually fanned by the widespread and vigorous Communist press, which, however, by its stridency and reiteration had lost most of its effect among non-Communists. Yet there was plenty to disquiet European progressives and intellectuals in reports from the United States, particularly in verbatim quotations from Congressional debates or committee hearings. The most alarming statements, of course, were those that seemed to take for granted, almost complacently, a third war. The students I talked to were divided about the Atlantic Pact, some (particularly Scandinavians) tending to see it as a wrong means of dealing with a real problem, others accepting it reluctantly, as a grim necessity, even though, as one Belgian put it, "it puts us in the front row a third time." Neither of these attitudes, of course, led to any sympathy with the proposal, sometimes advanced by irresponsible Americans and always widely broadcast, of a preventive crusade. Some were disquieted also by statements of visiting Marshall Plan statesmen which seemed to identify European recovery or unification with conservative economic policies and rightist governments.

Yet with all these critical preconceptions, which I have stated in their darkest terms, the students came to Leopoldskron full of open-minded curiosity about the transatlantic giant, a curiosity by no means unmixed with admiration. It is my strong impression that most of them were reassured and encouraged by this brief effort to substitute actual study for the clichés of the press.

Obviously the study of America was not all carried on in libraries or lecture rooms; we constituted, however inadequately, a sample of American university students and teachers. The informal manners of American academic work seemed, after an initial shock, to delight and amuse the students. To Central Europeans, for in-

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

stance, it was remarkable that one professor would ask another, or even a graduate assistant, to attend his class and comment on his lecture. The students, as well as the rest of us, were impressed by the maturity and resourcefulness of the remarkable group of undergraduate administrators, who could deal with all-European transportation difficulties, currency exchange, quarantine law, army relations, and similar problems with a combination of gaiety and shrewdness. This aptitude, and many habits of which we had not been conscious, were satisfactorily and exotically American. Yet there was not so much difference between Americans and Europeans as to make communication difficult; academic people of any country are not completely unfamiliar to those of any other. Some of the faculty had lived a good deal in Europe and most of the Americans present spoke one European language. It was significant that students again and again commented on this fact with surprise, though they all had themselves, as a prerequisite to admission, a decent command of English.

In their formal studies the students reached various conclusions. Most were impressed by the volume, industry, and variety of current American scholarship. Some found in the American literary tradition a richness they had not expected. Others, imagining more clearly what it is like to live in a continental country of vast resources and a short history, began to see in a more tolerant fashion some of the more surprising American actions. Still others, studying recent social or economic developments, realized that political words and programs that in Europe are trite and full of connotations of fraud may, for many Americans, retain freshness and vitality.

Sooner or later, as we knew each other better and as the students became convinced that we were grinding no axes, they broached, often hesitantly, the two questions about America that troubled them most. First, was the position of the Negro as bad as it seemed from American novels or films, or even from GI conversation? If so, was it a matter we were all emotionally unable to discuss? They found, at least, that American scholars had turned a harsh light on this darkest corner of American life, and that the status of the Negro, however shameful, was not something complacently accepted or

ignored by all whites and was not completely frozen.

The other question was more difficult to answer. Why was the United States so frightened about communism? This was the summer of the first Hiss trial, the Coplon trial, the trial of the Communist leaders, and the University of Washington dismissals. With all these, plus Congressional investigations and state antisubversive laws very fully reported in the press, it was not difficult to get the impression that the United States was in a state of extreme hysteria, that almost everybody suspected almost everybody else. How had this come about? Why was Communist propaganda felt to be so dangerous to a country with such a small leftist movement, and so far removed from Communist lands? This question was put by people who had themselves rejected and, in many cases, fought powerful Communist movements in their own countries, but who had committed themselves to the methods of freedom in far more serious emergencies than any apparently faced in the United States.

To questions on this subject the Americans present could give no pat and unanimous answer. We were willing to examine as far as possible the actualities and exaggerations in reports of anti-Communist developments at home. We were willing to discuss the reasons for them in American political habits and in the recent political past. But we differed sharply, as would a sample group of academic people at home, about the actual extent as well as the dangerousness of the current excitement. I gathered, in conversations with students after formal and informal debates on this subject, that the disagreement was in itself to some extent reassuring. At least Americans were not all, as a reading of the newspapers might imply that they were, ready to admit that any current danger justified an adoption of the methods of suppression. More important still, all had not given up the effort to maintain objectivity and intellectual integrity in an age of slogans. Western Europe was not yet forced to choose between two equally intolerant orthodoxies.

The students who came to Leopoldskron by no means, of course, abandoned their criticisms of some aspects of American life and policy. Neither they nor any other Europeans are ready uncritically to accept American leadership, in politics, economic organization

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

or elsewhere. Yet, in a brief investigation of American culture, they were able to find in it resources both of riches and freedom.

The Americans at Leopoldskron also learned, I think—though perhaps I should speak for myself alone since many needed this lesson less than I did—a new respect for Western European devotion to real freedom and to high standards of intellectual and artistic integrity. We learned from these students, as one might not learn from the most spectacular literary output of contemporary Europe, that these traditions are still alive under difficulties barely imaginable from our side of the ocean, that they are and will be intelligently and passionately defended against their many enemies.

On one of the late nights when Austrian white wine was flowing freely, one of the students, looking around the room, remarked, "You know, what surprises us most is that you are so much like us." A deeper realization of this elementary fact was, perhaps, the summer's most important result for us all.

Mankind cannot live without magnanimous ideas, and I am even inclined to suspect that mankind loves war precisely because it seeks to participate in a magnanimous idea.

—F. M. DOSTOIEVSKY, *The Diary of a Writer**

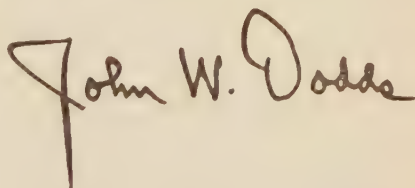
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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 129)

past, neither these newcomers nor yet the native born can well persuade themselves that what has happened elsewhere cannot happen here. Already, if news reports are to be trusted, Quakers in the public schools, for all their honorable heritage, have been discharged for their scruples. Individuals have been forced off college faculties for being Wallaceites, for advocating economic theories locally unpopular, for that unhappiest of new-made crimes, "guilt by association." These, so far, are isolated instances. The resisting professors have taken their stand in behalf of their remaining isolated.

Against them stands not the whole Board of Regents but exactly fifty percent of those voting, with both the president of the threatened university and the Governor of California in favor of rescinding the earlier demand. What is ahead if the demand is not rescinded can be only partly foreseen. Some professors, and those among the most eminent, will withdraw; some may be dismissed; many will, in the end, submit out of hard necessity—and begin at once their search for another placing. The full damage to what has been one of the greatest of American universities cannot be estimated except with the passage of time. For their determination to prevent that damage, we extend, alike to those who go and to those who finally stay, not our sympathy—their resistance has been too gallant for that—but our respect and admiration. We assume that they have not stopped fighting. We believe that they can yet win.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John W. Dodds". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent "J" and "D".

Chairman, Editorial Board

[NOTE: Because they are immediately concerned, this editorial has not been submitted to the two members of *The Pacific Spectator's* editorial board who are on the faculty of the University of California.]

THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 131)

Mr. Wecter is the author of half a dozen volumes, of which *The Age of the Great Depression* (1947) was the selection of the History Book Club. For the last four years he has been editor of the Mark Twain Estate, and for nearly the same length of time—that is, since its founding—has served on *The Pacific Spectator's* editorial board. In the Autumn 1948 *Spectator* he appeared as author of "On Dying in Southern California." He has recently moved from southern California to Berkeley, where he holds the Margaret Byrne Chair of American History at the University of California.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD ("The Dawn Redwoods Arrive in California") made her earlier appearance in *The Pacific Spectator* in 1948 as the author of "The Real Dennis Kearney." Her present contribution is added evidence of her versatility. She is at once a biographer (*Psychologist Unretired—The Life-Pattern of Lillian J. Martin*); reporter (the Bridges trial); writer of many articles on California history; prize winner in the contest of the American Music Conference; and, this year, winner of another prize in still another field—the "Elery Queen" contest, in which she placed third.

RICHARD G. LILLARD ("Substance and Art in New Western Books") teaches English and American studies at Los Angeles City College. Last summer he was a sea-

sonal ranger naturalist in Yosemite National Park. He will speak at the California Literary Centennial in Sacramento this June. Dr. Lillard is the author of *The Great Forest* and *Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada* (a new edition of which has just appeared), and co-author of *America in Fiction*.

ROSALIE MOORE ("American Fable") is well known as a poet and for her juvenile stories in *Child Life*, written, in collaboration with her husband, under the by-line Bill and Rosalie Brown.

Miss Moore, a one-time winner of the Albert M. Bender Award in Literature, was the poet chosen for the 1949 volume in the Yale Younger Poets Series. A poem of hers, "Shipwreck," appeared in the Spring 1949 *Pacific Spectator*.

LOVELL THOMPSON ("Eden in Peril") has published in *Atlantic*, *Esquire*, *The Nation*, and *The Saturday Review of Literature*. His stories have appeared in various anthologies, one being included in Edward O'Brien's *Fifty Best American Short Stories*.

Of the material for "Eden in Peril" he says, "I have three children. One reads the comics, one reads *Seventeen*, and one reads *Life* . . . so my research was close at hand, since I spend my time with the mail-order catalogues."

Mr. Thompson is a vice-president of the Houghton Mifflin Company, where he has "been worrying about what people read and why they read it since 1925!"

THE AUTHORS

PAUL R. HANNA ("The Philippines—Meeting of East and West") visited the Philippines in 1949 as a member of the UNESCO Consultative Mission, a four-man international commission sent by UNESCO at the request of the Philippines government. During and since the war, Mr. Hanna has acted as consultant in many parts of the world—in Germany, in the Panama Canal Zone, in various Latin-American countries. Between these missions, he teaches at Stanford University, where he has been since 1935.

LESLIE SMITH ("The Grass on the Other Side"), Canadian by birth, has lived much of his life in Los Angeles, spent four years in the South Pacific, worked for a year for the City of San Francisco, and now, as a student at Stanford University, is engaged in writing a novel about the Los Angeles of the '30's.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL ("Now Is Always Beginning") holds a unique place among American poets in that he carries a full-time industrial job, owns and edits a weekly paper (Denver's ninety-year-old *Rocky Mountain Herald*), has won distinction as an essayist, yet manages to shape his life around what he cares for most, his poetry.

Harper & Brothers have recently announced a new volume of Mr. Ferril's poems.

HENRY F. MAY ("Through European Eyes") is the author of *Protestant Churches and Industrial America*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1949.

During the war Mr. May served as a Japanese language officer in the Pacific area. Since 1947 he has been at Scripps College, where he is associate professor of American history.

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THE YEAR 1950 is one crowded with centenary celebrations. It is the centenary of Wordsworth's death, of Stevenson's birth, of California's admission to statehood, of the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*. Each of these happenings has moved groups of Americans to form committees, give dinners, publish the speeches for which those dinners provided audiences.

These are probably laudable activities, but *The Pacific Spectator* admits to a slight coolness to them. That a man of genius is born, or a work of genius published, in a certain year is usually no more than that year's good chance. Earlier or later—a year, a decade, several decades—would ordinarily have served no less well.

So obvious a truth would not be worth stating, however, unless there were exceptions to it. It would still be not worth stating here were we not, in this issue, marking one of those exceptions—that of the birth a hundred years ago of Lafcadio Hearn. A few decades earlier, a few decades later—in this instance, neither would have answered.

Hearn was three years old when Perry forced his warships into a Japanese harbor. Forty years and a thousand cultural dislocations later, he himself reached Japan. Thereafter he became to his countrymen the glorifier of an engaging quaintness, the spokesman for an “interesting little people.” So far as he filled this role, his centenary is unimportant. But he had another. In letters written between his arrival in 1893 and his death in 1904, he again and again assessed the results of Western entrance into Japan and foreshadowed its results. Evaluated by his countrymen in season, his observations and forecasts might, in some measure, have affected the fate of the Pacific world.

That they were not so evaluated—seemingly not even by his correspondents—goes almost without saying. Prophecies become prophecies only when their immediate usefulness is past. Is any-

(Continued on page 383)

THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

VOLUME IV

SUMMER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	257
NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE <i>Windsor C. Cutting, M.D.</i>	260
THE FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE <i>Harold L. Anderson</i>	271
LETTER FROM WISCONSIN: MCCARTHY ON THE HOME FRONT <i>David H. Stevens</i>	278
THE VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL [A POEM] <i>LoVerne Brown</i>	286
SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY <i>Thomas Parkinson</i>	290
REINHOLD NIEBUHR, "EXCUBITOR!" <i>Robert E. Fitch</i>	306
LOVE'S HUSBANDRY [A POEM] <i>Julie Sloane</i>	319

THE AUTHORS

WINDSOR C. CUTTING ("New Drugs and Drug Science") received his medical degree from the Stanford University School of Medicine in 1932. In 1938, following several years of postgraduate work in London and at Johns Hopkins University, he was appointed to the staff of the Stanford Medical School, where he has been ever since; he becomes chairman of its Department of Pharmacology and Thera-

peutics in September of this year.

The present article is Dr. Cutting's first in *The Pacific Spectator*.

HAROLD L. ANDERSON ("The Fine Language of Oregon Justice") reports of himself that he "learned the readability of court opinions while summarizing the weekly output of the Minnesota Court" for the United Press. Mr. Anderson has been reporter, editor, publisher, in Texas, Minnesota, Colorado, Oregon. A resident of Salem, Oregon, at the time of writing "The Fine

SPECTATOR

INTERPRETATION

1950

NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC:	
The Beleaguered Wagon Train	Major Arthur Ames 320
SLOW JOURNEY [A STORY]	Sylvia Shirley 323
MY FRIEND SANCHEZ	Herschel Brickell 337
THE TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN	John J. Espey 342
HENRY JAMES AND "THE WHOLE FAMILY"	
	B. R. McElderry, Jr. 352
THERE IS NO AXIOM [A POEM]	Adele Levi 361
THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT	Joseph Wood Krutch 362
ACADEMIC PROCESSION [A POEM]	Richard Armour 369
VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH	T. A. Bisson 370

Language," he is now on the staff of the *Fresno Bee*.

DAVID H. STEVENS ("Letter from Wisconsin: McCarthy on the Home Front") has, as his article points out, lived in many parts of the United States without ceasing to be, in feeling and in interest, a citizen of Wisconsin. In the course of his migrations to other parts, Mr. Stevens has taught at Northwestern University and at the University of Chicago, has been vice-president of the General Education Board and

director of the Division for the Humanities of the Rockefeller Foundation, has served as one of the United States Army's Education Mission to Japan, and, in the intervals of his work in these various posts, has published an imposing list of books and articles.

"Letter from Wisconsin" is Mr. Stevens' first contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*.

LOVERNE BROWN ("The Venomous Toadstool") says of herself, "My
(Continued on page 381)"

NEW DRUGS AND

by Windsor C. Cutting, M.D.

NEW DRUGS are changing the face of the practice of medicine. It used to be, fifty years ago, that one could almost count the truly dramatic drugs upon his fingers. There were ether, morphine, quinine, digitalis, and aspirin, and not too many others. These drugs were potent and unique and have remained in use. Not so, however, a host of weak or ill-advised medicines, which often were given in great mixture in the hope of striking one responsive note. The old bitters, most of the laxatives, and the ineffective germ killers have been abandoned. Not only are the drugs gone, but sometimes the indications for their use have also vanished with better knowledge of what goes wrong in particular illnesses.

In place of this older mass of ineffective and complex medicines, new drugs have gradually appeared until now they, too, begin to baffle by their number. But, in the face of competition, they do not last unless truly valuable, even though introduced with modern show. Citing, for instance, vitamins, we have recently seen the rapid rise and fall of the unsound and ineffectual use of vitamin A in colds, vitamin B in the vomiting of pregnancy, vitamin C in asthma, vitamin D in arthritis, and vitamin E in heart disease. On the other hand, penicillin grows in stature as experience accumulates.

I am going to pick out four groups of these modern agents for special consideration. Like many of the new drugs, they often go by generic names of anti-somethings—here, anti-infectives, antihistamines, antirheumatism drugs, and anticancer drugs.

II

One of those durable drugs mentioned earlier was quinine. For five hundred years it was used, at first blindly for any fever, and then, finally, for the only fever in which it was truly valuable, malaria. Its appropriate use obviously had to wait until this one susceptible disease could be accurately recognized from among the legion of other fevers—an accomplishment not possible until almost

DRUG SCIENCE

1900. As a relic of its illogical use in other fevers is the misuse still seen in mixtures alleged to cure the common cold, where it has utterly no value.

Shortly after the beginning of our modern era of the last fifty years, compounds containing metals more potent than ancient mercury were recognized as having specific value, especially in syphilis. Paul Ehrlich, the genius of salvarsan, fathered what we often call chemotherapy with this arsenic-containing drug. He introduced the novelty of not simply taking drugs offered by nature, but of synthesizing new compounds which had no precedent in natural sources.

There followed twenty-five years of new compound making, but mostly with direction toward protozoa, which are little animals, rather than bacteria, which are little plants. Medical students were taught that although chemotherapy was possible against African sleeping sickness, malaria, intestinal worms, and syphilis, ordinary bacteria like the streptococci possibly never could be subdued by such means. Then in 1935 came the introduction of the sulfonamides, destroying all such assumptions and spurring search, justifiably, for agents that would act against every sort of infecting organism. Of course, iodine, phenol, bichloride of mercury, and boiling kill bacteria, but they also kill the cells of the individual afflicted with the germs, and so do not enter the chemotherapeutic story of the search for anti-infectives which will work "inside" a person without harming him.

Penicillin, truly a queen among drugs, followed, and because it is usually more effective and less harmful than the sulfa drugs, rather largely replaced them. There now remain hardly any staunch uses for the once miraculous sulfonamides.

But, neither penicillin nor the sulfonamides are effective against all types of microbes. There is a large group of bacteria, spoken of by bacteriologists as Gram negative because of their ability to be stained only by certain dyes, which are not susceptible to penicillin, and only poorly to the sulfas. It was the advent of streptomycin that

NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE

aroused great hopes that this group was also conquered at last, hopes soon dashed when it was learned that the streptomycins were fallible and often harmful weapons. They remain the most potent medicinal agents in tuberculosis, although their effect may be enhanced by newer drugs like para-aminosalicylic acid, familiarly known as PAS. For the bulk of disease states caused by gram-negative bacteria, they leave much to be desired.

Now we come to the new models. Aureomycin and chloramphenicol (chloromycetin) lead the field, but terramycin presses the leaders, and for some uses, on the skin especially, bacitracin has the advantage of arousing less frequent allergic sensitivity.

The leaders, aureomycin and chloramphenicol, although not similar chemically, have similar origins in fungi from the soil, and strikingly similar lists of microorganisms which they affect. Both are weaker than penicillin against the Gram-positive group, which includes streptococci, staphylococci, and pneumococci, but shine in the Gram-negative field. Typhoid fever, undulant fever, tularemia, many infections of the kidneys and urinary tract, and some types of meningitis, for the first time can be confidently treated by one or both of these new drugs. Streptomycin is being eased out of this field just as the sulfonamides were displaced by penicillin. In fact, the sulfonamides have been dealt a double blow, for they still maintained some legitimacy against infections of the urinary tract, now challenged by the newcomers.

Miracles, however, do not cease, and aureomycin and chloramphenicol do more than play the bacterial league. Like four-letter athletes, they take on other challenges, in this instance other types of microbes. The rickettsial diseases, including typhus, Q fever, and Rocky Mountain spotted fever, are caused by germs tinier than ordinary bacteria, and with many other separating characteristics. As a group they have fallen to the new agents. Below the rickettsias come the "large" viruses, which cause such diseases as parrot fever (psittacosis) and a venereal disease called lymphogranuloma venereum. And, somewhere near, are the specks which cause "virus" pneumonia. All these acknowledge a surprising mastery by the new agents.

One might think that below these almost submicroscopic agents of disease there would be no others, but there are. The great field of ordinary, or small, viruses comes next. These are particles so tiny as hardly to be seen, if at all, except with the electron microscope. They live only within cells, borrowing materials and machinery from their hosts, often killing the cell or even the whole individual in the process. During transit to other cells they are something like seeds in a dry box, only potentially alive. Most investigators look upon them as much degraded forms of larger microorganisms, like bacteria and protozoa, which have developed to increasing degrees of parasitism. These ordinary viruses run from fairly large members like the smallpox virus through medium ones like the influenza virus to the exceedingly minute poliomyelitis virus. Measles, mumps, the common cold, chicken pox, rabies, and encephalitis all belong in the virus fold, as well as agents which cause a large number of diseases of plants, and others which seem to be responsible for a few types of cancer. In all this group there is as yet no useful antiviral drug. Like old age and cancer, it is a field rich for tilling when the right idea comes along. Teams of investigators and masses of experiments will whittle away, but the crucial ideas, which may come from obscure, solitary workers, are not yet apparent.

III

The antihistamines are hardly five years old in this country, although they had a previous life in France. Like the anti-infectives, their rise here has been meteoric, and there is hardly a child but knows the name of some one of them.

When a pharmacologist (who is not a man who runs a farm, but one who studies drugs) thinks of these antihistamines, an interesting series of mechanisms runs through his mind. These are the mechanisms by which people become allergic and the mechanisms by which the allergy or its symptoms can be relieved. In primer style, these go something as follows:

A substance, usually a protein, may enter an individual by some other route than the normal alimentary one. It may penetrate the

skin through an injury, or in some way pass through the lining of the nose. Instead of being digested as a food, it arouses the formation of antagonistic substances (antibodies) by the body's cells. These substances may stay in the body for a long time, even for life. Sometimes they are good, as when they result from vaccination against smallpox or immunization against diphtheria. They stand ready to repel or inactivate the invaders. But sometimes they are bad, and a vigorous, "allergic," reaction takes place upon subsequent re-entry of the protein. This bad effect is likely to occur when the antibodies remain deep in the tissues, rather than circulating freely in the blood stream, where the effects of the reaction are quickly dissipated. In the deeper position, the reaction characteristically releases a substance called histamine, or something very like it. This substance is apparently responsible for many allergic symptoms, whether they be those of asthma, hay fever, or hives. The antihistamines are drugs which have the power to compete with histamine, probably by preventing histamine from landing at certain sensitive spots in cells by appropriating those spots first. The histamine is then harmless and is soon destroyed. Now comes the surprising part, that while these drugs are often highly efficacious in hives and reasonably good in hay fever, they are poor in most asthmatics—an observation not yet well explained, but unfortunately true.

The antihistamines have another point of interest, that of their effect against motion sickness. The particular drug most studied is called dimenhydrinate (Dramamine), although other antihistamines may prove to share the action. Dramamine is active in relieving the nausea and vomiting of motion sickness, whether from sea, air, or car, but the mechanism of this action is not at all clear. Although by no means invariable, there is little doubt that many people can tolerate rough seas now, who formerly sailed with dread.

Third, comes the controversial story of the use of antihistamines against the common cold. The number of people benefited when treated by these drugs seems to be a trifle greater than when a placebo, made to resemble the antihistamine, is tried instead. The questions are, to what is this improvement due, and of how much

real value is it? The first of these questions is exceedingly difficult to answer. True colds are almost impossible to diagnose scientifically and exactly. There is often confusion with acute allergic states in the nose and eyes, which are not infections with the cold virus at all, and which respond, sometimes strikingly, to antihistamines. But even if it is a true cold, the drug may produce some drying of the nose and some sleepiness, just as it could in anyone, well or sick. Both of these side effects may decrease the discomfort of the sufferer and justly be reported as benefits. This is the best present answer, then: the antihistaminics probably have no effect against the germs that cause the cold, but their nonspecific side effects are sometimes comforting. For some people, this seems to be worth while, but to many others it is valueless or even troublesome. Obviously, the question is one which everyone plans to answer for himself, judging from the tremendous sale of the drugs. Equally obvious is the gradual disenchantment that a little personal experience brings.

IV

One would hardly expect two discoveries of the highest magnitude to come as close together as have penicillin and cortisone. Introduced in quantities adequate for clinical trial only a year ago, cortisone seemed so dramatic in rheumatoid arthritis, the highly crippling arthritis of youngish persons, that it aroused high interest, both medical and lay. This high interest has been even further heightened in the meantime. Not only does cortisone relieve rheumatoid arthritis, but it also furnishes dramatic relief in a number of other most stubborn conditions, including rheumatic fever, gout, asthma, and a serious and complicated disease called disseminated lupus. Understandably, there is great speculative interest in how the drug can exert an effect in so many conditions, some without any very obvious similarities or relationships to others. Several represent allergic manifestations, and this, in some obscure way, may be the common factor. It seems equally as likely that a number of quite different diseases involve the same type of tissue or cell at some stage, and the beneficial effect is due to an influence on this common point, the connective tissue.

NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE

What, then, is this revolutionary drug? The pituitary is a small gland in the center of the head which produces a number of highly active substances which circulate through the body in the blood and influence many other glands and tissues. One of these substances is called the adrenocorticotrophic hormone, or ACTH for short. This travels to the adrenal glands, small structures just above the kidneys, and urges them to produce, in turn, their special secretions. These secretions, again, are several and important, and one type is represented by cortisone. Thus we see that somewhat the same effect may be produced by administering ACTH (derived from hog pituitary glands) or by administering cortisone (made by partial synthesis from bile, or intermediates from some plants). At the moment, ACTH is in even shorter supply than cortisone, but both are likely to become fairly plentiful in a matter of months, through better synthesis.

The next question is, what are the drawbacks to the use of these drugs? First of all, like penicillin, they fail to influence many diseases, and probably make some worse. Thus, some chronic infections proceed more rapidly when cortisone is given, possibly because of exhaustion of the body's protective antibodies. This is not a serious drawback, however, and simply means, as with any other disease, that intelligent diagnosis must precede treatment. A second drawback may be lack of permanency of effect. Only experience can clarify this point, but there seems a reasonable hope for the efficacy of small maintenance doses over a long period.

More serious than these drawbacks is that of toxicity, or harm to the patient. Although both ACTH and cortisone are normal constituents of the body and are responsible for necessary activities, the doses used to treat disease are probably far above the quantities normally produced in the body. It is not surprising, then, that the natural disease conditions thought to be due to excessive secretion of cortisone may be mimicked by the administration of ACTH or cortisone. The most familiar of these conditions is called Cushing's syndrome, named after the famous American neurosurgeon who did much to define it. The fat, red face and other characteristics of the disease have, in fact, been reproduced by the drugs, but not

commonly, and, for practical purposes, toxicity usually appears to be subject to satisfactory control by reduced dosage. The final drawback, cost, must yield to time.

V

The best weapon in cancer is still surgery. The bulk of patients with cancers can be saved only by sharp diagnosis and a keen operator. Surgery gives way to X-ray and radium in late, disseminated, or otherwise inoperable cancer, and in a number of special forms—for instance, in some skin cancers and in leukemia which is widespread from the start.

In spite of this surgical statement, interest in treating cancer by drugs is at an all-time high. At the recent cancer meetings in Atlantic City about one-fourth of the papers dealt with the chemical approach to the treatment of tumors. In some few types of cancer, chemotherapy is already on a par with surgery.

The greatest success in the treatment of cancer with drugs has come in the use of female sex hormones in men suffering from cancer of the prostate gland, especially when the tumor is no longer a solitary mass but has spread by metastasis to bones and other distant organs. Inducing a degree of feminism by the use of these drugs, or by castration, has completely suppressed both the primary tumor and the secondary implants, more or less permanently, in many persons. Others have tumors which break through these suppressive measures after months or years, but certainly the majority are given an increase in useful and pain-free life.

An obverse of the preceding situation, the treatment of otherwise hopeless carcinoma of the breast in women by male sex hormones (or sometimes with female sex hormones after the menopause), has been less spectacular. Nevertheless, a number of women have been given greatly added comfort by these measures. It must be emphasized, however, that for all cancer of the breast not spread beyond the breast and its regional lymph nodes, surgical resection is imperative.

Another important group is that for which nitrogen mustard is the short representative name. Nitrogen mustard damages tissues

much like its parent, mustard war gas, but with more selectivity. Strangely enough, its effects also resemble those of X-rays, and it has come to be a useful alternative to X-ray, especially in Hodgkin's disease. Neither X-ray nor nitrogen mustard can cure this not too uncommon disease, but either can often produce one or more temporary remissions. Nitrogen mustard, although not applicable in many other conditions, is of theoretical interest because, again like X-ray, it can produce changes in cells called mutations, and cancers themselves probably also start as mutations. Thus, two agencies used to treat cancer are also capable of initiating it, although in larger doses. The explanation of the paradox probably lies in the greater susceptibility of primitive, actively growing cancer cells to damage of many sorts. A little of the harmful agent may destroy the cancer cells without harming normal cells, but more may induce the normal ones to become cancerous.

Still another group, of high importance, is the new collection of radioactive atoms. One may look upon these as like X-ray or radium, but capable of being sent to particular parts of the body inaccessible to the older agents. Radioactive iodine, when simply drunk in a glass of water, is quickly absorbed and then transported to the thyroid gland, where it is just as quickly removed from the blood and lodged in the gland. This avidity is, of course, a reflection of the normal function of the thyroid gland, which is to take iodine from the blood, combine it in a larger molecule, and then send it out, as needed, to all the other tissues. It is, then, easy to concentrate radioactive iodine in the active thyroid gland of a person with hyperthyroidism because the cells are greatly overactive, even though not at all cancerous. This method of treatment has a great appeal over the older methods of surgery or thiouracil administration in many cases, although its final assessment is not yet possible, and the possibility of late harmful effects from the radiation cannot be entirely discounted.

In cancer of the thyroid, particularly in advanced cases with metastases, radioactive iodine is occasionally of great value. If the distant implants of thyroid tissue function at all like a normal gland, and they may, then the drug is taken up from the blood,

just as in the parent gland, and all of the cancerous areas will be treated.

The quest for other radioactive atoms is well under way. For instance, a radioactive phosphorus is used to treat a condition in which the bone marrow manufactures too many red blood cells, because phosphorus is concentrated in bones.

A number of other types of drugs have given at least stimulating results in experimental cancer in lower animals, and one, the anti-folic acid group, must be singled out because of its already extensive human use. Folic acid is like a vitamin—something that in tiny amounts controls a large process necessary for life, in this case the proper development of blood cells. In the leukemias, where one or another of the various types of white blood cells is made in tremendously excessive numbers—really cancer of the blood—compounds which interfere with the activity of folic acid usually induce a remission. Unfortunately, this respite from the disease is temporary, but it may be produced several times, and postpone death by weeks or months. In addition to the humanitarian aspects, this is particularly desirable in these days of discoveries in almost staccato rate, for who knows what more powerful agent the next week may bring?

VI

These drugs by no means exhaust the list, but they are glowing examples of present-day medical research. They give insight into the direction that the deeper thought of investigators is taking. In a way, all these agents may be thought of as affecting protoplasm, the intimate stuff of which all life is made. Sometimes it is our own protoplasm, sometimes not. A drug may serve to supply a deficient vitamin, hormone, or nutrient—for instance, vitamin D in rickets. Or, it may oppose an excessive amount of a natural substance as with the antihistamines. Again, even though of natural origin in the body, unnatural amounts may produce unexpected and therapeutic results, as with cortisone. Only superficially different, other drugs affect not our human protoplasm, but that of troublesome parasitic invaders—thus the antibiotics inhibit tiny foreigners, but

NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE

by mechanisms which only by good fortune do not harm our very similar structure.

Finally, with cancer, one hardly knows with what he is dealing. Cancer may be so much a part of the body that the first approach is useful—namely, some alteration of a normal physiological process. Or, it may be that it is like a foreign invader, and an approach through competitive interference with some substance especially required by the tumor may be victorious. Fortunately, both processes merge, in nature and in the thoughts of biologists, and one cannot but preserve a hopeful outlook even in this most difficult field.

"The fastest-growing little town in the state," said Cousin Egbert.

"But what makes it grow so silly fast?" demanded the other.

—HARRY LEON WILSON, *Ruggles of Red Gap*

THE FINE LANGUAGE OF

OREGON JUSTICE

by *Harold L. Anderson*

LAWS GAIN often is literature's loss. Legal volumes never make best-seller lists, but the fancier of fine phrases may have his reward by digging beneath the tangle of ifs and whereases of court decisions.

Oregon's state supreme court, nearly a century old, perhaps has been as richly blessed in journalistic talent as any similar judiciary in the land.

Its decisions now occupy more than one hundred eighty volumes, styled *Oregon Reports*. Across their pages are paraded a succession of statements that abound in humor, treat philosophically of the strength and frailty of human character, and even delve into the profundities of religion.

Thomas Allen McBride blended almost unfailing wit and the wisdom of the law through twenty-one years of service on the tribunal, from 1909 to 1930. George H. Williams, chief justice at the court's first session in 1853—territorial days—issued utterances of ringing finality. John Burnett in the 1870's spoke in a tone that approached evangelical fervor of man's expectations of a future existence. And Harry H. Belt is among the present-day jurists who carry on the tradition of fine writing from the Beaver State bench.

McBride used an opinion in 1913 as the vehicle of a satire-tinged commentary on stinginess and the value of the coin of the realm.

The decision covered an appeal from Lane County of a suit to quiet title. The plaintiff, J. J. Walton, sought title to a tract of land purchased at sheriff's sale. His plea was denied by circuit court, which in turn was upheld by the state tribunal.

One basis for the denial was an error of seven cents—the differ-

THE FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE

ence between \$1.05 and \$1.12 in interest on back taxes—in the sheriff's notice of sale.

Walton's counsel contended that the error was so small that it should be regarded as unsubstantial. The plea was overruled in this answer:

“. . . . In proceedings in invitum, where it is proposed to take a man's property for one thirty-fifth of its assessed value, the law does care for small things and will not infrequently consider them to prevent an inequitable forfeiture. From the case of Shylock versus Antonio, reported at large by Shakespeare, down to the last volume of *Oregon Reports*, the courts have held that statutes providing for a forfeiture shall be strictly construed, and far be it from this court to say that a sum of money, coined by the government of the United States, which under certain circumstances it is a penitentiary offense to steal, and which is sufficient to furnish bread to the hungry, cheering drink to the thirsty, and to the miser the means of contributing to charity, shall be treated as unsubstantial in a case of this character.”

In another earlier work McBride penned some striking advice as to the behavior of trial court judges. The occasion for this opinion was a Multnomah County case styled *Edwards vs. Mt. Hood Construction Co.*

Mary A. Edwards sued the construction firm, builder of the Mt. Hood railway, for \$591.50 claimed due for meals which she had served (at twenty-five cents a meal) to workmen employed by the defendant in December 1910 and January 1911.

Circuit court decided in favor of the plaintiff, a verdict affirmed by the higher court. McBride, however, took Circuit Judge Henry E. McGinn to task for saying “to an attorney in the hearing of the jury that his case is ‘infamous,’ and that his client shall never have a judgment.”

“The writer knows from experience on the circuit bench,” the justice continued, “that it is sometimes very difficult for a judge to refrain from making comments during the progress of a trial, and especially where an apparent injustice seems to have been perpetrated; but after a reversal or two, occasioned by this practice, he

HAROLD L. ANDERSON

concluded to go, not to the ant, but to the meek and lowly oyster, to 'consider its ways and be wise,' and to keep the official mouth shut. He commends the example of the silent oyster to all trial judges."

McBride, son of Oregon settlers of the 1840's, came to the supreme court after long service as prosecuting attorney, legislator, and circuit judge. An imposing figure with ample, snow-white hair and fine features, he stayed in the legal harness until his death at eighty-two, and the volume and sprightliness of his efforts were unabated to the last.

In the middle 1920's he said of an enamored Marion County youth, defendant and appellant in a paternity case, that the swain wrote letters to his girl friend which were "filled with love, kisses, and bad grammar."

The distinguished jurist at about the same time belittled the testimony of one witness in a Umatilla County trial as "badly damaged goods."

One of the earliest of his staggering grand total of 888 opinions dealt with the plaint of James Higgins Co. *vs.* Torvick from Marion County. The decision was rendered in July 1910.

A recitation of the essentials in the case noted a delay by the plaintiff in furnishing a rail car for shipping potatoes. Reference is made to a precedent case in which "the court lays stress upon the fact a vessel was intended for the shipment of fruit, and that the season for such shipment was short and the cargo perishable and therefore that time was of the essence of the contract."

Wrote McBride: "While the humble, but useful, potato could hardly be classed a fruit even by the most Hibernian of judges, yet we may go so far as to take notice of it as a vegetable, that like all things earthy, is subject to decay, and that so late in the year as the latter part of April it would not be good business policy for a farmer to hold a large quantity on hand upon uncertainty as to when a car would be furnished to take them away."

There was tongue-in-cheek naïveté as he refuted counsel's argument that conspiracy was lacking in the background of a Union County trial. This was a shooting incident, dated around the time of World War I, which involved Chinese principals. One of the

number had been in a hospital for surgery, financed by loans from friends. Upon recovery, the patient neglected to pay back the money, and the erstwhile friends undertook to settle the dispute with a gun.

Called on to determine whether or not there had been a conspiracy in the shooting, McBride said: "Where three men are together discussing a common grievance and one is heard to say to the other two, 'If this grievance is not redressed, I will shoot the offender' and thereafter the one making the threat accompanied by his two companions seeks the offending party, shoots at him, and all three run away together from the scene of the crime, the average unprejudiced man would say that these facts indicated that somewhere along the line there had been a criminal conspiracy between the three to commit the offense. Substantially, that is the case here if the state's witnesses are to be believed, and the jury evidently believed them."

Oregon justice takes note of a man's views on the hereafter in giving or denying credence to his dying statements. Basis for this practice was an opinion written in 1861 by Reuben P. Boise in the Clackamas County murder trial of Oliver P. Goodale.

"The dying declaration of the deceased being admitted in evidence," Boise wrote, "the counsel for the prisoner offered to prove that the deceased was a disbeliever in a future state of rewards and punishments for the purpose of discrediting his dying declarations. And I am of the belief that such evidence should have been admitted; for this belief, and the anticipation of future retribution, is the only sanction of such declarations. It is supposed that one impressed with the fear of immediately impending dissolution, and believing that he soon will be called to answer for the truth of his statements to the final judge, will be under restraint against falsehood sufficient to make the admission of such evidence safe, and generally contribute to the ends of justice. But when the deceased was a disbeliever, and consequently, under no apprehension of future punishment for his falsehood, it is reasonable to believe that, however much he may be impressed with the fear of immediate and certain death, still he would not be under such strong influence to make a true statement

of facts as one impressed with the belief of future accountability."

Justice John Burnett had a stirring statement from the same subject source in 1874. Thomas Garrand was convicted by a Marion County jury of the murder of Thomas Hubbard. The state court upheld the conviction.

"In the case at bar," Burnett wrote in one phase of his opinion, "it appears that soon after the deceased was shot, he said to Dr. Bailey, the witness: 'Doctor, I am gone.' Could there be a stronger expression of a consciousness of impending death? Men seldom think of the great event of death till its shadow falls across their own pathway, and when, for the first time, they realize the fact that their hold on this life is almost gone, that they must go out upon the great unknown sea, it is then, at that awful moment, that you can read the innermost thoughts of the soul by the agonizing expression of the lips, and it will be given in that language which habit has made common to the individual."

Pioneer Chief Justice Williams digressed artistically to state the aims of justice, in the midst of the court's very first opinion on a murder case, at the December term in 1853. Nimrod O'Kelly appealed from a Benton County hanging sentence, but obtained no relief from the upper tribunal.

"Time was when the unfortunate accused was dragged to trial without counsel or a fair chance for defense," read the Williams statement; "then other rules prevailed, and courts tried to make technicalities the means of justice; but when a prisoner comes before our courts with more privileges and presumptions in his favor than he otherwise could have, these olden rules cease with the reasons on which they have rested, and criminals can not be allowed to take refuge from the judgments of our liberal laws in the cobwebs of an antiquated practice. The awful import of these views to the plaintiff in error is not forgotten; but criminal laws were made to prevent crime, and their firm enforcement by the courts is a duty as plain as it is painful. Executive clemency may be interposed in one case and withheld in another, as a matter of discretion, but this decision must be followed hereafter and if judicial compassion now bends the laws to suit a seemingly hard case, a door may be opened

THE FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE

through which the midnight assassin and mercenary murderer may escape from the punishment due to the crimes.”

Williams applied himself with as much feeling to the need of preserving the validity of the majority choice in elections. After the Douglas County election of 1854, one candidate brought suit—*J. P. Day vs. L. D. Kent*—apparently claiming the victory on the basis of a technicality rather than the actual figures.

The circumstances prompted the frontier days jurist to deliver the following remarks:

“The genius of our institutions and the tendency of the age combine to make the polls the final arbiter of all questions involving a choice of public agents or public policy. From this tribunal there is no appeal; and however repugnant to the feelings or adverse to the interests of the minority, may be its decisions, they must yield it submission, or raise the arm of rebellion and anarchy.

“Experience has shown that, in time of public excitement and desperate party strife, all manner of nefarious devices and expedients are frequently resorted to for the purpose of improperly affecting the result of an election. To preserve, then, unimpaired the authority and usefulness of the polls must be among the most important duties of the law-making power.”

The defendant in a Multnomah County suit which was settled early in 1949 by the state tribunal managed to make some confusing statements from the stand. Regarding them, Justice George Rossman, with Solomonic perception, said: “Many times the countenance of the witness and the tale it tells are a more reliable index to the truth than the witness’ tongue. The tongue is subject to the witness’ studied volition, but his manner, his gestures, his passions and the tone of his voice may be unwitting.”

Justice Belt has been contributing delightfully colorful passages to the court’s tomes for a quarter-century. That he brought this flair to the state bench rather than developing it after arrival is indicated by one of his works in 1926.

A case, appealed from Multnomah County, was styled *State vs. Whiteaker et al.* The defendant had claimed an invention to recover gold from the waters of a California lake. He engaged in stock-

HAROLD L. ANDERSON

selling to promote his device, an activity in which, the court concluded, he violated the law.

The promoter won no sympathy from the higher court. Belt also strove to protect the public from the marketing of faulty securities in the future. He said:

“We do not deem it advisable to lay down any hard-and-fast rule to determine whether similar offerings to the public may be sold without a license. Were we to do so, a certain type of gentlemen of the ‘J. Rufus Wallingford’ class—‘they toil not neither do they spin’—would lie awake nights endeavoring to conceive some devious and shadowy way of avoiding the law”

The excerpts appearing in this article are samples only, not the full stock of quotable writing by the state law administrators of Oregon. Perhaps there is a quality in the Oregon atmosphere which breeds in its jurists a writing style as unfettered as are the tides from Tillamook Head to Pistol River.

LETTER FROM WISCONSIN:

by David H. Stevens

OUT HERE IN WISCONSIN, people have listened to the raucous waves of sound in the McCarthy uproar and have been made decidedly uneasy. The state's junior Senator himself must have been vaguely frightened by the noise, as happens to small boys who gleefully touch off cannon crackers.

The Senator's mood today must be like that of the many office-holders in Wisconsin whose political futures are tied firmly to the future of the Republican party. It may or may not be like that of the thousands in the state who are wondering about their personal responsibility in the national dilemma as appallingly revealed by the cold war with Russia. These anxious thousands would like to know what sands of sense will be left on the shore when the angry waves, set in motion by McCarthy, stop beating.

Will America, this is to say, be better off, or much worse off, nationally and internationally, when the McCarthy case is finally wrapped up in silence? For many weeks since I came home to Wisconsin I have been asking people just what they thought about that.

I speak of Wisconsin as home because I was born in the state and not a single year of my sixty-five years has gone by without a visit. My living has been earned elsewhere, but always I have thought of Wisconsin as home—a home I know particularly well because my father was a Methodist minister and our family lived, when I was growing up, in eight different cities and towns of the state. Through the years I have kept in touch with all of them. I think I can truly say that I know Wisconsin.

Surely I can claim a warm affection for the state and its people. Wisconsin, as everybody knows, has beauty, and its people have ideas. They are sturdy people, well acquainted with hard work, but all through the years they have taken time to think. They have thought progressively, as the laws of the state clearly show, and they have not drifted into complacency.

At the outset of this report, I must confess that I might have

McCARTHY ON HOME FRONT

dragged my heels a little had I been a voter in Wisconsin. By that I mean that I am by nature a conservative. In 1912 I voted for Theodore Roosevelt and in 1916 for Wilson, but aside from these two elections I have always supported the Republican candidates for President, though occasionally with misgivings.

This gratuitous biography, I feel, is necessary because a man's own point of view should be known, even when he is telling what he has learned about the views of other men. And so to business.

In Wisconsin, naturally, it is "Joe" McCarthy, not Dean Acheson or Owen Lattimore, who has held the center of the stage since the sound and the fury began. People are staring at him from the wings as well as from out in front. Fixed opinions are slowly forming. To some observers he is a great dramatic actor; to others an unmitigated ham. I have found few who did not think that what he is doing is an act. Disagreement has come only on the degree of his sincerity.

I have explored opinion on the McCarthy case in Milwaukee, Madison, the capital city, in Fox River Valley cities, in Wisconsin River towns, and in the midland counties. Obviously I have not covered the state, but my durable coupé has served me well and I have done a deal of listening.

The small city of Mosinee on the Wisconsin River, a paper-mill town of 1,400, was the source of much enlightenment. It was there, as the whole nation probably knows, that the American Legion recently put on its demonstration of what life would be like under communism. It was communism for only a day, but it was realistic.

What connection did McCarthy have with the Mosinee affair? I found general denial that he had shared in the original idea—credit for that is given to a Legionnaire from Milwaukee—but I was shown telegrams exchanged between McCarthy and a Mosinee leader in the demonstration and I gather from these that the Senator's fine Italian hand is now pulling at least some of the strings.

The mayor of the town—he died as the result of a stroke on the

McCARTHY ON THE HOME FRONT

night of the Red drama—had not favored the demonstration, or, at least, so I was told. My informant, a newspaper correspondent, had talked with Mayor Kronewetter just before the big show. He told me: "Mayor Kronewetter . . . said that plans for the event had been made in secret and had advanced to such a point that he, as mayor, was afraid not to go along. He was afraid he would be called a Communist sympathizer."

That, incidentally, is an illustration of one of McCarthyisms most dangerous results so far in Wisconsin. Repeatedly, in communities other than Mosinee, I found evidence that people have been intimidated through fear of being smeared by the wildly splashing brush of the Senator, in his own or other hands. This is something truly frightening. There was something terribly like it in the Germany of the 1930's.

From a liberal Republican editor in a midland city, I obtained the opinion that the McCarthy tactics have been bad from the beginning. Said this man forcefully: "I especially detest the McCarthy technique of running away, after hurling a charge, and tossing out another as he runs. The man has shown again and again that he needs no evidence to back his charges. Nothing that he has shouted about has yet been proved. All this may not hurt him personally before the curtain falls, but at any time now it will begin to damage the party."

The editor talked with me before the announcement that McCarthy would be the key speaker at the Republican state convention in Milwaukee. Clearly the party bigwigs did not share his concern over the effects of the hit-and-run tactics. One who seems to do so, however, is the senior Senator, Alexander Wiley, who seeks reelection in November. Men close to Wiley describe him as "scared to death" that the McCarthy blasts will backfire on Republicans generally. He is quoted as commenting ruefully, "Now why in the world did Joe say that? I hope people don't think I talk that way."

Truth is, people don't. Wiley has been yes and no on his noisy colleague almost from the start of the latter's crusade.

The editor just quoted charged Republicans with "egging McCarthy on." He said further that "when he falls on his face, they

will be looking the other way." That was said, I must repeat, before the announcement of the important speaking date for the junior Senator.

Another point made by the editor was this: Why should there be the current widespread eagerness in Wisconsin to repeat the cliché "Where there's smoke, there's fire"? This, of course, is in reference to the fact that Alger Hiss was in the Department of State, that he was linked to the theft of state secrets, and that he was duly convicted of perjury.

"For the life of me," the man said, "I can't see that the cases of Hiss and Lattimore are in any sense parallel. The guilt of Hiss proves absolutely nothing about Lattimore, who for one thing never was in the Department; but innuendo and inference are McCarthy's stock in trade, and I know that some of our people are falling for it."

In the talk by McCarthy in Chicago on May 6, he cited as Communist ideas these schemes: To destroy the armies of Chiang; to get the United States out of Korea; to force American withdrawal from Japan; and to prevent the formation of a Pacific pact. He then went on to assert that Lattimore had advanced the same proposals in slightly milder terms, all of which made the Far East expert "a bad security risk."

The absurdity of such reasoning is evident, but it seemed to work with most of the Young Republicans at the Chicago meeting. Some editorial comment in Wisconsin, notably in the *Milwaukee Journal*, has run to the effect that the young men of the party are so desperate for vigorous leadership that they will fall in behind any blatherskite who gives signs of being alive.

One Young Republican, commenting on McCarthy's four "parallels," said to me, "No, those points don't prove a thing—yet. Probably they never will, but Joe will keep on trying. As a matter of fact, this country has had plenty of magazine articles and newspaper stories urging that we get out of China, Korea, or Japan. Take the articles by Nathaniel Peffer of Columbia University. Peffer has been saying for years what Lattimore has only lately been saying on getting out of China, and so far he's escaping the smear."

In the same Chicago speech McCarthy urged that if the Presi-

dent will not turn over all loyalty files and other relevant files, these should be scrutinized by the heads of all top intelligence agencies of the government. These six or seven experts, using "tough standards," in McCarthy's words, would then go to the President and tell him whom to fire.

No hearings! No trials! Nothing but dismissal out of hand! This, then, was also McCarthyism.

The Young Republicans heard more of the same thing in Janesville the next day, and some of them have told me that they did not like what was done to their sense of fair play. I was troubled, however, by the reply of one man who, when asked if he thought the Janesville speech of McCarthy a statesmanlike document, said scornfully, "Don't be ironical with me! You know as well as I do that there aren't any statesmen these days."

More heartening was the comment of a young woman in a midland city who was briefly interviewed before the march of some twenty-three high-school bands through the town in their annual tournament. Yes, she said, she also was a student, a high-school senior. Yes, she did have a course in current problems. Yes, indeed, her class had talked about Senator McCarthy.

"And what do I think of him?" she asked, anticipating my question. "I only know that every day he calls another man 'Communist,' and that's all he's got. It's a farce."

I am not a poll taker, and I am not dubbing this young woman as "representative," but the girl who was with her thought that she was, and they hurried along without a worry in the world. "Joe" McCarthy hadn't scared them.

Perhaps this high-school girl is typical, at any rate, of the feminine disposition to speak out on a matter. I found impressive evidence of this in a larger city of the state. I talked there with two active members of the League of Women Voters and found that they fairly represented the opinions of many men and women I had met elsewhere. The first woman said, "I was against McCarthy in the beginning. I didn't vote for him, and I still think of him as a 'brawl mouth.' It may be, however, that his kind of talk is best suited to get the story out in the open."

The other woman had less respect for the Senator and his methods. She gave many reasons for her distrust and added in conclusion, "The trend shown now is discouraging. McCarthy is trying to lead Wisconsin back into isolationism."

It was in that area of the state, too, that I interviewed a broadcaster, a man as Irish as McCarthy himself but of violently opposing views. He had just that week reported over the air on what he had learned on a motor trip to Washington, D.C., made to find out whether other parts of the United States seemed as ready as Wisconsin to accept McCarthy. "I started out," this commentator told me, "with the impression that Americans generally would not be half as tolerant as we are. I came back with the conviction that I had been right, and I said so over the air. So far I've had no hard kick-backs from listeners. Perhaps that proves something—perhaps not. Anyway, it gets me down, the way Joe McCarthy is able to keep going with his completely unfounded attacks."

A conservative Republican member of the state Legislature in a town I shall not name told me that he expected the Senator to keep on tossing out charges for at least two years more—until the time in 1952 when he must seek re-election. The same idea appeared as a surmise in many quarters. One shrewd politician said, "As for me, I simply don't like McCarthy or the way he works. You'll find, however, that many businessmen think he has something. Possibly he strengthens himself as a vote getter by all this, but he's certain to hurt the party. I wouldn't be surprised if he split it down the middle."

The legislator's prediction that the blunderbuss attack would continue was surely supported by the nomination of McCarthy to serve as the keynote orator in the Republican state convention of last June. There may be grave doubts in many quarters over the wisdom of this move, but the professionals will simply have to cheer.

Some Wisconsin papers already have been cheering until they are hoarse, but I talked with the editor of one that has been among McCarthy's violent supporters and came away feeling that he is not at all sure of his champion's having the punch his backers thought.

McCARTHY ON THE HOME FRONT

It could well be, this editor implied, that the Senator would succeed only in knocking out himself before he is through.

"Anyway, though," the editor said in conclusion, "he's stirring things up, and that's something."

Outside the cities is a body of rural opinion that develops in the co-operatives and granges of the state. A person who knows this important source of wise decisions told me that he had regretted McCarthy's election in 1946 and now has still more cause for that regret. He said, however, that the rural voters would decide in 1952 whether or not the Senator had been a good servant of the state and nation. The "co-op" people, he declared, have learned to work and think for themselves.

"The farmers of Wisconsin," he added, "are not of a mind to follow anybody blindly—not any more. They make their own decisions, and it won't be on the basis of party. Some of our farmers feel that Washington is a seething cauldron of evil, but they are ready to criticize the critics any old time."

In Madison I talked with one of the students who had conceived the plan of getting 360,000 signatures on a petition for the recall of the Senator. He is an earnest young fellow, manifestly sincere in his belief that McCarthy has done immeasurable harm to America, but he ruefully admitted that his recall scheme would fail for lack of the money to cover small expenses. In point of fact, it never could have succeeded; there is no provision in Wisconsin law for the recall of a United States Senator.

So it went through the state. I discovered repeatedly this same sense of frustration in dealing with McCarthyism. Men and women of political conscience complained that they had only newspapers and radio to depend on for information, and that both had failed them.

Unquestionably it is true that the big headlines and the fat space given to McCarthy's charges in the state press have had their effect. People are deeply troubled, and the "where there's smoke, there's fire" aphorism is almost as common as talk about the weather. It is extremely difficult for many people of good will and sound conscience to make up their minds. The press itself is having the

same difficulty, but, as time passes, there are defections on the part of stalwart Republican papers by reason of this uneasy distrust of McCarthy. Such breaks in the party press are not, to be sure, on the one issue alone, but they are signs of a growing uneasiness.

I have now no lack of faith that my state will come to a wise decision. The citizens of Wisconsin have long been known for their dogged will to think matters through along progressive lines. I have found clear evidence that party lines mean no more than they ever did. Wisconsin is still the state of Spooner, Quarles, and the elder La Follette. These people back home will muddle through somehow, never fear, and in a way that will leave no need for them to apologize for "Jumping Joe" McCarthy.

Today's man of affairs leads a desperate and harassed existence. . . . He drives at high speeds to and from his place of work; his telephone rings incessantly; typewriters clatter hour after hour . . . when at the day's end, weary and bereft of ideas, he totters homeward, the radio is ready to make his evening hideous. . . . Under these conditions the elaboration of any coherent scheme of ideas becomes next to impossible.

—H. STUART HUGHES, *An Essay for Our Times*
(Alfred A. Knopf, publisher, New York)

The Venomous Toadstool

LoVERNE BROWN

In those last days, the eyes of the children were lidded
with milky translucence, letting the blue shine through them—
October sky-patterns, hazed with the legend-built campfires.

She was glad that they slept and did not watch with her
over the bare hills, whose color was distance,
for the noise, for the white lift of the venomous toadstool
that would tell her the city was gone and the towns going

The towns and the people going! For freedom was broken
into a million bits of a once marble statue;
and men had died for the right to carry a scrap of
that statue for a luck piece in their pocket;
died all over the world, and with every death
the statue was that more scattered.

One thing she knew—

It was not hate that had driven them into the battle.
What was loose in the world was not solid enough for hate,
this liquid putrefaction whose stench and rotting
drove the clear spirit retching into the wilderness.
Only a love could send a man back to fight it—
could bind his body to dam the dyke of humanity
till the rot drowned him and he floated in it!

That was a lesson the world had learned too late—
that love was a power; that, when hate had splintered the atom,
lovers rose up who, almost, put it together
with their great yearning to heal the stricken and desolate.

Love is a power She looked at the sleeping children,
marvellously constructed, dynamos
intricately fashioned, arsenals for the future,

LoVERNE BROWN

potential builders of miracle, if time had not
run out on them; like young resilient trees
breathing out love as plants give oxygen,
enough to nourish a world if they could but live
in a world that fed on love! Looked and saw written
upon their foreheads handwriting that a wall
wore in another time, also unheeded.

She put her hand in turn on each flushed-pearl forehead.
It seemed indecent to read that message now.
Killers should not read Bibles . . . For she had no illusions—
only the babes and the butchered were wholly innocent.
Indecision and middle-rail politics
had killed as many as bombs did, setting up flares
to lead the bombs to their target; and no man living
could say of himself in all honesty, "I had no part
in what has befallen my people." No man living.
She said it over, thinking how few were living,
and how those few could measure in an egg-cup
the sands of their time remaining before oblivion.
She thought of their scattered voices, in Buenos Aires,
in San Francisco, in Shanghai, in Cairo and London,
saying the formula that had comforted them always,
"Next time—" and then aware there could be no next time.
Even a starry-eyed belief in reincarnation
would not suffice; there had to be a world to come to;
it would take a braver soul than the earth could boast of
to choose rebirth on a radio-active desert!
But if there could be a next time? Would it have mattered?
Would anything be changed?

She thought it might.

She had seen, in these last days, the blindest spirits
viewing their lives as a man lost in a desert

THE VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL

sees the last sparkle of water in his canvas bottle,
and senses the rare miracle of its just being water.
She had seen people learning that life was life,
a measured shine in a universe built of light,
a pure reflector turned toward its shining Maker,
until by echo it grew to His own image.
She had seen in these last moments how people were willing
to polish that mirror of sin, of contention and wrangling,
for the pure pleasure of shining Yes, they had learned,
but learned too late.

Too late for the individual,

Yet if man, the genus man, had his life to start over—
man, who had crawled from the mud and slime of primordial
crusting of earth, like a crab moving slowly sidewise
into the dawn of reason—if man could start over!
It was not impossible. She had only to shut her eyes
to see him clearly, the cave man, bearing a racial
memory, a grooved scar on the clear jelly of his brain,
a conscience that was more consciousness than any
measure of one's adherence to tribal law—
a something that said "no" when he brandished his war-stick;
a something that said "yes" when he shared with his brother.

With all her heart she willed him such a memory;
out of the eyes of soldiers dug into fox-holes,
out of the faces of mothers with yellow telegrams
in the scarred hands; from the bellies of little children
fatter with hunger than anyone grows from food,
out of the innocent dreams of her own babies
whose hours of life were less than the sands their shoes
had tracked into the house at bedtime—from all these things
she willed that man of the future his grooved memory:
"Love is a power"—

LoVERNE BROWN

The noise leaped at her throat
and shook it; shook the house, so the children, whimpering,
cried out, half waking, "What is it?" "What happened, Mother?"
She quieted them. "It is nothing—or everything—
sleep; you are no longer babies, to be frightened of thunder."
Sleep! They slept, and she walked to the hill-turned window,
and saw the slow rise, like an ugly fountain,
black as the twisted anger its strength was born of,
wide as the rimless horror it looked on blindly,
the thing love might have vanquished, if men had armed love,
the killer of man and mankind: The venomous toadstool.

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST

by Thomas Parkinson

THOUGH Pacific Coast poets have a special range of images and subjects given to them by their very locale, their general poetic problems do not differ essentially from those of poets in the entire English-speaking world. It is therefore necessary, in order to see clearly the quality and rewards to be derived from a dozen books by Pacific Coast poets, to review briefly the status of poetry at present and explore the special contribution poets are intent on making to contemporary life.

First, we might define current poetic preoccupations by negation: generally, poetry is not directly concerned with public events, the cold war, total diplomacy, and the present habitual pattern of political suspicion, investigation, and vilification. Most poets, it is true, do not negate the importance of public life as explicitly as does Kenneth Rexroth:

They say I do not realize
The values of my own time.
What preposterous nonsense!
Ten years of war, mountains of dead,
One hundred million armed men
And billions of paper dollars
Spent to disembowel mankind.
If they go on forever,
They will have realized less
Value than I can in one hour
Sitting at my typewriter.

Generally, however, poets now are concerned primarily with the private life, with aspects of love, with the touch and sight of the natural world, with the problem of personal immortality and one's responsibility to God—in short, with those permanent interests of mankind that persist regardless of historical flux and the ethics of expediency:

VERSE FOR A SILVER HEART

(To one going on a journey)

I know that distances decrease
The brilliance of a face
And wrought in ambiguities
Is love's embrace.

The dearest lips and eyes are pressed
In an unfaithful mold.
The heart your heart so late caressed
Becomes already cold.

Give me a word with which to meet
The ever-lengthening hours,
Assurance love and not deceit
My peace devours;

And take this token. It defines
My certain heart's concern.
Be sure love here embodied shines:
Take it and learn
And hasten to return.

O hasten to return!

Ann Stanford's poem celebrates, in a dramatic design, an essential human moment that endures under whatever claims the world of politics or fashion may exert. The poem marks, articulates, and establishes human value in radical terms, and in so doing both rejects the demands of political and sociological interests and affirms the importance of the personal life.

Contrasting such verse with the verse of the 1930's, contrasting it also with the habitual subject matter of newspapers and magazines, remembering, too, the tendency at present to identify reality with political reality, we may say that poets now share a definable attitude. That is, they attempt to retain fidelity to the quality of

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

experience and insist on the claims of the private life to celebration and examination. They say, in effect, that life is lived not in terms of international politics but in terms of interpersonal relations, and even those poets overtly concerned with problems of social integration and war (Muriel Rukeyser and William Everson) use as their measure the qualitative weight of the human individual. Poetry, then, may serve as a reminder of a reality that now is in danger of being forgotten; it may show itself to be the imaginative conscience of the race.

So much for community of viewpoint. Technically, it is more difficult to find any agreement among the various poets, and their technical variety originates in the general aesthetic problems of modern verse. Modern poetry, indeed modern art as a whole, is plagued by continual conflict between two extreme attitudes, the "expressive" and the "constructive." Fortunately for our purposes, these positions have recently been clearly and forcefully articulated by two Western writers who are poets both excellent and influential: Yvor Winters and Kenneth Rexroth.

In his Preface to an anthology of *New British Poets* (New Directions), Mr. Rexroth argues for a poetry personal, sensuous, immediate, fluent to the needs of colloquial speech. Poetry, to his mind, is valuable mainly as an arational expression of personality. Impatient of the claims exerted by formal institutions and abstractly conceived systems of thought, Mr. Rexroth finds in the expression and gesture of the individual person the ultimate reality and value. The warm, the individual, the immediate—these are the values he seeks and attempts to propagate, and any claims contradictory to or tangentially conflicting with individual expression are, to his mind, not values.

Taken to their logical conclusion, his theories would require a poem to follow in detail the informing pattern of each experience which the poet may find valuable. There would be no logical progression from part to part, rather an alogical, an experiential progression and form. Hence the poem would derive uniqueness, concreteness, that novelty which is essential, as even Dr. Johnson assures us, to the success of any poem. It would also affirm the

value of personality and in so doing state implicitly an important general moral truth.

Dr. Winters in his collected essays (*In Defense of Reason*, William Morrow) approaches poetry from a very different point of view. Rexroth asks for a poetry expressive of personality; Winters for a poetry analytic of experience in terms of a guiding or motivating concept. Through an intensive examination and ordering of experience in terms of a universal truth the poet may communicate a unique moral act, and in so doing effect the creation and perpetuation of responsible humane traditions. Formality and regularity of pattern are essential to poetry; through the precision of his language and metrics, through logical ordering of experience, the poet makes a precise evaluation of his experience, discerns the meaning in it, or imposes upon it the order which he knows to be right. The norm of poetry is established not by the intensity of the experience but by the form toward which that experience should tend if it is to be seen for what it truly is.

Accepting Dr. Winters' definition of a poem as a unique moral act, we may say that Dr. Winters stresses the morality, Mr. Rexroth the uniqueness, of the poetic act. Dr. Winters argues that through exact moral evaluation of experience comes uniqueness; Mr. Rexroth argues that through passionate responsibility to experience comes universality. The difference is emphatic but not absolute; both men, and the more intelligent of their conscious disciples or reluctant accordants, are deeply concerned with ethical values and poetic craftsmanship, and both men would agree that a poem is essentially a unique moral act.

Ann Stanford's *The White Bird* is an excellent argument for Dr. Winters' point of view, for in this book she writes in strict accentual lines and formal stanzaic patterns of basic ethical and philosophical problems:

Ever in childhood heaven was a loud
Well lighted, empty, dull and pompous place
Offering only that I should not cease.
Yet it was long before that light went out.
Old ladies in falsetto from the choir

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

Rasped through the chorus of eternal love,
And there were memory verses learned to prove
A certain secret that I have no more.

Once she bursts out in indignant satirical comment on public affairs:

Self-criticism shows strange limitation
Which, good in man, is traitorous in a nation,
And those who would enforce conformity
Are those with whom the present times agree.
When fools have power, let wiser men beware;
To acquiesce in evil is to share.
The great who set the oily flood on fire
Must with their fellow citizens expire.

More often the clarity of her diction, the devoutness of her dedication to basic human processes, her exacting ethical sense, and the firmness of her poetic design all silently rebuke the idiocy here openly excoriated. Miss Stanford is a poet who prospers within the limits of the point of view presented by Dr. Winters.

Only at times does she fall into the error of flat platitudinizing to which the stress on morality leads many a poet. She is at once more fortunate and more skilled than Donald F. Drummond, who seems to forget at times in his *No Moat No Castle* (Allan Swallow) that the mere statement of value does not constitute poetry; morality is not enough. The main trouble with his poems is a tendency to equate the abstract word which expresses a value with the experienced value itself. His poems shun the perils of concreteness verging on obscurity and individuality on idiosyncrasy, but in so doing they often tend to lack particularity of reference to dramatic or concrete experience.

Several of the poems in *No Moat No Castle* appeared in *Poets of the Pacific*, Second Series (Stanford University Press), and from analysis of that collection we may come to see more clearly the risks entailed in Dr. Winters' theories. In *Poets of the Pacific* we find twelve contributors writing mainly in tight metrical and stanzaic patterns and sometimes perpetrating rhythmic atrocities:

Miscued by warmth to life too soon begun

THOMAS PARKINSON

but more typically gaining from such formal limitation an ability to speak in accents which in their formality evaluate and elucidate their subject, for instance the museumized hulk of a Sequoia:

Speechless to the wind, diurnal races
Once grew beyond your power to define.
Destruction out of time has measured worth.
Indefinite cause has managed your design.

Worth, measure, design, define: the basic motive of Dr. Winters' selected poets is implicit in the key words of the passage, for Pearce Young, W. Wesley Trimpi, Edgar Bowers—indeed, all the poets—are engaged in measuring worth by definite design. The aims and faults of the poetry are clear: the poems aim to analyze experience in terms of a guiding concept; but too often the concepts have nothing to analyze.

Dr. Winters in his Preface assures us that these are all poets with "experience," and at one point he seems to mean by experience merely travel and war. But this is to fall for the cliché notion that war is anything but an interruption of experience, and on that point there is plenty of room for argument. The best poems are those with simplest reference to basic human limits and needs, not those which reach out to public events or moral abstractions imperfectly handled because imperfectly understood. One striking instance of the tendency among these poets to equate poetic experience with generalized moral statements is this quatrain:

Mould sprouts in old shoes and empty heads,
The formulary tree and shallow skies,
Refuse refurbished for the inadequate mind,
A place where melancholy multiplies.

The quatrain form grants design certainly, and there is a keen vocal sense of language manifested in the last line as there is a deftness in the first. But *formulary tree* merely seems precise and the attempt to elucidate *empty heads* by the paraphrasing *inadequate mind* betrays a fear of imagery and an inability to trust the efficacy of the imagination. The question of what to make of mould sprouting in empty heads and old shoes is too large for the poetics at work,

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

which takes refuge in words of measure (*formulary*; later in the poem, *threnody*, *form*, *substance*).

The poems talk about form, will, meaning, intention, but rarely show these qualities in the terms of active moral evaluation. When the poets fail they do so because they do not trust their own imaginations. Of the poets in the book, Pearce Young and W. Wesley Trimpi are the most immediately interesting; they have in any event learned the one poetic essential that can be taught: the scope and rationale of the tradition of English poetry.

Returning to Mr. Drummond's *No Moat No Castle*: as he is by far the most satisfying of the twelve new poets of the Pacific, he manages to avoid the difficulties that beset Edgar Bowers, for instance; not yet sure of his idiom, not (I suspect) entirely satisfied with the limits which his general poetic orientation imposes on him, he still writes with a moving and direct clarity in conventional patterns that, he reminds us, remain alive to the proper tongue; for instance, this sonnet, "Dead Wife":

The prescient weather came, blue sage and snow
Were gathered in the wet drift of the fog,
And seven ring-necked pheasants in a row
Patrolled their cat-tail hospice down the bog.
Where pheasants hid, I saw above a stock
Of polished oak, sleep-risen from the mist,
Her slanted eyes alive, and dead as rock—
The fog-damp lips my hunting lips had kissed.

Shadows reached the shadows pressed on shadows
Where pheasants walk within the reed's protection:
This phantom came to me across the meadows
Gun-laden, slanting smiles in my direction
From long ago, when with this aging dog
We sought no pheasant and there was no fog.

If Mr. Drummond can hold to this level of technical accomplishment and avoid the flat abstractness that hampers so many of the contributors to the *Poets of the Pacific*, his work should be consistently (as it now is occasionally) of the first order. Certainly he and Miss Stanford are eloquent testimony to the efficacy of the point of view so

THOMAS PARKINSON

strongly and intelligently presented in Dr. Winters' *In Defense of Reason*.

Moving from the *Poets of the Pacific* to D. L. Emblen's *The Crow Tree* (Grundtvig Folk School) we come to work zestfully free of the inhibitions of accentual regularity, and I, at least, come to it with a sense of relief. Perhaps it's the difference between an academy and a folk school, a printed book and a mimeographed pamphlet, those superficial distinctions, that remind us of what art should be: an integration of present and past, of culture and civilization, of the local and the universal, the temporal and the timeless. For *here* is experience in all its roughness and lack of control; here is wonder, emotion, overt involvement in vital process. The poems are obviously and scarcely arranged, with much shouting and more than a little strain:

Ah, promise and warning!
How wild the moon appears tonight

The diction is violent and expansive, the prosody loose. After the *Poets of the Pacific*, *The Crow Tree* certifies Blake's outcry: "Damn braces, bless relaxes!"

Fun, certainly, and tempting, these poems are; it is easy to like them more than they deserve to be liked. And with William Everson's beautifully hand-printed *A Privacy of Speech* (Equinox Press), they stand in their independence and honesty as achievements of no small order. Mr. Everson's collected poems (*The Residual Years*, New Directions) and Mr. Emblen's *The Crow Tree* contain some of the freshest poetry of the rural West—Emblen writing of the Oregon forests, Everson of the San Joaquin Valley.

The arrangement of *The Residual Years* is unfortunate, for in order to trace Mr. Everson's development clearly we must read the last section first, then the second section, and last the first section. With Miss Stanford, for instance, this would not matter particularly; except for various levels of technical proficiency, her poems are all similarly concerned and constructed. The division of Mr. Everson's poems in three groups, however, shows if not a progression then at least a sequence of changes.

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

The early poems are nature poems written in the long meditative line of Robinson Jeffers; the second group uses a short alliterative line to dramatize certain typical modes of human consciousness and action; the later poems dramatize the personal life of the poet in a series of autobiographical narratives. The common thread running through the three sections is a certain attitude of reverence for life. The autobiographical section states the difficulty of retaining that attitude under the pressures of personal betrayal and incarceration in a camp for conscientious objectors. The section treating various types of humanity argues implicitly for compassionate contemplation of the current human predicament. The nature poems display tender regard for natural objects and processes:

We on that morning, working, faced south and east
where the sun was in winter at rising;
And looking up from the earth perceived the sky moving,
The sky that slid from behind without wind, and sank
to the sun,
And drew on it darkly: an eye that was closing.
The rain on that morning came like a woman with love,
And touched us gently, and the earth gently, and closed
down delicately in the morning,
So that all around were the subtle and intricate touchings.
The earth took them, the vines and the winter weeds,
But we fled them; and gaining the roof looked back a time,
Where the rain without wind came slowly, and love in her
touches.

The poetry analyzes in detail the personal motives and problems of the single man of conscience in a world gone murderous. Technically, the verse is rough; Mr. Everson's sense of what makes a poetic line is often unsteady, and the verse suffers at times from a too serene conviction that whatever happens to the poet is by definition interesting. For all these qualifications, *The Residual Years* remains, in its honesty and directness, a very impressive book.

The awkward earnestness of Mr. Everson's poetry finds its antithesis in Rosalie Moore's deft and gay celebration of the objective world. *The Grasshopper's Man* (Yale University Press) is based on the premise that objects are more sensible than anything. This is

THOMAS PARKINSON

true and leads to a poetry devoted to the tactile and visual sense of life. It leads, moreover, to a pictured world metaphorical to the point of being hallucinatory:

Driving by night in the weed rain
Down rails of light
Among posts and the barking frogs,

With the life-sized spring of things as they pass
Into waters and windshields—
Have you seen them rear
With loom of giraffes and lupins as we ride,
The dark passing us like a freight?

We are going to meet a train to meet a train
to meet a Who and a train.
It will come with racket of rocks
Like a blooming of boxes.

The rain is "weed" in the sense of being rank and omnipresent; the rails of light are either the beams of headlights which the rest of the car must follow or the light posts of the highway (or both). The dark passes like a freight, with noise and somberly without lights yet remaining in an important sense solid. The train will arrive "Like a blooming of boxes," that is, it comes triumphantly and unexpectedly.

This analysis does not, of course, exhaust the possible associations of the lines, but it tells us something of Miss Moore's poetic endeavor. She abjures consistently the platitude of statement and searches out the most suggestive metaphorical identification and the most active verb. Her verse is a continual surprise, and her urge is to shock readers out of lethargy into awareness. Her imagery raises continual questions: In what sense are stars "pimpled"? How is light similar to feathers? Is a snowstorm "in its glass"? Is light "berried"? How can a tongue be thick with galleys?

The great charm of the poetry is its ability to lift us clear out of the ordinary world into a world metaphorically free, full of unexpected relations and novel solidities. After the initial shock, it is even possible to be at peace in the poetry and welcome the

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

waltz tree, the cricket of star, the marsh behind the moon, and the rice-small face. To have reached this point is to have been educated to certain possibilities of poetry. In spite of a textural density that leaves us at times without any definite sense of what the poetry is doing, Miss Moore is always interesting and often exciting. The difficulty with her poems is a certain vagueness of total intent and effect, so that she writes not poems but sequences of images—clean, exact, and suggestive in themselves but not comprehensible as related objects. Her failures and successes both arise from her tendency to equate significant experience with the touch and sight of dis-related objects. Her teacher is Lawrence Hart, leader of the Activist group which includes many interesting poets and exerts a considerable influence in the San Francisco Bay area. Her inventive freedom, her imaginative precision, her questionable metrics and obscure general designs all grow from the discipline of the Activist school. It would be nice if Miss Moore could go to school to Dr. Winters for a while now, and Mr. Drummond to Mr. Hart; these would be marriages of the sun and moon, and as likely. Such union would effect a poetry rich in texture, clear and effective in design, metrically subtle, and in the best sense inventive.

Turning now to poets more generally known, we find that Muriel Rukeyser has published two books of verse and her autobiography in the last two years. In *The Life of Poetry* (A. A. Wyn) Miss Rukeyser makes a distinction between two types of poetry that correspond with the two types of poetry represented by her recent publications. In comparing Whitman and Melville, she speaks of Melville as a poet of "outrage," that is, a poet who concentrates upon the insult and injury to which the limits of life subject human beings; she sees Whitman, on the other hand, as the poet of "possibility," who affirms the unlimited potentialities of mankind and praises future possibilities. In her *Elegies* (New Directions) and *Orpheus* (Centaur Press) she attempts to figure a unification of these two extremes. The *Elegies* are general and cosmic in their reference, brooding upon the confusion and bitterness of human fate, attempting finally to arrive at some affirmation of hope within despair. The poems communicate a special atmosphere of darkness interrupted

THOMAS PARKINSON

by the fitful emergence of images of possibility and—chiefly—outrage:

All broken promises, adulterate release—
Cast in the river of Death, charred surface of waste,
A downward soulset, never the old heaven
held for a moment as breath held underwater;
but we must rise into a breathing world.
And this dark bellowing century, on its knees—?
If all this must go down, it must.
And all this brilliance go to dust?
Only the meanings can remain alive.
When the cemeteries are military objectives
and love's a downward drawing at the heart
and every letter bears the stamp of death.

There is no solution. There is no happiness.
Only the range must be taken, a way be found to use
the inmost frenzy and the outer doom.

In its occasional flatness and even banality ("If all this must go down . . .") and certainly in the honest seriousness of its concerns, this is reasonably typical of the *Elegies*. The series of poems dramatizes a sense of contemporary life which sees human experience as a series of nightmares surrounded by abysses.

If the *Elegies* stress outrage, *Orpheus* affirms possibility. As I understand Miss Rukeyser's *Orpheus*, it is an allegory of poetic love; the poet is a prototype of humanity, who only from personal sacrifice and suffering can wrest meaning and purpose. The death of Orpheus is creative in effect and from this death comes birth:

His death is the birth of the god.
He sings the coming things, he sings arrivals,
The blood reversing from the soaked ground, warmth
passing over the lands where now barren resists,
fertile and wet invite, all in their way receive.
And all the weapons meld into his song.
The weapons, the wounds, the women his murderers.
He sings the leaves of the trees, the music of
immense forests,
the young arriving, the leaf of time and their selves
their crying for their need and their successes,

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

developing through these to make their gifts.

In flower.

All who through crises of the body pass
to the human life and the music of the source.

This birth transfigures mountain, cloud, and city. The unity of birth and death underlies the apparent disordering and even dismembering of the flesh, and from "cyclic dependence" will in time—through song, the life of poetry—come the unification of temporal and eternal which is the poet's concern; the unification of outrage and possibility to form a new and triumphant entity:

To have gone through.
To live and begin again.
The body alive and offering,
whole, up and alive,
and to all men, man and woman,
and to all the unborn,
the mouth shall sing
music past wounding
and the song begin

Always stimulating as a poet, Miss Rukeyser in these three volumes shows clearly that she has emerged from her early concern with social injustice to a more fundamental concern with the problems of general human mythology and integration. The *Orpheus*, by its fixed and formal subject matter, restrains her from a certain rhetorical diffuseness that marks the *Elegies*, and from that discipline she may well chasten and strengthen her poetic sense.

Theodore Roethke's *The Lost Son and Other Poems* (Doubleday and Company) presents a considerable advance over his earlier and very fine *Open House*. A long analysis of Mr. Roethke's verse has appeared recently in the *Sewanee Review*, and surely his is one of the most remarkable poetic talents in the country at present. His preoccupations are various, but a large proportion of the poems are devoted to the rankness of plant growth and the dolor of standardized human life:

I have known the inexorable sadness of pencils,
Neat in their boxes, dolor of pad and paper-weight,

THOMAS PARKINSON

All the misery of manila folders and mucilage,
Desolation in immaculate public places,
Lonely reception room, lavatory, switchboard,
The unalterable pathos of basin and pitcher,
Ritual of multigraph, paper-clip, comma,
Endless duplication of lives and objects.
And I have seen dust from the walls of institutions,
Finer than flour, alive, more dangerous than silica,
Sift, almost invisible, through long afternoons of tedium,
Dropping a fine film on nails and delicate eyebrows,
Glazing the pale hair, the duplicate gray standard faces.

The antithesis between this sort of sadness and the fertility of growth is implicit but continually present. Thus "Weed Puller":

Under the concrete benches,
Hacking at black hairy roots,—
Those lewd monkey-tails hanging from drainholes,—
Digging into the soft rubble underneath,
Webs and weeds,
Grubs and snails and sharp sticks,
Or yanking tough fern-shapes,
Coiled green and thick, like dripping smilax,
Tugging all day at preverse life:
The indignity of it!—
With everything blooming above me,
Lilies, pale-pink cyclamen, roses,
Whole fields lovely and inviolate,—
Me down in that feter of weeds,
Crawling on all fours,
Alive, in a slippery grave.

Mr. Roethke uses various forms, preferring mainly free verse in alliterative patterns and short rhymed accentual lines. With the publication of *The Lost Son*, we have on the Pacific Coast one more poet who can stand comparison with the very best poets now writing.

In the Introduction to *The Signature of All Things* (New Directions) Kenneth Rexroth points out that this book, unlike his earlier collections, contains no long philosophical poem:

Neither are there any poems to heroes and martyrs of social conflict this time, and few directly socially critical or exhortative poems. These are all

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY

simple, personal poems, as close as I can make them to integral experience. Perhaps the integral person is more revolutionary than any program, party, or social conflict. At least I have come to think so.

The book contains various lyrics, learned nearly always, witty often, finely wrought consistently, marked by a visual sense which often elevates sight to the realm of vision. Thus in the title poem he sets the objective natural scene; then he gazes

. . . . through shade
Folded into shade of slender
Laurel trunks and leaves filled with sun.
The wren broods in her moss domed nest.
A newt struggles with a white moth
Drowning in the pool. The hawks scream,
Playing together on the ceiling
Of heaven. The long hours go by.

He remembers the valued experience of his life, and then

The evil of the world sinks.
My own sin and trouble fall away
Like Christian's bundle, and I watch
My forty summers fall like falling
Leaves and falling water held
Eternally in summer air.

In many respects *The Signature of All Things* is the most quietly imposing of the books considered in this review. The appeal of the book is from temperament to temperament, and it asks not reading only but contemplation and communion. At times certainly the self-dramatization ("I think of all the mountains I have climbed") becomes offensive and even a little pompous. Mainly, however, the consistent precision of imagery, the delicate variation of cadence, the indignation and urbanity of tone all combine to form a whole which is graceful, persuasive, and often deeply moving:

My sorrow is so wide
I cannot see across it;
And so deep I shall never
Reach the bottom of it.
The moon sinks through deep haze,

THOMAS PARKINSON

As though the Kings' River Canyon
Were filled with fine, warm, damp gauze.
Saturn gleams through the thick light
Like a gold, wet eye; nearby
Antares glows faintly,
Without sparkle. Far overhead,
Stone shines darkly in the moonlight—
Lookout Point, where we lay
In another full moon, and first
Peered down into this canyon. . . .

At their best these poems are significant testimonies to the force and beauty of the integral man, much as Miss Stanford's poems are eloquent tributes to the dignity of moral clarity. Both Mr. Rexroth and Miss Stanford, who have served as instances of the two extremes of the expressive and the constructive artist, point to irreducible and constant realities, the realities of love, grief, and personal responsibility, which mark the world in which we do in fact live.

Whether any of the books here considered contains an immortal or even a successful poem seems to me a silly question. The important thing is that the poets here considered can heighten and refine our awareness of human life, make it possible for us to endure more firmly, to see more clearly, to know more adequately, the life that we daily face.

It has been said that art is what is left when the ruins are cleared away. When we clear our minds of the spectacle of great nations sliding down a greased pole into Hell, when we turn our attention to the basic realities of our own existence, to what will remain when the ruins are cleared away, we are left with the concerns of the poets. We are left, that is to say, with the fact that mortal men are born into a world of great potential beauty, that they love, suffer, grieve, and—being mortal—die; and that they are responsible for their lives. This, the poets tell us, is all, or at least the basis of all; and with that knowledge in mind we should perhaps not be (as we now are) so reckless of life. Poetry—and for this we should be thankful—is loyal not to the political situation but to the human condition.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR,

by Robert E. Fitch

IT IS ONE of the signs of the times in the United States of America that, while the free spirits in the 1920's were reading H. L. Mencken, the free spirits in the 1940's have been reading Reinhold Niebuhr. This is a statement which is not likely to be greeted with enthusiasm by the partisans of either man. For Mencken's perspective was secular and anticlerical, while Niebuhr's is religious and specifically Christian. Furthermore, it is unlikely that those who once relished Mencken's diatribes against American mores have been able to preserve their taste for radical social criticism long enough to appreciate the fulminations of the later prophet of the Lord.

Nevertheless, the cultural historian will recognize that there are profound affinities between these two writers. Both of them belong in the great tradition of the prophet as social critic. Each in his own way has been pre-eminent as a debunker of American customs and ideologies. No doubt the immediate etymology of debunker comes from the period of the muckrakers, and signifies one who shows up the buncombe in all our pretensions to respectability. But there is a more ancient, classical etymology in the sense in which Giordano Bruno applied the label to himself, and in which it might well have been applied to the prophet Amos. In this sense the debunker is one who literally spills people out of the bunks of ease on which they recline—dumping their persons unceremoniously on the floor, and scattering about the room all the sham symbols of comfort and of security with which they have covered themselves. Thus the true debunker is the great Castigator of Complacency. And whether he be an Amos or a Bruno, a Nietzsche or a Carlyle, a Mencken or a Niebuhr, we dub him with the title of his calling—*Excubitor*!

This is not to belittle in any way the important difference in the total perspective of a Niebuhr or of a Mencken—or the difference in the roots of their radicalism. Indeed, I should argue that Mencken's radicalism, because it was a seed which fell in shallow ground,

EXCUBITOR!

where there was no deepness of earth, was bound to wither away after a brief but luxuriant and colorful growth. The fact is that Mencken is now a sober conservative in scholarship, and almost a reactionary on social and political issues. And his once ardent apostles, having had their fling early in life, have at last done what all secular Bad Boys eventually do—they have crawled back into their bunks. Certainly they have gone a long way from the beer-swilling, tobacco-chewing moral and intellectual bolshevism once celebrated by their master. Niebuhr's intransigence, however, is rooted deep in an ancient and ample religious tradition which enables him to stand one way against the heat of high noon, and to stand another way against the storm and lightnings which come next. So it is that, instead of turning reactionary in the time of his maturity, Niebuhr continues to grow in grace as a radical critic of our society.

In any case, whether we relish him for his Christian piety or for his social profanity, it is worth our while to achieve an intelligent understanding of the contemporary American master of the art of debunking. For Niebuhr is unquestionably one of the pre-eminent intellectuals in our world today. He is a journalist of long experience whose record proves that he has been able to call his shots with a degree of continuous accuracy that not many distinguished newspaper columnists can match. He is certainly the most influential single theologian in the English-speaking Protestant world in our generation. And were it not for the current American convention of the twofold truth—the divorce between learning and piety which obtains in so many of our great universities—he would probably be recognized as the most brilliant and original thinker on the American scene since John Dewey went into ostensible retirement.

II

The first clue to the power and profundity of Niebuhr's thought lies in his voluntarism. By this I mean his awareness of the funda-

mental role of the will—whether it be merely Schopenhauer's will-to-live, or Nietzsche's will-to-power, or the more Christian will as aspiration after truth and beauty and nobility of soul.

Indeed, it is this voluntarism which sets off Niebuhr so sharply from most of his Anglo-American contemporaries. It explains why, from the very beginning, he has been at home in this madly voluntaristic world of ours, and has been able so well to read its symptoms, and to predict the course of its maladies. It is significant, for instance, that while, in the 'twenties and 'thirties, the more alertly progressive minds in philosophy were edifying their intellects with rational discourses on dialectical materialism, Niebuhr had already assimilated Marx, perceived the basic affinities between communism and capitalism as materialistic ideologies, and cut through to the underlying drives and urges which were molding our civilization. And surely if there is any key to understanding our age after the second World War, it is to be found in Machiavelli more than in Marx, in Hobbes and Nietzsche more than in Adam Smith and John Locke.

Niebuhr's voluntarism and his romanticism are evident also in his preoccupation with myth, metaphor, and symbol. He is aware that human imagination perceives truth more adequately than does human reason. So he argues that the dimension of depth in life can be apprehended by insight when it is not comprehended by conscious intellect, "for the will to live and the will to live nobly are both irrational, the one sub-rational and the other ultra-rational." Hence in theology he explores carefully the meanings of the doctrines of the fall of man, of the bodily resurrection, of the second coming of Christ, and of the day of judgment, as myths which "must be taken seriously if they are not taken literally." Likewise, in the field of social philosophy, he understands the symbolic and liturgical functions of so many of the seemingly objective reasons and impersonal techniques of our culture. Indeed, some of his critics are disposed to urge that all the truth Niebuhr really believes in is what Guyau called the *illusion féconde*.

A talent for shrewd psychological analysis is a part of Niebuhr's skill. Like a good voluntarist he has assimilated his Freud, Jung,

and Adler, but his interpretations of human nature have a richness of texture and a depth of insight beyond the bounds of the Viennese school. He is always sensitive to the complexity of human motives, and to the contradiction between what lies on the surface and what is hidden in the depths, as he is also aware of the infinite proliferation of plural consequences, intended or unintended, that flows from any one act. One of the best examples of this talent is to be found in his essay on "Humour and Faith" in *Discerning the Signs of the Times*. This essay, I think, is one of the most brilliant studies of humor we have had in a generation, for it goes way beyond any merely mechanistic analysis. Recognizing that the sense of humor is based on the perception of incongruities, Niebuhr distinguishes between the pagan humor, extolled by Hobbes, whereby we laugh at the discomfiture of another, and the Christian humor, touched by humility, whereby we learn to laugh at ourselves. In the last analysis, when we are confronted by the ultimate and tragic incongruities of life, we are compelled to move beyond humor to either faith or despair. If at such a moment we laugh, then our laughter is shrill and obscene like the hysterical cackling of the insane. If at such a moment we have faith, then it must be a faith which goes beyond reason and gives us the victory through the foolishness of the cross.

Niebuhr's skill in the psychology of the individual is one with his skill in social diagnosis. If his writings in this field have not had as wide a circulation as they merit, then this is partly due to occasional difficulties in his style, and partly due to the American academic convention which resolutely excludes theologians from the class of intellectuals. It is also due to the unrelenting hostility of Christian pacifists, who cannot forgive him for his thesis, elaborated in detail, that they are unable to distinguish between "the peace of capitulation to tyranny and the peace of the kingdom of God." Most of all, however, it is simply due to the fact that, like a true prophet, he has been ahead of the insights of his time. When Bertrand Russell published his excellent treatise on *Power* in 1938, he gave it the subtitle of "a new social analysis." But the gist of this "new social analysis" had already been brilliantly set forth by Niebuhr in *Moral Man and Immortal Society* in 1932, in *Reflections on the End of an Era* in

1934, and in *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics* in 1935. When at a much later date Mr. Burnham published his able work on *The Machiavellians*, he enjoyed the publicity that comes with good journalistic timing, and also reaped some of the harvest that had been prepared by his theological fellow in New York City.

As an incorrigible voluntarist, moreover, Niebuhr stands in opposition to John Dewey on the role of reason. While Dewey teaches that reason is the problem-solver, Niebuhr teaches, on the contrary, that reason is itself the great problem. For reason may function as the tool of pride and of the will-to-power, or it may function as the tool of complacency and of sensuality. What our civilization needs most is not the rationale of a method but the dynamic of a motive. That motive cannot be the prudential calculus of consequences, nor allegiance to a scientific spirit of tentativeness, nor loyalty to a rationally formulated moral law. That motive must have in it the "madness of a religious morality" which alone is able "to create a white heat of sublime emotion which devours all lesser passions and interests, leaving the soul purged of its distracting and confusing preoccupations and redirected toward the highest goal it is able to conceive."

Niebuhr's romantic and voluntaristic revulsion against the rationalistic bias of our American bourgeois culture is summed up in a purple passage in his *Reflections on the End of an Era*. Here he speaks like the prophet Amos in warning and in judgment:

The liberal soul is pedestrian and uninspired. Its moral philosophy is always utilitarian and practical. It avoids the fanaticisms and passions of the servants of the absolute and goes about its business to tame life and bring larger and larger areas of human society into its circles of humane goodwill and prudent reciprocity. But liberalism can tame life only if it is fairly tame to begin with. It knows how to make life decent, intelligent and sociable in the comfortable atmosphere of a suburban village; and it is not unserviceable as the guiding genius of, say, an international conference on trade. In such an enterprise it softens prejudices and animosities and enhances mutual accord by considerations of prudence. But when life is not tame in the first instance, when it expresses itself in terms of tempest and fury and when it is driven by impulses arising from compelling immediate necessities or by dreams of the final good, by hunger or by sublime passion, the liberal soul

is baffled and confused. It does not know what to do with life-as-nature, except, like the Lilliputians, spin gossamer threads around the giant and be surprised when the giant brushes its little restraints aside. Nor is it any more effective with life which yearns after the absolute and seeks by some heroic adventure or by some self-denying ordinance to burst the bounds of nature and to find rest in pure spirit. The liberal soul produces neither warriors nor saints, heroes nor rebels, and it is ill at ease when confronted with their fury and their passion. The manifestations of life which reveal its darkest depths and its sublimest heights leave the liberal soul in baffled confusion. The prudent and shrewd calculations of its reason are unable to cope with life when it is totally unreasonable or when it strives with imprudent passion to achieve perfect rationality and purity. Confronted with a Lenin or a Napoleon on the one hand or a Francis or a Tolstoi on the other it can only deprecate their fanaticism and regret their ignorance of the principles of sociology.*

In such a circumstance are not humanism, evolutionism, educationism, experimentalism, liberalism, and modernism even as Amaziah, the pontiff at Bethel, smugly assuring the people that it is yet the chosen one of God? But the voice that is raised against them is no voice of a priest pattering oracles for pay. It is a voice which speaks in words that are flame-tipped with fury and with scorn. It is the voice of the prophet of the Lord—Reinhold Niebuhr, *Excubitor!*

III

While voluntarism is the clue to the specific genius of Niebuhr, it is nevertheless important to place him in the larger tradition to which he belongs. This is the great American tradition of empiricism and pragmatism of which William James and John Dewey are principal representatives.

For one thing it is Niebuhr's pragmatism and empiricism which set him off from the dialectical and neo-orthodox theologians—Barth and Brunner—to whom he is usually assimilated. Like them he has a feeling for the contradictions and tensions of life. Beginning with his diary of a working pastor, *Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic*, and continuing to the present, Niebuhr makes unrelenting commentary on the polarities of experience. He broods

* *Reflections on the End of an Era* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934), pp. 261-62.

over the compromises that are inevitable in the ministry, balances Aristotelian moderation against the Christian absolute of love, opposes the petrification of orthodoxy to the decay inherent in religious modernism, contrasts poetic truth with scientific truth, notes the split in morals between cynics and sentimentalists, watches the play in society between inertia and fanaticism, and sees us forever driven back and forth between the twin evils of tyranny and anarchy. The list of antinomies in human conduct observed by him can be extended at great length. But the point is that Niebuhr's dialectic, instead of being derived from some a priori formula, has its roots deep in human experience.

Paradoxically, it is Niebuhr's very empiricism which excludes him from the official school of empirical theology in the United States. To the apostles of this theology more than to any other group he is anathema. It is true that he has no kinship with them—with their anxious effort to formulate God's nature as an empirically verifiable proposition, with their reverence for the current formula for scientific method as though it were the key to the whole of experience—so eager for the latest thing from Whitehead, Russell, Eddington, and Einstein! For Niebuhr knows that science and scientific method are only one phase of a total reality. His empiricism is enriched by a tremendous range of appreciations in history and tradition, in literature, philosophy, and the arts, in religion and in society, which gives to his writing its breadth of meaning and of suggestive insight. It is just the lack of these values that makes much empirical theology so unrewarding in its bleakness and barrenness.

Again, it is Niebuhr's pragmatism which distinguishes his skepticism from the skepticism of the regnant school of logical positivism in philosophy. Positivism, one may say, is the incarnation of the mood of philosophic funk—the intellectual expression of the spiritual paralysis that crept over the earth after the first World War, just as Comte's positivism was the intellectual expression of the spiritual paralysis of the Continent after the Napoleonic Wars. Like most secular movements of skepticism, it simply provides an excuse for ignoring problems too onerous and too fraught with significance for a spiritually torpid generation, and at the same time leaves the field

open for occupation by the more crassly sensuous superstitions and ideologies. But Reinhold Niebuhr knows that man cannot live by antiseptics alone. His skepticism has been more penetrating than that of the positivists—and, for that matter, more truly scientific—because, instead of elaborating a general theory of truth and error, he has kept his attention focused on specific areas of illusion, and has exploded each false hypothesis by considering its implications and its consequences and by pointing to more fruitful alternatives. And his social skepticism has been more caustic, more searing in its destructiveness, because he did not try to think away the world by retreating into a mole's hole, but sprang upon it from a thundercloud—even as lightning from eternity strikes into time.

It is especially instructive, however, to compare Reinhold Niebuhr with his great American contemporary, John Dewey. The resemblances between the two men are as noteworthy as their differences. Each has been a persistent and severe critic of the dualistic anthropology of classical Greece. Each insists—in theory—on granting equal status to the vital, or biological aspects of human nature and to the spiritual and rational aspects. The two thinkers are alike, moreover, in affirming that both the good and the bad—the image of God and the creatureliness of man—are complexly rooted in all phases of human behavior. Also, while Dewey does not speak of sin, he should be delighted with Niebuhr's distinction of sin into the polar opposites of pride and of sensuality; for Niebuhr's attack on pride and on perfectionism is simply the theological equivalent of Dewey's long assault on absolutisms of any sort; and Niebuhr's criticism of sensuality parallels Dewey's long warfare against sensationalism. Moreover, it is a purely verbal matter that Dewey likes to speak of truth as plural, relative, and evolving, while Niebuhr prefers to speak paradoxically of "having, and not having, the truth." Both have in common a sense of the relativity of all historical judgments.

The affinities and the differences between the two men are brought to light if we read together two books of theirs which deal with a common problem—Niebuhr's *Nature and Destiny of Man* and Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct*—and two books which deal

with a common social situation—Niebuhr's *Reflections on the End of an Era* and Dewey's *Individualism Old and New*. Here it is evident that each in his own way is a good pragmatist, but that Dewey has a bias toward rationalism and empiricism, while Niebuhr has a bias toward romanticism and voluntarism. John Dewey, like Calvin Coolidge, was quarried out of the granite hills of Vermont, and some of the granitic common sense and shrewd Yankee rationalism of Vermont remain with him as part of his genius. On the other hand, Niebuhr's spiritual birthplace—whatever his physical birthplace—was the storm and stress, the thunderclouds and the lightning bolts of German romantic philosophy and theology. Dewey's practical experience was in the relatively sane and sober environment of the experimental schoolroom, while Niebuhr's training was in the hurly-burly of the great industrial center of Detroit. Thus Dewey has a keener appreciation of the possibilities of organized intelligence than Niebuhr will ever have, and Niebuhr has a keener sensitivity to the brute, irrational forces—both ennobling and degrading—which stir human nature.

At bottom, I should like to suggest, the difference between these two contemporary American pragmatists is one of temperament—a difference, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, between "sweetness and light" and "fire and strength." Niebuhr loves the excitement of the extremes; Dewey, the experimental mean. In Niebuhr's writings the mean can be found only as a theoretical line which plots an imaginary path between the two extremes; in Dewey's writings the extremes exist chiefly as the Scylla and the Charybdis between which he steers an even course. Or else, for Dewey, the extremes are polarities, of which the energies may blend into an emergent harmony; for Niebuhr, they are contradictions, the tension between which may be rarely creative but usually yields nothing better than an "impossible possibility." Dewey is always the steady pedestrian; Niebuhr never walks—he always soars.

Why is it, one may ask, that Niebuhr has frequently expressed himself in print on Dewey, but that Dewey has never offered his opinion of Niebuhr? Is Dewey's silence on this point attributable, perhaps, to his experiencing, in the presence of Niebuhr, the same

ROBERT E. FITCH

confusion to which Confucius is alleged to have given utterance upon meeting Lao-Tse?—"When I meet one whose thoughts fly upward like a bird, I can aim an arrow and bring him to earth. When I meet one whose thoughts range far and wide like the running deer, like a hound I can pursue and drag him down. When I meet one whose thoughts dive into the deeps, like an angler I can bait my hook and pull him to shore. But when I meet one whose thoughts rush heavenward like the flight of the dragon and lose themselves in the immensities, what power have I? When he speaks, I listen with wonder. My mind is troubled and perplexed."*

Thus, forever, the sage in the presence of the seer! Not for him to follow the heavenward rush of the Great Dragon!

IV

The comparison between Dewey and Niebuhr may suggest that my attitude toward Niebuhr is not one of unqualified adoration. Indeed, having had the privilege of sitting at the feet of both of these great teachers, I think I could easily elaborate a critique of Niebuhr in terms of what he fails to understand in Dewey, and in terms of what he might profitably learn from Dewey. Right now my concern, however, is simply to take hold of an important phenomenon in our religious and intellectual life, and to try to place it intelligently in its context in our total culture.

One obvious clue to Niebuhr's genius lies in his literary style. Certainly there are obscurities here which baffle many a lay reader, but there are also some significant talents. One is a talent for the vivid and dramatic use of symbol and metaphor, especially as these are found in the universal language of the Bible. Another is a talent for artless alliteration and assonance—as when he deploras the kind of religion "which has reduced life's ultimate and ineffable truth to a pat little formula which a proud little man expounds before a comfortable and complacent congregation." Still another lies in the occasional flash of epigrammatic utterance with which his pages are illuminated: "The will-to-power uses reason, as kings

* L. Adams Beck, *The Story of Oriental Philosophy* (New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1928), pp. 246-47.

use courtiers and chaplains, to add grace to its enterprise." "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." Finally, in his best writing—the essays in *Beyond Tragedy* and in *Reflections on the End of an Era*—there is a sense of sweep and of movement, of swift insight and of burning passion, that conveys an extraordinary feeling of power. Here, indeed, the romantic and the voluntarist in Niebuhr are fully revealed, for his vision hurries him on so rapidly that, often, he cannot pause to set it off with points of punctuation. A more analytic writer, like this one, is tempted to make him a present of a carload of commas.

Both his literary and his intellectual skills incline him to the role of the prophet more than to the role of the philosopher. Among other things, he has the Hebrew prophetic talent for fierce polemic, for sharp ridicule, for incisive and satirical portraiture: some of his critics, when they take hold of him, recoil as though they had grasped a stinging nettle. His place in literature, therefore, is likely to be in the company of thinkers like Carlyle and Nietzsche. For Niebuhr has been for the early twentieth century—what they were for the nineteenth century—the great Castigator of Complacency!—crying out to the children of this generation that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called," but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. If Niebuhr's transvaluation of values has a different outcome from that of Nietzsche, it is nevertheless true that, as with Nietzsche, and as with Carlyle, and as with Mencken, the flaming sword of his criticism swings most fiercely among the complacencies, the smug rationalizations, the covert cowardices, the fraudulent pretensions, and the ignoble aspirations of a sanctimoniously decadent generation. In this respect he shares in that common heritage which brings together both the religious prophet and the secular satirist; and he participates in their strength of disciplined feeling, in their *saeva indignatio*, in their sensitivity, insight, passion, and power.

Moreover, if at times Niebuhr appears to be an irrationalist, then his is a magnificent irrationalism. There are places in his writings when he reminds one of the superb arrogance of a Rous-

seau, at the beginning of the *Discourse on Human Inequality*: "*Commençons donc par écarter tous les faits, car ils ne touchent point à la question!*"—Let us begin by dismissing all the facts, since they have no bearing on the question!" Thus Niebuhr impatiently brushes aside the facts and the reasons adduced by the apologists of this age, because he knows that these facts and these reasons are true and valid only within the field of a bourgeois, rationalistic frame of reference; and he means to shatter that frame with a mightier and more inclusive perspective, with its romantic depths of insight, with its voluntaristic surges of power, and with its full dimensions of time and of eternity.

Orthodox critics, of course, will insist that there is an important structure of categories in Niebuhr's thought. They will point to such works of his as *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, the Gifford lectures on *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, and the recent book on *Faith and History*. Here Niebuhr is the systematic theologian, and so, perforce, in spite of his denunciations of reason, he must play the reasoner. Naturally it is these works which make pre-eminent appeal to the philosopher and to the theologian. Here they can recognize Niebuhr as one of their own clan of rationalists, and have at him according to the rules of the game.

This writer, nevertheless, must express the hope that Niebuhr will keep the prophet uppermost over the theologian: that, from a rich background of readings in religion, philosophy, psychology, and the social sciences, and from a wealth of keen observation of, and sensitive response to the deeper social currents of his day, he shall, again and again, bring his total mind into concentrated focus on the affairs of this age, illuminating some small segment of time as with a transcendent light, and exhibiting to the rest of us the revelatory power of events in history when viewed under the aspect of eternity. It will be understandable, of course, if he should wish further to elaborate his formal theology. But if he does so, his formal theology will be only the framework which enables his ideas to be hung in the gallery of the religiously great. For men will not come to gaze upon the framework. They will come to look upon the picture: to note its passionate hues of vitality, its brilliant

chiaroscuro of spiritual insight, its somber background shades of evil and of tragedy, its vital draftsmanship, and the moving and sometimes romantically disordered rhythm of its composition. And looking upon it, they will know that here is something more than science and reason. Here is life and spirit!

. . . . into my wastebasket goes the latest invitation to hear a distinguished speaker warn the thoughtful businessmen of our community against the perils of collectivism. On occasion I have sampled some of these anticollectivist speakers in Who's Who. The number of associations, i.e., collectives, they belong to is remarkable. It must be some form of psychic compensation, for, invariably, the more collectives a man joins, the louder he chants the personal enterprise of Robinson Crusoe.

—“Childe Herald” in *The Rocky Mountain Herald*

Love's Husbandry

JULIE SLOANE

I sometimes think where there has kindness been
And perfect joy and gentleness, that sin
Is far too strong a word. But rightly used:
For flesh of those who love is truly fused,
But flesh divided, once the fever's done,
Divides the mind, admits corruption.

Yet love has antibodies stored away
That move as one to counteract decay,
And what was sick, restored, proves doubly sound,
And heart's to flesh so intimately bound
No alien presence could again break in;
Not even the unsinewed ghost of sin.

THE BELEAGUERED WAGON TRAIN

IF I MAY BE SO BOLD—most of the contributors to this particular department have scarcely been skeptics in the proper sense of the word. They did not wish to express a *doubt* in the matter. No, almost without exception, they knew precisely of what they were speaking. They were overthrowing a tradition. To use a now outmoded term, they were “debunkers.” But they were not skeptics, because they knew what they believed.

In this present attempt, however, I present myself as merely a doubter. By the very nature of the matter, absolute truth can perhaps never be known. Moreover, I present myself as a reluctant doubter. I am questioning a very beautiful and revered American legend.

There are many scenes which are enshrined in the hearts, or perhaps it would be better to say, engraved upon the visual memories, of all good Americans. One of these is The Beleaguered Wagon Train. We have seen it, in picture and motion picture and cartoon. We have read about it in stories.

I scarcely need to offer a description. The covered wagons have been driven into a circle, women and children, oxen and horses sheltering inside. From between the spokes, the men shoot outward with

their long rifles, and on the outside of the circle, the Indians gallop, shooting their arrows at the wagons from underneath the necks of the ponies. What will be the outcome? We are not sure, but usually our side, the people in the wagon train, may be expected to beat off the attack, although suffering casualties.

My skepticism is upon the whole matter. Was ever a wagon train thus attacked by Indians? I have never found in a historical work, or in an original diary of covered-wagon travel, any such actual occurrence. I have not, of course, read all the historical works or all the diaries, although I have read a great many of them. But even if I had read all of them and had found no such event recorded, even this would not constitute absolute proof that it had not. It might have occurred, and its record have been preserved only in oral tradition. Still, my inability to locate a single example outside of fiction entitles me to a provisional skepticism.

Let me go a little further and try to demonstrate why, for merely tactical reasons, it was a very unlikely situation to arise. Wagon trains, it is true, were frequently arranged in a circle at night. But when the wagon train was so arranged, why would any Indians attack it? They

by Major Arthur Ames

would have been at a very great disadvantage, would probably have been unsuccessful, and would have encouraged heavy casualties. As Mark Twain would have maintained, only "Fenimore Cooper Indians" would have been so stupid. To ride round and round, trying to get to effective bow-and-arrow range while riflemen under cover picked you off, was not a sound military maneuver, and the Plains Indians were excellent tacticians, as their many victories over the United States Army can testify.

On the other hand, if these mounted Indians were planning to attack the wagon train, why did they not just wait until it had uncoiled itself and was stretched out upon the trail, hopelessly exposed? At such a time a sudden dash of mounted warriors could very likely have thrown the whole train into confusion and captured it with almost no loss to the attackers.

This latter is a situation represented in Remington's famous picture, "The Emigrants." According to Remington's biographer, this "is said to be based" on an actual occurrence. Yet even here I must be skeptical. Those mounted Indians have just executed with split-second timing that most difficult of military maneuvers, a double envelopment. To do so, as the background of the picture shows, they have ridden for at least a mile across the open plain.

Yet nobody sighted them in that interval. Not a single rifle is blazing from the wagon train, and the boy who is striking with his oxgoad has apparently not even had time to run for the shelter of a wagon. Were all those people deaf, not to hear the pounding of hoofs, even if not one of them happened to look either to right or to left? Remington has the reputation of being accurate to the last belt buckle, but I am afraid that "The Emigrants" shows him more concerned with costume than with larger happenings.

To return, however, to the original point in question, we should consider something of the conditions of covered-wagon emigration. Nearly all the plains-crossings occurred between the year 1842 and the beginning of the Civil War. During that time, the Plains Indians were peaceful in their relations with the United States. If they had not been, there simply would have been no covered-wagon emigration. The Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho could absolutely have closed the route, as they certainly did when they took to their war ponies in the 'sixties. In the 'forties and 'fifties, however, the emigrants actually had their trouble, not with the powerful Plains tribes, but with the thieving Paiutes of the Great Basin. These latter frequently killed oxen and occasionally men, and once or twice even put up the semblance of a battle, but they would

THE BELEAGUERED WAGON TRAIN

have been less likely than the more warlike Indians to attack a wagon train in position, and they never fought from horseback.

Some sources for the legend may be suggested. During the wars with the Plains Indians many freighting outfits took long chances at getting through hostile country, and some of these met disaster. A few of them may have managed to get their wagons into position and to beat off some mounted braves who came swooping down to shoot a few arrows and count *coup*. The imagination of the newspaper correspondents could have done the rest. These freighting trains, however, were not emigrant companies with women and children.

Another source may lie in the ambiguous nature of certain place names. There is, for instance, Massacre Lake in northwestern Nevada, locally pronounced "Massacree." This place certainly lies on an old

emigrant trail, and it is said to take its name from the destruction of an emigrant train. Nobody seems to have any documentary evidence, however, and the mere name is too vague to be conclusive. The ambushing of two or three people would be enough to assure the name Massacre, just as the not-too-distant Disaster Peak was so named because of the killing of three men, certainly a disaster for those three but scarcely a disaster by modern standards. But even if we should grant that a whole company was killed at Massacre Lake, the affair cannot have been a full-fledged attack on horseback, for that is in Paiute country.

As I wrote at the beginning, I am a reluctant skeptic. I should enjoy being corrected in the matter. I hope that as the result of this essay someone will write another for the *Spectator* and present conclusive evidence for at least one Beleaguered Wagon Train.

SLOW JOURNEY

by Sylvia Shirley

MR. RAPHEAL sighed wearily, refolded his newspaper, and with his usual seeming absent-mindedness, fitted it into his coat pocket. He had looked at all the columns of print methodically but had read nothing. He leaned back in his subway seat between the comfortable warmth of the two people who pressed on either side of him and closed his eyes. He was coming home as he would any other night, from a day's work in the factory. He wondered why he should.

Was it home, now that his daughter was no longer there? Home, he thought sadly, was the time and the place where a man could remember his mother. But the remembrance of his parents and the things he had promised himself for them, turned his nostalgia to bitterness. The old insidious crawling shame swarmed over him, and he tried to think of something else.

He would like a game of pinochle, cards always diverted him; but his friends were bound for their homes just as he was. Maybe they sat down to their tables with less grief. In his own house, even in good times, there was always the gloom, the foreboding, the fear of relentless evil. Still, you went to visit in a friend's house, and you didn't pry under the curtain of hospitality. He always said to Mrs. Rapheal, when she envied others their good fortune, "Who can tell what's in his heart?"

He moved his lips now, remembering. He could see Mrs. Rapheal nod her head significantly. She knew. A person weighted down by sadness could not show a merry face. Mr. Rapheal did not remember when his wife had not been weighted down by sorrow. She had even accepted him with ironic resignation, twenty years before, when neither of them was any longer really young. But she had been a good wife, and if a little on the parsimonious side, it was only for his interest . . .

The man in the next seat suddenly heaved up his bulk and pushed

SLOW JOURNEY

toward the door. Mr. Rapheal shifted slightly, experimentally, but the woman who had been standing over them plunged into the vacancy and rearranged herself a half-dozen times before she settled her prodding elbows.

"Women," thought Mr. Raphael, and suddenly he was remembering Anya, a girl he had not permitted himself to remember in years. But now with his daughter Toby gone, this was a day set apart from all others of his life. It seemed natural that the specters of his past should come to dwell within him now, with more reality almost than when they actually motivated his life.

Anya was three years older than Mr. Rapheal. She would be elderly and certainly fat, just as her mother had been before her. He had such a sudden vision of the young Anya now, her heavy blond plaits, each as thick as a man's wrist, swinging as she ran up the path before him to their hilltop farm, that he half rose from his seat. He must have looked peculiar, too, because the people around him stared. "What station is this?" he asked, to cover his confusion.

Mr. Rapheal settled back again, but not so comfortably because the woman in the next seat had confiscated some of his space. He had still another twenty minutes to ride.

He thought of his wife waiting to give him his dinner. Probably she had spent the day in mourning the departure of their daughter with her young husband. He would endeavor not to notice her red-rimmed eyes as she served the meal, because if he said to her, "Have you been crying?" she would answer, "Is there something to rejoice over?" And if he said to her that he could not eat, because there was grief in him also, she would be brusque and say, "Never mind and eat. You need strength to bear your troubles." But if he made an effort to down his food in the silent room, while she fetched and carried, she would surely say, "How like a man, to be so unfeeling. A father is, after all, not like a mother . . ."

Ah yes, how well he understood her, this Mrs. Rapheal he had married instead of Anya. He knew her thoughts before she had them, her words before she hung them in the stifling air around him. He knew her so well that he understood how impossible it would be even to attempt an explanation of his own feelings. Sometimes

he could not explain to himself. The feelings were just there, and he touched his heart.

His son-in-law had said to him last night, finally and irrevocably, "I don't expect you to understand. You are too far away from it." Mr. Rapheal dug his chin a little farther down and sighed.

Mrs. Rapheal was a good wife. He was past forty when he married her and she had kept his home and his life and even his living from anger and confusion. She didn't like him to play cards with his friends. "See," she would point out, "I walk an extra few blocks to save a little on the marketing and you squander hard-earned money on gambling."

True, she had saved his money so that it had stretched over the slack times in his trade. Only four years ago he had had a chance to rent part of a loft with several machines, so that now he manufactured shoulder straps for ladies' underwear, and Mrs. Rapheal had provided the money out of her miraculous savings. He had bought her a cocktail ring with part of the first year's profits and she had wept.

"I wish you might have had something like this when we were younger," he said shyly. And she had said, wiping her eyes, "I didn't need it then, and I don't need it now. You should have put the money by for Toby."

Nevertheless, she wore it on holidays and when they went visiting: the clumsy, fan-shaped ring with its semiprecious stones. The rest of the time she wrapped it in a chamois bag and carried it in her bosom.

That's how it had always been with Mrs. Rapheal. Everything for Toby. Their first child had been stillborn and a boy, and Mr. Rapheal believed that she blamed him for that in her heart. After the baby girl there had been no other. All the hopes they had not realized in their own lives, all the dreams that the exacting drabness of their lives had not permitted them to pursue, were fixed on Toby. And now she had left them, to follow a dream of her own . . . one that they had not dreamt and in which they could point the flaws, but to no avail.

In the beginning it had been the music lessons; Mrs. Rapheal had

SLOW JOURNEY

so wanted Toby to play the piano. A violin had been cheaper to buy and Toby had squeaked and sawed away obediently for a year and a half until the man who taught her said he'd rather beg in the courtyards than earn his bread by such a pupil.

So they bought an old pianola from one of their neighbors and had it geared for manual playing. The tone was loud and brassy and Toby played louder and longer, and just as patiently, giving no thought to the sounds that came out. She even sang off key. Mrs. Rapheal liked to hear her.

Then there had been the Hebrew lessons. Mr. Rapheal said for what did a girl need to know Hebrew . . . her mother could teach her her prayers . . . people weren't so religious anymore, anyhow. But perversely, Toby liked the language and she learned it so well that she sometimes carried the idioms over into her ordinary speech. It startled her father to hear the ancient tongue he had learned for its holiness, used so expertly and so casually in speaking. She even liked to argue interpretations with her tutor, to that old man's despair, and to her father's secret delight. Neither he nor her mother had dreamed where it might lead.

Her mother thought it would be nice if Toby married a businessman when she grew up.

"So why do you spend so much time teaching her to be a thrifty housewife?" he teased as he watched them over their sewing in the evenings.

"Well," said his wife, righteously, "a person needs to know how to do many things."

"And should be required to do nothing," Toby finished softly, laughing at both of them. She had her mother's talent for sarcasm, but a little humor of her own.

"A businessman," said her mother, "lives well. He doesn't have to break his head about where his next week's money is coming from."

"No," Toby prompted. "He has a dozen workmen breaking their backs making money for him," and her laughter trilled in the room until her mother smiled.

"What then," she said, "a businessman like your father who has

to know what's doing in his workmen's heads? Whoever has a headache in the shop brings it to him. Little King Solomon."

"Poor Papa." Toby bit off her thread. "He should sell headache powders, and then we'd be rich."

Well that kind of teasing was over and done with. They would neither of them hear Toby's laughter again. And the thought tore at him with such relentlessness that Mr. Rapheal got up from his seat and made his way to the middle of the subway car. He held onto the enameled bar and squeezed his eyes shut, holding his breath, as though in doing that he could squeeze away the pain.

They had known for weeks that Toby and her husband would go to Israel to live. They had known it and not believed. Even when the young couple had gone to the farm schools for their orientation, the Rapheals had not believed the day would ultimately come.

Only last night, Toby's husband said, "I see how *you* feel about it, and I don't expect you to understand how *we* feel about it. What we want is no longer important to you. You are older. You've had it too easy! You come and go by the same route each day, you see the same people and share their language. Even on vacations you go to the old places, tried and true, where there is no fear of being snubbed!"

Words, words, Mr. Rapheal thought. Impassioned words, and yet without meanings for the hearts who were listening.

"Please," Toby was saying to her mother in her strained voice. "Don't come to see us off in the morning if you're going to stand there and weep. All my life you've cried over me. When I scraped my knee, when I couldn't learn one song from another, you cried. You cried at my graduation and you cried at my wedding as though it were my funeral"

Mr. Rapheal held up his hand, just as he had last night. "Stop it Toby, dove You're talking to your mother. How can you leave her like that?"

She had swung on him, then. "When you left Europe to come here, wasn't it much the same thing? Were your parents glad to see you go? Did you think you'd ever see them again? How did you leave your mother?"

SLOW JOURNEY

Her questions swung him back across the years with a kind of ferocity that was quick and so deep-cutting it was bloodless for the instant.

"My mother was dead," Mr. Rapheal said slowly, "and to tell the truth, I was frightened to come so far alone." He did not tell her how necessary it was for him to come, nor how his family had pinned their hopes on him. He couldn't tell her that any more than he could tell her husband that he never did have it too easy, that the only friendly face he had found here in the beginning was poverty.

"I'm not going alone," Toby said. The excitement in her voice was still humming in her father's ears as he turned to the window, but he sensed the jagged little arrows of worry and doubt that lived under that excitement.

Toby's husband said, "Look, we've been over this a thousand times. We're going and this is hardly the time for anger or bitterness. We need your blessings. Someday, perhaps when things are quieter, we'll be together again. You'll come to us"

Mrs. Rapheal said, "This is the best place to live. Ask us, we know. You're the one that has had it too easy. You have not our difficulty, you can go out in the great world. You are Americans. Who hems you in? Why can't you be satisfied with life in America?"

"Because here I am a Jewish American, no matter how I distinguish myself. Not just plain American," Leo said. "And there is always something or someone who will point a finger and say that *at me*."

"And what will they say to you there? This is the Jewish American, and that one over there is the Polish Jew or the German Jew, and so on. There are always distinctions. What is the difference?"

Leo took a deep breath. "The difference, Ma, is this. The Jews that are now coming to Israel are all there for the same purpose, to make a permanent place for those who have no homes, and for those who cannot feel at home elsewhere because they are made unwelcome.

"Even here, which should be home for me and for Toby, because we have been born here, there are those who resent us because we look and act like non-Jews. If we stick to the traditions of our fore-

fathers they say we are clannish and can never make good Americans . . . because we don't *assimilate*.

"My God, how I hate that word. Even the historians make us out a rootless, wandering people. With God's help and with Toby's," here he made her a little bow, "no one will ever say that of my children. They'll have roots that will not easily be displaced."

"Speeches," Mrs. Rapheal said. "Always the speeches." She turned to her husband, "Why can't you say something to him, instead of looking out the window. What do you see there that is more important than here in this room?"

Mr. Rapheal heard her, but he continued to stare out of the window. He would have liked to tell them that he had made a life here. He got on all right. What if his life was bounded by his flat and his shop and the same could be said of his friends? So he didn't go to places where his kind was not wanted. What did it matter . . . there were other places. In the long run things ironed out. He was fond of that last phrase; he used it again and again, things ironed out. You needed only a little more patience. The young now . . .

"The young are always off to the wars to remake the world," his wife seemed to lift the words from his brain, "and it's the same world in the end!"

"It's the same world," Leo went on patiently, "because the war is fought each day to keep it the same. Somebody thought up a thing called freedom: they even teach it in the schools. Every sunrise the battle is begun again to re-establish it . . . because during the night a devil has been at work to undo the work of the day before."

Mr. Rapheal nodded. He remembered one bitter pogrom after another. How many times had Anya's mother sent the girl flying down the hill with the news that their town was next for the onslaught . . . they could hide in Anya's hayloft . . . One afternoon his young stepmother had sent the little sisters back with Anya, but the rest had stayed at home. Everybody kept to their houses, Jew and Gentile alike. But those of the villagers who were always ready for mischief were waiting for the signal to come from the raiding parties. His father took his prayer shawl and his book, as the day

SLOW JOURNEY

lengthened into twilight. He put his hand on each boy's head and then slipped out of the door, down the long winding lane. They thought he was going out for the evening prayers. All night they waited for his return, the bread dry in their throats; the drinking water in the urn was stale.

In the room behind him Mr. Rapheal heard his wife call him back; she was saying that he was without feeling, as uncommunicative as the surrounding walls. But Mr. Rapheal was remembering the daybreak in that little town which had changed hands so often that it was possible for grandfather and grandsons to be of different nationalities though born in the same house. His own father had come back with the dawn, an armful of freshly printed posters under his tunic. The elders of the town had been placed at strategic points, waiting for the bulletins to be hung. As each miscreant slunk off in the darkness, the elders had torn them down, so that in the morning no one would know that the signal had been given.

The children read the posters before shredding them carefully, and the words were branded deeply so that in later life it seemed to them a kind of foreknowledge that they'd always had. "Rise up against the Jews!"

Mr. Rapheal turned back from the window and looked at his wife with her wringing hands, at his son-in-law with his young face so stern and distressed at the same time, and at Toby, who was looking so much the brave young wife, echoing her husband's phrases. They all seemed so childish to him. Leo was talking about dignity and the human spirit and Toby was helping him out. "Somebody thought up a thing called freedom and it's worth fighting for over and over."

Mr. Rapheal said, "You are going into danger. You'll be separated." Toby, who had never done anything more than wash her own stockings at home, would work on a farm in a settlement for the common good, and Leo would probably join the army.

"Aha," said Mrs. Rapheal. "Let's hear. The wooden image is speaking at last. Well, go ahead, speak."

Mr. Rapheal tried to ignore her sarcasm, but it was difficult to find words now that they were all looking at him. He was conscious,

SYLVIA SHIRLEY

too, that what he had to say might seem irrelevant. "My eldest brother," he began, "had been so brutalized by service in the Czar's army that my father took a vow that no other son of his would ever serve again. Little bands of people were weekly making the dangerous trip across the border. My father sold the two cows, and the stepmother's ring. There had been nothing in my life to make a brave lad of me, so I was frightened." Besides, he added to himself, he had loved Anya, blond and brown-eyed, her braids thick as a man's wrist.

"I left because I had to, with a promise on my lips," he went on. And another in his heart. "I would send for my father one day." Mr. Rapheal wrinkled his face because the memory filled him with shame. He had sent for Anya instead, who had married someone else before a year was out.

"Somehow," he continued aloud, "I never got enough money together for my family, and when I had the money, time had run out. Twenty-five years later the Nazis killed them all. My old father slaughtered like an animal, without prayers, without tears . . . all the goodness in him come to naught. The evil from which he had protected me had triumphed over him." He kept wrinkling up his face.

"Ach," said his wife. "We are not talking about you or your old father, may his soul find peace. We are talking about the young!"

Mr. Rapheal knuckled his mouth cruelly. "What I meant," he pointed out, "was that I fled from danger. Leo is going into it."

"I understand that," Leo said simply. "And I understand what you are telling me."

"Ah," Mr. Rapheal nodded. "You understand, but does she?" and he indicated Toby with a hopeless gesture.

"We decided long ago. I go where my husband goes," Toby said. Her father looked at her dear familiar face for a long moment. That of course was as it should be . . . but why should it happen to her and why so far away? Was it not odd that these children who had been born here and educated here, Leo who had fought for his country, should still feel alien and unwanted here? This business of roots. It was too confusing. People should be people wherever

SLOW JOURNEY

they were. It was hard enough to make a living, raise a family without all this troublesome theorizing . . .

He looked for words, something that would somehow communicate his immeasurable grief, that would reveal to them that the pursuit of dreams was without fruit. He sighed and moved his lips.

"Better be quiet," Mrs. Rapheal said callously. "There's nothing to hear when you speak. You don't help. Sometimes it is hard to believe that you are capable of civilized emotion."

He let her rant against him, and when Leo tried to interrupt, Mr. Rapheal made a little deprecatory gesture. He was used to her and it was better that she vent her bitterness on him.

"Freedom belongs everywhere, not only to us. If you must fight for it, you can do battle for it here." Mrs. Rapheal would not give over.

Leo began again with his calculating patience. "Look," he said, making little shelters with his bent fingers, "over here we have those who suffer, and over there we have those who make them suffer . . . and not so far away we have those who sit and let them suffer. Which is the worst offender . . .?"

"Listen," Mrs. Rapheal said, "a dead hero is cold comfort to his wife."

Mr. Rapheal bit his lips. "All right," he said. "Enough. You are leaving in the morning and God knows if we shall ever meet again. Let's have no more words."

His wife whipped up her head at him, the furious tears blinding her, and as she ran from the room, Mr. Rapheal thought: she hates me. Sometimes he hated himself, but he could not flee from the oppression of his incommunicable emotions.

The train had come into the open air several stations back. As the door slid open, a rush of cold air fell upon Mr. Rapheal still standing in the center of the car, buffeted by the people who had pressed past his unheeding figure. He realized suddenly that the next stop would be his. He was going home. Why home?

This very morning, he and Mrs. Rapheal had gone to the pier to see the young people off. Toby wore a pair of corduroy slacks and

a ski jacket, a little blue hat to match her scarf on her short hair, and Leo wore his aviator's jacket dyed dark brown, all the buttons replaced. There were eight young people, all newly married, all traveling light and by freight boat. "We came by steerage and they go by freight," Mr. Rapheal thought. He kissed his daughter with dry lips, felt her convulsive fingers on his, and would have pressed her close to his heart, but he relinquished her to her mother's grasp. He held out his hand to Leo, who took it firmly and then to his immense surprise stooped and kissed him, so that his heart was twisted in a quick moment of agony.

"Go now," Toby whispered. "Don't stay behind to wave. Let me see you go . . . and remember that I love you."

And he had led her weeping mother back down the pier into the open street. They passed the markets where the trucks were being loaded for the trips through the city, and the workmen looked at them curiously. There were some grapes on a fruit stand, and they seemed to Mr. Rapheal to be the biggest, most luscious grapes he'd ever seen.

"Wait," he said, and he stopped to buy some. When he came back with the paper bag, she brushed his hand aside.

"You are impossible," she said. She did not let him come home with her, and so he put her on the train going uptown and took the bus to his shop. There would be little to do there—it was a slack time. He spent the whole day sweeping scraps of silk and threads together, covering the idle machines, running his hands over their hoods as he walked by again and again. He stayed long past the ordinary workday.

The train came to the last stop and he shuffled out behind the remaining passengers, but so slowly he caught his arm in the closing door.

In the street he watched the trolley take on a load of people and start its clanking way up to the end of the city line. The trees were dark and bushy against the lighter sky. He turned in the opposite direction and walked down his own street.

His wife said, "What took you so long, did you walk home?"

He did not say that he felt just as tired as if he had. After all,

SLOW JOURNEY

his thoughts had taken him back and forth, back and forth, all the weary hours. He said instead, inadvertently, "You have been crying."

"What then? Is there something to celebrate?"

He sat down to his supper and said nothing more. He could not bear to hear her start on her grief again, and there was nothing he could say to avert it. He ate because he did not wish to hear her make remarks about his lack of appetite; he did not ask her if she had eaten.

At last she said, "I have no more tears," and as she spoke they fell out afresh.

He stood up abruptly. "I'm going," he said.

She looked at him incredulously. "Where are you going?" He put on his hat and went to the door. "To your friends, to your card-playing friends at a time like this!" She called upon heaven to witness her humiliation, to alleviate her fate

Mr. Rapheal did not mean to slam the door, but it was too late. He went back under the elevated structure. Another trolley was waiting for its fill of passengers before starting toward the outskirts. Mr. Rapheal went past it.

He would have liked to join his friends. He would have wondered with them where the freight boat was now, and whether any of them would be able to weather an ocean voyage again. Most of them had come across in the steerage maybe thirty, forty years ago. Boats were different now. But if he went to his friends, even they might have wondered how it was that he could leave his wife alone on such a night.

Remembering the ocean, he went back further and remembered crossing the inlet and the woman with the crying baby. Mr. Rapheal started to walk more rapidly than he had ever walked before. He imagined Leo and Toby were with him. He told them the story he had never wanted to recall to his own mind.

"Moral courage," he said to Leo, "is not enough. Nor is your intellectual courage enough. Listen this once to me. When I left my own country to come here, we were a small band being guided by the bribed guards to a place where we could safely cross the

border. During the day we had to hide, and in the night we had to go quickly, blindly, and in silence wherever we were led. On the second night, something went amiss, and we were forced to lie down in a ditch, all eight of us. Quickly we were covered over by canvas and dried leaves.

"We were forbidden," Mr. Rapheal hurried on, "even to whisper, nor did we dare. We could hear the rumbling of passing wheels around us, there was the gentle sound of water from near by. The baby in the arms of the woman who huddled next to me began to whimper. In the darkness the faces of the others glowed with terror as they strained their eyes toward us. She pressed the baby to her breast to feed it. But the baby kept whimpering. One of the guards lowered himself into the ditch and hissed that all our lives and his, too, would be worth less than nothing if we were overheard.

"The woman held her baby closer," Mr. Rapheal whispered to the trees, clasping his hands. He had already passed the cemetery and was now on his way to the suburbs, and there was nothing but the darkness listening to his story.

"The people huddled closer, closer. The baby began to cry louder and the guard made a threatening movement toward us. The woman looked about her, from one glistening face to another; the smell of fear and expectancy was in that tension." Mr. Rapheal paused, and faced the wide expanse of the woods on his left. The trees strained forward and listened. "Very slowly," Mr. Rapheal said, "the woman pressed the baby's head into her bosom. I could feel her elbow crush my chest. The crying ceased.

"In a little while we were ordered out into the open. The coast was clear. In relays, the little rowboat took us down the little inlet. The woman dropped the dead baby into the water. The moving oars swished on." Mr. Rapheal stopped speaking. He did not see Leo or Toby anymore. He wondered about the woman. How had she gone on living! He thought of Toby when she was little and when she had cried in the night, and he was there to comfort her. Would Leo be there to comfort her children, or would they cry in the night unheard . . .

Why should he stay here, he thought frenziedly, and how had he

SLOW JOURNEY

come so far. He would go home and say to his wife, "Let us go to Israel, too. I'll sell the shop. We have nothing to keep us here." And as he crossed over to wait for the trolley, because he didn't think his feet would carry him back all the long way, he heard his wife's voice quite clearly.

"What do they need *you* there for? Once, old people dreamed of going to Palestine to be buried in the holy ground. Now it is for the young. What will you build, old man?"

The trolley came back, going too fast because it was empty. It almost didn't stop, but Mr. Rapheal ran out on the road. He wavered crazily as he got up on the step, and the motorman helped him get his balance.

"Whatsamatter, Pop? Had a little too much," he grinned.

Mr. Rapheal grinned back as he dropped the coin in the box. But when he sat down, he was an old man weeping unashamedly, letting the tears fall like warm balm where they would. Toby was going to fight, whereas he had run away. Was that to be his contribution to life? And he wept partly because he had left his father to die, and partly because Anya had not kept faith with him, and for the dead baby and its mother, and because his daughter had left him without speaking her fears, and partly because his wife would not understand what was in his heart. But mostly he cried because he was old in his loneliness and because Time had overwhelmed him . . . as whom would it not.

MY FRIEND SANCHEZ

by Herschel Brickell

TRISTEZAS LEJANAS ... Spanish is a singing language, and he who tries to translate it must begin by being without conscience, or tone-deaf.

Far-off sadnesses, distant distresses . . . try what you like, and come off no better. Indeed, to be *triste* is not to be "sad," but something else—not exactly different but different enough to be embarrassing.

One of the *tristezas lejanas* that haunts me is what happened to my friend Sanchez. And a *tristeza* more *cercana* than *lejana*, more near than far, is what is happening every day in Latin America to the brothers and sisters of my friend Sanchez.

Sanchez was a little Indian boy, maybe *mestizo*, but mostly of the blood of the Chibchas, who were living peacefully on the high sabana where Bogotá is situated when the conquering Spaniards suddenly appeared one day. "Bogotá" is from "Bacatá," and Bacatá was a king-god of the Chibchas.

Perhaps I ought to explain that one of my great-grandfathers was also an Indian. This may have something to do with my *tristeza* about Sanchez and all the other Indians of the Western World, although I think it is much more than a tie of blood that makes me feel their tragedy so deeply.

I name their situation a tragedy, and so it is, but I do not mean to sound a wholly hopeless note. Some governments are at work on the problems, with help from us. The Rockefeller Foundation's efforts against disease are continuous and effective. People are trying, but here, as in so many other places, the remedies work so slowly, the diseases so fast. And Sanchez sticks in my mind.

For Sanchez was young and strong and quick-witted, and waste of this kind of human material makes me *triste*. There are not enough sound people, sound in mind and body, so that we can throw any of them away.

MY FRIEND SANCHEZ

I never saw Sanchez but once, so perhaps it is a little strange that he haunts me as he does. Probably not, though, since he stands to me as a kind of symbol of his people, his people and my people, whose treatment in this "brave new world" has been such a denial of all our fine-pretty principles.

Our meeting occurred in Colombia, as I have already suggested. There are far fewer Indians in Colombia than in Peru, Bolivia, or Paraguay, but enough to make them a problem, especially when they become urban *mestizos* and live pitifully trapped between cultures, having lost their own and failed to find ours.

The Department of State sent me to Colombia to be cultural attaché in the Embassy. This was in 1941, and nobody knew much about our cultural relations program, least of all the people in Washington who were running it. So when I arrived, to be welcomed by the diplomats, a stranger from a world they had never known, I had to decide for myself what I was supposed to do.

Habit helps in these matters, and when I found there was a movement to teach country children how to farm and live better, and city children to be mechanics, nothing was easier than to fall back on a Mississippi pattern, where my father spent much of his life working for vocational training.

This interest of mine puzzled the *bogotanos* a little, being outside the range of most of them, but I also talked in public about poetry and even wrote and published a little verse for which the intelligentsia of Bogotá will forgive much. There one is *supposed* to be a poet, if he makes even the mildest intellectual pretensions. Besides, the *bogotanos* knew my wife, we loved them, and were happy to be with them, and this last, I have found, is a great help to having one's eccentricities pardoned in any country.

I met Sanchez at one of the simple little agricultural schools that were just beginning to dot the countryside. These schools had come to Colombia from the United States by way of Puerto Rico—a minister of education named Guillermo Nanetti had caught the vision and started the thing moving. Sanchez' school was at Ubaté, which is in a fertile valley not very far from Bogotá, and everybody

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

in Colombia who knows anything at all knows the cheeses of Ubaté, which are among the best to be found anywhere.

There was a very special reason for admiring the little school at Ubaté. It was housed in a Spanish colonial house with patios, which before it became an educational center had been a *chichería*, a place where the male population gathered to fill up on *chicha*, a native brew both potent and poisonous, and popular as an anodyne among the oppressed and downtrodden.

In my rounds of the vocational schools, I paid Ubaté a visit, bearing the usual gifts, a framed portrait of George Washington and a small collection of books. We had little enough to work with in those days, we pioneers in cultural relations, and had to make do with whatever we could lay our hands on.

One of my companions was a young Colombian named Mario Villa Vieira, who was in charge of vocational education in the ever changing Ministry of Education, which was, alas, subject to every political wind in a country where political winds never stop blowing. The director of the school, Joaquín Uribe, of one of Colombia's most distinguished families, was a devoted believer in what he was doing.

The first time I saw Sanchez, the boys, aged from eight to fourteen, were having recess in the patio, and playing as hard as they could. Sanchez was the leader, a strong youngster with a quick intelligence, to be singled out at once as a personality.

After recess, I sat in on a meeting of a students' co-operative and heard each boy report on the success of his project, financed with money borrowed from a fund provided for the purpose. The chairman must have been all of twelve, another *mestizo*, and he presided with a dignity and grace, as well as a knowledge of parliamentary procedure, such as I have seen in few adults anywhere. Floods had twice swept through the fertile valley and wiped out all the work of the boys, but they had not been discouraged, and what they had accomplished with a few *pesos* of capital was impressive.

After the meeting, I presented the portrait of George Washington, who was, I told the boys, not only a great man, but a first-rate

MY FRIEND SANCHEZ

farmer, keenly interested in all the agricultural problems they were struggling with at the very moment.

Sanchez, on the front row, hung on every word of my inadequate Spanish, and I saw his black eyes light up when I said the father of our country was a dirt farmer. I concluded the little talk by repeating that Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

When I finished, Sanchez was on his feet and said he would like to repeat what I had just said about Señor Washington. I said, "Please," and with an oratorical flourish, he announced, "El Señor Washington was *first* in war, *second* in peace, and *third* in the hearts of his countrymen." He sat down, his face aglow with pride, and with the applause of all of us and his fellows.

He followed us eagerly as we inspected the school's breeding stock and experimental plots, drinking in every word that was said, a bundle of eagerness and alert intelligence. Then he went with us to see some farms near by, including his father's—a rich, well-tilled piece of ground, but subject to periodical overflows that drowned the crops.

Sanchez' home was a mud-floored hut, where the family slept on mats; there was no furniture, no sanitary facilities, and, obviously, no privacy. We left him there, finally, and as we walked off down the road that ran alongside the river that flows through the valley, he gave us that lovely Spanish signal of good-bye, the little hand saying, "Come back, come back."

Not very long afterward, one of the usual changes in Ministers of Education that plague Latin-American governments brought into office a politician who had no interest in vocational education, and the hopeful new system crumbled away. Then I left Colombia, not because I wanted to, but because I could live no longer in the high altitude of Bogotá.

And what of Sanchez? I do not know. But it is possible to guess. Was he, like most of his fellows, a fine, sturdy, intelligent little boy until adolescence, and then did he begin to be attacked by the intestinal parasites that flourish in rich tropical soil, where people live without any sanitary facilities at all, and are much too

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

poor to buy shoes? Was he, like the rest, toothless at twenty-one, because of calcium deficiency? Or did he, perhaps, go to Bogotá, and was he there when the downtrodden arose in their desperation and wrecked a city, working such destruction as has hardly been equaled in the contemporary world, outside zones of war?

Nobody can say, and even when I go next to Ubaté, as I shall when the opportunity presents itself, I have little hope of seeing my friend Sanchez again. This makes me sad because I liked Sanchez so much and because his tragedy is the tragedy of all the Indian parts of Latin America.

Tristezas lejanas ... The final and inconsolable sadness of the loss of first-rate human material, as symbolized by what *must* have happened to my friend Sanchez and what is happening every day to thousands of others like him.

I hate the notion of gregarious authors. The less we have to do with each other, the better.

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE TWO JAPANS OF

by John J. Espey

THE CENTENARY of Lafcadio Hearn's birth finds his reputation as an interpreter of Japan still so much a matter of popular misunderstanding that a review of his Japanese experience and the reactions that grew out of it may be of some use. The Hearn of mist-driven ghosts, quaint tales, and blue-gray landscapes, Hearn the apologist of Old Japan and devotee of Buddhism is familiar enough—so familiar, indeed, that he has never completely yielded place to his alter ego, the Hearn of New Japan starting up reluctantly from his faultless prose at the sound of new rhythms already beating harshly about him. It was this second Hearn who could write as early as 1893—he had landed in Yokohama in 1890—to Basil Hall Chamberlain, then professor of Japanese language and philology in the Imperial University of Tokyo: "For the first time I feel like saying, 'D——n Japan!' After all, the loss of her nationality might not be the worst fate for her."* And it was this Hearn, looking forward in 1897, who wrote to his friend Ellwood Hendrick whom he had met shortly before he left New York: "Future prospects—? Dégringolade."

Although most of Hearn's notes on the shaping of New Japan are to be found in his correspondence, in three of his early published essays—"From the Diary of an English Teacher," "Jiu-jitsu," and "With Kyushu Students"—he touched lightly on forces that dismayed him. The first and third titles are revealing; Hearn's keenest insights came from his observation of Japanese education and thus dealt with essential causes.

Hearn began his teaching at the Middle School and the Normal School of Matsue in the province of Izumo. The entries from the diary date from September 2, 1890, to December 23, 1891. This period, which included his marriage to Setsuko Koizumi early in

* Quoted material in this essay is taken from *The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn* (Koizumi Edition) (New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923) and is used with the permission of the publishers.

1891, was one of the happiest of his life in Japan, but even so, Hearn is obliquely critical here and there in his published comments. He remarks on the almost insurmountable tasks required of the students, particularly the attempted mastery of English, which broke many of the most sensitive boys. He protests indirectly against the fostering of a false modernity that made one of his students say, on hearing a temple bell, "Is it not a shame that in this nineteenth century we must still hear such a sound?" The diary closes with an account of the death of two of Hearn's favorite students, both of whom were, he implies, crushed by the burden of their studies, a burden made necessary in official Japanese eyes by the need for mastering all Western learning in order to meet the West on its own ground. Hearn regrets this forcing process, which brought to the top mediocre rather than superior talent, leaving its subjects stamped for life, pressed into a crude mold at the expense of individuality.

This is as far as Hearn goes in the *Glimpses*, but in the autumn of 1891 he was writing to Hendrick that "the harder side of Japanese character is beginning to appear—in spots." And he was later (1895) to write of the entire book in a letter to Chamberlain: "As for changing my conclusions—well, I have had to change a good many. The tone of 'Glimpses' is true in being the feeling of a place and time. Since then I've seen how thoroughly detestable Japanese can be, and that revelation assisted in illuminating things." The awareness of this revelation was rarely to leave him. The ghost stories, the studies of insects, the translations of folk songs, and the tales of feudal piety failed to blur the unhappy clarity of his fresh and more penetrating glimpses into Japanese life.

During the years between the publication of *Glimpses* and the appearance of *Out of the East*, Hearn watched the rift widen between the Old Japan he loved and the New Japan he feared. Already in 1892 he had remarked in a letter to W. B. Mason, who lived in Yokohama and who, like Hearn, was married to a Japanese wife, that at times he was made optimistic by his life in Japan, at times

pessimistic, adding: "But the pessimistic feeling is generally coincident with some experience of New Japan, and the optimistic with something of Old Japan." In 1893 he made the same distinction in writing to Sentaro Nishida, dean of the Middle School at Matsue: "And the Japanese of the next generation will not be kind and open-hearted and unselfish, I fear: they will become hard of character like the Western People—more intellectual and less moral. For old Japan, in unselfishness, was as far in advance of the West as she was materially behind it." In the same year he commented to Hendrick on the theme of Japan's modernization: "They show evidence now of a desire to put to death those who say anything older than yesterday. They are becoming infected with the Western moral poison. They are beginning to love their wives more than their fathers and mothers;—it is much cheaper . . ."

Little as Hearn loved the new nationalism of Japan, he was no less severe in his condemnation of the West that had opened the country and then failed to recognize the responsibilities that accompanied the act. Nor, apparently, did he recognize the presence of the internal strains before the opening. "We bombarded unhappiness into the country—beyond any doubt," he had written to Mason in 1892. "Force sowed the seed; the future will gather the black crop." The evil was two-faced: first, there was the material exploitation of Japan; second, the attempt to impose Christianity on an Oriental society that Hearn felt was totally unsuited to it. Of the two, Hearn was somewhat more outspoken on the second. As for the first, it is perhaps a little late today to open a quarrel with history.

To Hearn, "Our Western faith is far higher than the thing called Christianity. Our ethics have outgrown it, and burst their clothing of dogma. Our social evils are unaffected by it, except for the worse," he wrote to Chamberlain early in 1893. It is not startling, then, to find him condemning the missionary, for the missionary, said Hearn, was by nature destructive. His most vigorous and comprehensive statement on this matter was made in 1899 in a letter to Mrs. Ernest Fenollosa, whose husband, the American Orientalist,

was at the time a colleague of Hearn's on the faculty of the Imperial University of Tokyo. Hearn wrote in part: "For myself I could sympathize with the individual—but never with the missionary cause. Unconsciously, every honest being in the mission-army is a destroyer—and a destroyer only; for nothing can replace what they break down. Unconsciously, too, the missionaries everywhere represent the edge—the acies, to use this Roman word—of Occidental aggression. We are face to face here with the spectacle of a powerful and selfish civilization demoralizing and crushing a weaker and, in many ways, a nobler one (if we are to judge by comparative ideals); and the spectacle is not pretty."

Hearn, clearly, was no lover of the West. He felt that Japan had been exploited and corrupted; and though it was the New Japan that he disliked, he declared in a letter to Chamberlain, written in June 1893, that "Japan is going to retaliate for all the supercilious consideration she has received. I think we are secretly despised or hated, or both. Certainly despised as hirelings, and hated as superiors. This by the new Japan, of course." And a few days later he wrote, again to Chamberlain: "The spirit of insubordination, hostility to foreigners, disrespect to traditions, contempt for religion, and national vanity—grows with prodigious rapidity just in proportion as the modernization becomes more thorough."

Hearn's one forthright attempt at political analysis is the essay "Jiu-jutsu" in *Out of the East*. Through a parallel with Japanese wrestling, he discusses Japanese policy and education as the use of one's opponent's strength to bring about his overthrow. The essay was written in 1893, but in 1895 Hearn added a long note in which, at the close of the war against China, he declared that Japan's policy had proved its usefulness. In the body of the essay Hearn speaks of the Japanese attitude as "the expression of a racial genius as yet but faintly perceived by those Powers who dream of further aggrandizement in the East." To Hearn this was a good thing, the one chance Japan had to preserve her national unity. She was "defending herself by the most admirable system of intellectual self-defense ever heard of." He admires her "glorious purpose," the

THE TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

devotion of her young men to their emperor, and the Oriental's capacity to "underlive" the Occidental. Only in the note does he touch on the possibility of China's using the same device. "It is to be remembered that the art of jiu-jutsu was invented in China. And the West has yet to reckon with China—China, the ancient teacher of Japan—China, over whose changeless millions successive storms of conquest have passed only as a wind over reeds. Under compulsion, indeed, she may be forced, like Japan, to defend her integrity by jiu-jutsu. But the end of that prodigious jiu-jutsu might have results the most serious for the entire world."

Yet it is always to his students that he returns. In 1892 Hearn had left Matsue, where he dreaded the severe winter, to teach in the Government College at Kumamoto in the province of Kyushu, a stronghold of Japanese conservatism, far removed from the influence of the ports. Here he found even less to admire in the modern education of the students than he had in Matsue. "Each new generation of students seems to me a little harder-featured, more unsmiling, more sullen, more lacking in spontaneity, and less courteous, than the preceding," he wrote to Chamberlain in 1893. "I don't much love them. They are very, very queer in Kyushu. . . . There is something dead wrong in this brutally apathetic attitude of teachers and students; and that something wrong must have an ill-effect upon the after-life of both. I don't like it; and if all government schools are so, I had rather teach—were it possible—in a Buddhist charity school."

Hearn's impressions of this second period of teaching are recorded in "With Kyushu Students," written in 1894, the second chapter of *Out of the East*. As in the diary, he protests against the weight of Western studies, adding an approving line that since the essay was written the study of French or German had been made optional. Here again he deals obliquely with the forming of Japanese character, mentioning particularly the unfavorable reaction of his students to certain stories of chivalry in Malory and the tale of Alcestris and Admetus. His unqualified admiration is reserved for the old professor of Chinese, "the Soul of Old Japan." Naturally

more outspoken in his personal letters, Hearn wrote to Chamberlain early in 1894: "What is there, after all, to love in Japan except what is passing away? The bonds are only now being cast off;—the cage doors opened. By and by the games will begin—circenses." With Hearn it was always the theme of Horai (Fairyland) destroyed. "The opening of the country was very wrong—a crime" he wrote to Chamberlain. "Fairyland is already dead;—perhaps the anti-foreign feeling at present is no more than the vague national consciousness of what must come. 'That which ye fear exceedingly, shall come upon you'—saith Isaiah." Hearn's conflict was a pathetic one. In love with a society already moribund, he hated what he felt to be its destroyer; but at the same time, the highest standards of the West made him detest with almost equal intensity the protective reaction that the destroyer was bringing upon itself. Probably Hearn feared the reaction personally. "The anti-foreign feeling is strong," he was to write to Hendrick later (1895). "I am not sure but it is just. Only—the innocent pay, not the guilty." But Hearn's eyes were already well opened in 1894. "Won't you think me a crank, writing all this stuff?" he asked Chamberlain. "But it is a part of the record of a disillusioned enthusiast. You remember my first letters from Izumo. Quantum mutatus ab illo! The iron—Japanese iron—has entered into my soul—

"And thro' the body of the Knight
He made cauld iron gae, gae,
He made cauld iron gae!"

Hearn left Kumamoto in the fall of 1894 and went to Kobe where he joined the staff of the *Kobe Chronicle*. One day the following year he went out for a short walk after finishing a letter to Chamberlain. As he strolled, he noticed how manifest was the feeling against foreigners, not only of the street urchins but of adults as well. When he returned to his desk he wrote in a postscript: "I felt, as never before, how utterly dead Old Japan is, and how ugly New Japan is becoming."

THE TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

Perhaps the most apparent failure of Meiji Japan was her arbitrary officialdom, which behaved as though independent of the country as a whole, an officialdom split into factions, warring within itself, a strangely autocratic hierarchy at the head of a presumably representative political body. Hearn saw its weakness at the close of the last century and it was to him the most dangerous element in New Japan, the element upon whose elimination the advance of the nation depended. As early as 1893 he had written Chamberlain, in answer to some remarks on Japanese character: "What you say about the hope for a nation willing to sacrifice life for an idea is certainly the grand truth—that which stills the angriest hopelessness as oil smoothes the waves. There is, indeed, that hope—if the detestable officialism can be choked to death in another twenty-five years"; but even as he writes, Hearn seems to despair. Two years later, and again writing to Chamberlain, he returned to the theme: "Unfortunately the Japanese official, with all his civility and morality rubbed off, is something a good deal lower than a savage and meaner than the straight-out Western rough (who always has a kernel of good in him) by an inexpressible per cent." After drawing a brief comparison between his simple country servant girl and a merchant of the open ports, he continued on this theme in his next letter to Chamberlain: "On the other hand it strikes me that in another twenty years, or perhaps thirty, after a brief artificial expansion, all the ports will shrink. The foreign commerce will be all reduced to agencies. A system of small persecutions will be inaugurated and maintained to drive away all the foreigners who can be driven away. After the [Sino-Japanese] war there will be a strong anti-foreign reaction—outrages—police-repressions—temporary stillness and peace: then a new crusade. Life will be made wretched for Occidentals—in business—just as it is being made in the schools—by all sorts of little tricky plans which cannot be brought under law—provisions, or even so defined as to appear to justify resentment—tricks at which the Japanese are as elaborately ingenious as they are in matters of etiquette and forms of other kinds. The nation will show its ugly side to us—after a manner unexpected, but irresistible. The future looks worse than black."

JOHN J. ESPEY

Hearn's calculation falls between 1915 and 1925. China was confronted with the Twenty-one Points in 1915, the first move in Japan's reaction against Occidental influence in the Orient. The Nine-Power Treaty delayed, but hardly halted, the movement; and Japan's violation of that treaty in 1931, by the invasion of Manchuria, opened a decade of maneuver that we know today was only a protracted forcing gambit. But chronological accuracy and international vision were not the especial gifts of Hearn. He certainly did not foresee the first World War and the patterns of power that would follow upon it. What he did glimpse was a stage in the forging of New Japan. His experiences grew upon him; the vestiges of medieval Japan that had delighted him gave way to a scene altogether different from that formal tableau. As late as 1904, the year of his death, Hearn was lamenting its passing. In the chapter of *Kwaidan* titled "Horai" he wrote: "Evil winds from the West are blowing over Horai; and the magical atmosphere, alas! is shrinking away before them. It lingers now in patches only, and bands—like those long bright bands of cloud that trail across the landscapes of Japanese painters."

The character of Japanese officialdom was made peculiarly depressing to Hearn by his automatic comparison of these men with those of his beloved Old Japan. "The old men are divine," he wrote in 1896 to Page M. Baker, under whom he had worked years before on the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. "I do not know any other word to express what they are. When you meet a horrid Japanese, though, there is a distorted quality about him that makes him a unique monster—he is like an awry caricature of a Western mean fellow, without the vim and push—solid contemptibility *in petto*. You can scarcely imagine what he may be. Every transition period has its peculiar monsters."

Early in 1896 Hearn became a Japanese citizen and in the autumn of that year he accepted a post at the Imperial University in Tokyo. Contrary to popular belief, his salary was paid at the foreign rate, and no reduction was proposed until 1903, when he resigned. His health was failing, but in April of 1904 he began to

THE TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

lecture at Waseda University, a private institution where he could escape the effects of official antforeign policy.

During his years in Tokyo, Hearn's views on Japan did not change. He was never deluded by the superficial appearance of advance in Japanese government. To those who saw in modern Japan a nation reconstructing herself according to Western patterns, he pointed out the underlying differences between a people who acted through compulsory co-operation and one that acted from a belief in the values of voluntary co-operation. "Those who write to-day about the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for organization, and about the 'democratic spirit' of the people as natural proof of their fitness for representative government in the Western sense, mistake appearances for realities. The truth is that the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for communal organization, is the strongest possible evidence of their unfitness for any modern democratic form of government." This judgment comes from *Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation*, which was published in 1904, shortly after Hearn's death, though he had arranged for its appearance. The essays that go to make up the book were first written to be delivered as a series of lectures at Cornell, but the invitation was withdrawn. Hearn writes chiefly of Old Japan here, but in his chapter on "Official Education," ever his touchstone, he refers occasionally to the future. "Now, indeed, the hard and selfish aspects of Japanese character are coming to the surface." And again: "Where Japan has remained true to her old moral ideals she has done nobly and well: where she has needlessly departed from them, sorrow and trouble have been the natural consequences." In the concluding "Reflections" one sentence startles the eye of the reader who forgets its date: "Japan has incomparably more to fear from English or American capital than from Russian battleships and bayonets."

How much Hearn thought in terms of events is debatable—probably not greatly. His concern was with the character and spirit of Japan, but in this area few have given either in Hearn's time or in our own as concise a summary of New Japan as this estimate in a letter to Chamberlain (the same in which he recorded his revised

JOHN J. ESPEY

views of his *Glimpses*): "Imagine a civilization on Western lines with cold calculation universally substituted for ethical principle! The suggestion is very terrible and very ugly. One would prefer even the society of the later Roman Empire." And so Hearn regretfully left his cherished, idealized fairyland, conscious to the end of its attractive pageantry, and conscious, too, of the faults that lay in the forced life that had replaced it, a life that, he felt, promised only disaster and ruin—to use his own word for it: *dégringolade*.

. . . . why is it so few people enjoy reading what passes as good poetry? Why is it, for example, that in a nation of 146 million presumably literate people, the average sale for a book of poems is about 500 copies? Is it that the pleasures and outlets one finds in composing are purely private—that only one's own creation, good or bad, is interesting? Considering the variety of egos which have banded together to pass as the human race, that seems one reasonably good guess, but there is obviously more to it that is worth some speculation

—JOHN CIARDI, *Mid-Century American Poets*
(Twayne Publishers, Inc., New York)

HENRY JAMES AND

by B. R. McElderry, Jr.

WHO WOULD EXPECT to find Henry James collaborating with eleven popular writers on a serial for a woman's magazine? And if he did so, who would expect to find him doing it in 1907—the very peak and pinnacle of “the major phase”? *The Whole Family*, first published in the *Harper's Bazaar* of 1906–7, and in book form in 1908, furnishes just this surprising spectacle. Latter-day interpreters of James have come to take him with such portentous seriousness that it may be worth while, as well as amusing, to re-examine this serial story against its authentic background of *Harper's Bazaar* “Menus for the Month,” talks about “Our Girls,” advice on how to live on twelve hundred dollars a year, and how to see Europe on four dollars a day.

Howells suggested the idea of the serial to Elizabeth Jordan, then editor of the *Bazaar* after a successful career as New York newspaperwoman and magazine writer. Apparently following up a conversation with Miss Jordan, he wrote to her in May of 1906, suggesting that a Young Girl's engagement could be treated from the point of view of twelve different members of the family, each chapter written by a different author. Howells himself offered to write the Father and suggested that Clemens might do the Small Boy. Various other writers, he thought, might find the idea attractive: Margaret Deland, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, May Fiske, Elizabeth Jordan herself, John Kendrick Bangs, and Thomas A. Janvier. Clemens, as it turned out, politely refused. Henry James, by the way, regarded this as no catastrophe: “His chapter would be a clarinet solo only, and wouldn't do much to crown *my* edifice.”

James seems to have been Miss Jordan's own addition to the list of contributors. She had long been an admirer of his fiction, had met him frequently in London about 1904, and had seen him during his 1904–5 visit to America. Miss Jordan records that he consented at once. As will appear, James's feelings on the way the plan worked out were mixed, but in his letters to Miss Jordan, quoted in

THE WHOLE FAMILY

Three Rousing Cheers, her autobiography, there is no trace of a desire to withdraw from the project. He was solicitously anxious that his contribution should please—he of *The Golden Bowl* and *The Ambassadors*.

The final make-up of the novel is as follows: "The Father," William Dean Howells; "The Old Maid," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; "The Grandmother," Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Daughter-in-law," Mary Stewart Cutting; "The School Girl," Elizabeth Jordan; "The Son-in-law," John Kendrick Bangs; "The Married Son," Henry James; "The Married Daughter," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Mother," Edith Wyatt; "The School Boy," Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "Peggy (the heroine)," Alice Brown; "The Friend of the Family," Henry Van Dyke. Each author received proofs of the successive installments, and lively arguments developed over the course of the story, but from December 1906 through November 1907 the chapters appeared in the order planned. The resulting story has its moments, but the warp and woof are sentiment and surprise, very much in the 1906 manner.

In the opening chapter the speaker is a newspaper editor who asks his neighbor, the Father, for permission to print the news of Peggy Talbert's engagement to Harry Goward. With this slender action, Howells manages to indicate all the family relationships, and to make clear that Peggy and her fiancé were fellow-students at a coeducational college. From Howells' placid beginning the novel develops into elaborate and mystifying complications. Harry Goward's earlier infatuation with Aunt Elizabeth (the Old Maid) flames anew. Elizabeth herself is little interested in Harry, but everyone thinks she is, and each member of the family has a different plan for coping with the situation. The Married Daughter even follows her to New York with the idea of developing a rumored attraction between Elizabeth and the village doctor. But since she takes the doctor along to New York, she unwittingly makes it appear that she herself has eloped with him. The School Girl imagines a

HENRY JAMES AND *THE WHOLE FAMILY*

nonexistent romance between Peggy and the same village doctor whom her sister Maria wants to dangle before Aunt Elizabeth. The winning plan is that of Charles Edward, the Married Son, the character allotted to Henry James. Charles Edward, feeling that Peggy's marriage to Harry Goward would be a mistake, sees in her plight a helpful justification for carrying out his long-cherished plan for a year of art study abroad. It is finally settled that Peggy will accompany Charles Edward and his young wife, Lorraine, whose chief aim in life is to wean Charles Edward away from the Family's insensitivity to his artistic nature. Meanwhile, however, Stillman Dane—Charles Edward's old college friend and Peggy's psychology professor—providentially appears. In the last chapter Henry Van Dyke has little trouble in demonstrating that Peggy no longer loves Harry Goward, and that she does love Stillman Dane enough to elope with him. The happy couple arrive at the dock just before sailing time. The Frontispiece of the last *Harper's Bazaar* installment shows "That Brave Little Girl" in the arms of her husband, proudly waving a pennant as the boat departs. These events, forwarded by numerous coincidental meetings, a letter gone astray, and a train wreck, provide sufficient motion to be mistaken for narrative development by the casual reader.

In this maze of pre-Hollywood confusion, the original idea of Howells was soon submerged. "What I wish to imply," he wrote in sending the plan of the novel to Miss Jordan, "is that an engagement or a marriage is much more a family affair than Americans usually suppose. As we live on, we find that family ties, which held us very loosely in youth, or after we were children, are really almost the strongest things in life. A marriage cannot possibly concern the married pair alone; but it is in the notion that it can that most of our marriages are made. It is also in this notion that most of them are unmade. I wish to indicate in my advocacy of coeducation that young people ought to know at least the workings of the male and female mind as fully as they can. Their natures are diverse enough, though not so diverse as we like to pretend, and the difference is exaggerated by the separate training. But nothing of this is to be *seriously* insisted on."

The practical absence from the story of such philosophic purpose troubled the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* not at all, to judge from the letters published by the editor. Announced as "a book of distinction, written by authors of distinction," *The Whole Family* appeared from month to month as a guessing contest. An editorial note informed the reader: "Each chapter of the novel was written by one of the twelve authors whose names appear above. The intelligent reader will experience no difficulty in determining which author wrote each chapter—perhaps." Readers rose beautifully to the bait. "Brooklyn" wrote that the serial was "the most interesting feature in any of the magazines today. . . . even the most careless reader must recognize your first chapter as the work of Henry James." A more discerning reader correctly guessed that chapter one was by Howells. "No one else could 'set the stage' so humanly and charmingly." One reader suggested that study clubs could take up the discussion of successive installments. Another reader voices the same idea, finding the novel "more amusing to discuss than Renaissance Art or Wagnerian Music Dramas." As time went on, curiosity about the authorship mounted, and it must have been with a sigh of relief that the ladies found in the December 1908 issue the answer to their pleas.

Published in book form late in 1908, the novel was respectfully received. "The result is sufficiently amusing," thought *The Nation*, "as occasional in its nature as a parlor charade. Mr. Howells leads off with a chapter so good that one fancies a superior 'Kentons' might have developed if it had been for him to write the rest." More soberly, the *North American Review* found that "diversity of authorship, while it has promoted mordancy of character-drawing and unexpectedness of plot, has in no way spoiled the reasonableness and balanced power of the story as a whole." Admitting a "somewhat 'larky' tone about the whole performance," the reviewer found surprising unity; every character had "some quality that is worth while—some hold on the eternal verities—and the psychology of the story is subordinated to its human feeling." He concluded in the best late-Victorian manner: "In its play of psychological moonlight over the troubled surface of a spiritual sea which remains

in its depths undisturbed, *The Whole Family* seems typical of the 'new literature' of the country." But time has not borne out the reviewer's prediction that "the future critic who writes the literary history of this period will not be likely to pass it over in silence." Even the memoirs of Mary Heaton Vorse, John Kendrick Bangs, and Henry Van Dyke are silent regarding the collaboration of these authors, although the novel is mentioned in the bibliography of Van Dyke, as in complete bibliographies of Howells and James. Elizabeth Jordan, as editor and collaborator, has left the only detailed account. Looking back from the vantage point of 1938 her verdict was: "*The Whole Family* was a mess!"

We may now look a little more closely at Henry James's part in this literary comic opera. Forwarding his installment to Miss Jordan, he complains that previous mention of the Married Son, Charles Edward, hadn't "to my battered imagination, so very overwhelmingly prepared it." Hence he has been forced to minimize the action in his chapter. He thinks that the Engaged Youth ought to have a showing soon—forgetting that no separate chapter had been assigned to this character. The Engaged Youth really interests James, and even more, the Aunt: "I confess I do myself rather break my heart at not having been able to work in . . . a direct chance at her. She is the person, in the whole thing, to have been *objectively* done—Miss Wilkins making her, to my sense, too *subjectively* sentimental." He is quite willing to have the editor modify or shorten his offering, "Only I do love, I confess, some of the appreciative, interpretative part about Mrs. Chataway [Aunt Elizabeth's friend in New York] that follows!" Later James expressed pleasure that his chapter was to be allowed to stand, and reiterated his anxiety about the development of Elizabeth's character. On receiving chapters ix, x, and xi, the one good thing he could say was that the return of Elizabeth to Mrs. Chataway at least avoided a sentimental ending for the Old Maid. Otherwise, the novel fell off sadly: "—nothing of my own imagined little direction given affects me as having come about." He had hoped that the Engaged Youth would be allowed to "have it out" with Elizabeth, but this opportunity his successors have let slip. He thought it "a real misfortune

for our series that the small boy's stuff comes in." Miss Jordan's "so happily done little girl" would have been enough. He was also dissatisfied with the treatment of the Mother. "I see a thing of the highest value—for the whole—to have been done, in fine, with the mother in respect now to Elizabeth, to Maria, to the Father . . . above all in respect to Charles Edward . . . But the mother treated as she actually stands seems to me—I confess to you brutally—a positive small convulsion of debility—without irony, without fancy, without anything." A fourth letter reiterates his disappointment: "I had engaged to play the game and take over the elements as they were; and I hated to see them so helplessly muddled away, when, oh, one could one's self (according to one's fatuous thought) have made them mean something, given them sense, direction, and form."

As James complained, preparation for the Married Son in the first six chapters is not elaborate. Nevertheless a clear type is sketched. Howells described Charles Edward as a young man of easy temperament, who leaves all the push of the family business to his father and "putters over the aesthetic details in the business, the new designs for the plated ware, and the illustrated catalogues which the house publishes every year . . ." This outline is filled in by the Daughter-in-law, Charles Edward's wife Lorraine. Lorraine sees her husband as spoiled by the family, bored by the business, unhappy at family dinners, and dreaming of the small inheritance which in a few months will enable him and Lorraine to go to Paris. At the end of her chapter, Charles Edward leaves the factory after a quarrel with his father over his tardiness. The Old Maid, the Grandmother, the School Girl, and the Son-in-law virtually ignore Charles Edward, thus furthering the impression that Lorraine's picture of his isolation is correct.

James's chapter is the longest in the book (though not, as one reviewer charged, twice the length of all the others). Of the forty pages, thirty are spent in allowing Charles Edward to explain himself, although in one of his prefaces James stigmatized this method as "the terrible fluidity of self-revelation." Of all the family Charles Edward values most his mother: "Poor Mother, who is worth all

the rest of us put together, and is really worth two or three of poor Father, deadly decent as I admit poor Father mainly to be” He feels that with a little more daring his mother might almost understand him. His own trouble is that “I have never said or done a bold thing in my life.” He works off his nerves in a diary, secret even from Lorraine. He speaks of the “beautiful desperation” of their life, the “deep-dyed hypocrisy” of their behavior at family dinners, his awareness of his uselessness at the factory. He is revolted by the design of the best-selling ice pitcher. He really hopes his mother never fully understands his plight; it would be much better if she merely continues to get on with Father, “the fine damp plaster of whose composition, renewed from week to week, can’t be touched anywhere without letting your finger in, without peril of its coming to pieces.” He admires his mother for really managing the family, even while the others think they are managing her. His special aversion is Maria, his dominating sister, and her husband Tom Price, who “just hums with business ideas, whereas I just gape with the impossibility of them” Grandmother’s reputation for practicality infuriates him. “She knows as much about the world as a tin jelly-mould knows about the dinner, and is the oddest mixture of brooding anxieties over things that don’t in the least matter and of bland failure to suspect things that intensely do.” In one point Granny’s judgment was correct: her opposition to the coeducational school for Peggy, insisted upon by Maria. Charles Edward summarizes the family tensions: Father would like to get rid of Grandmother, Mother would like to get rid of Elizabeth, the Tom Prices would like to get rid of Charles Edward and Lorraine, who in their turn, “would give our most immediate jewel to clear the sky of the Tom Prices And I think we should all really band together, for once in our lives, in an unnatural alliance to get rid of Eliza.” Musing over the complexities, he records a very Jamesian impression: “The aspects of our situation multiply so in fact that I note again how one has only to look at any human thing very straight (that is with the minimum of intelligence) to see it shine out in as many aspects as the hues of the prism; or place itself, in other words, in relations that positively stop nowhere. I’ve often

thought that I should some day like to write a novel; but what would become of me in that case—delivered over, I mean, before my subject, to my extravagant sense that everything is a part of something else?" The one redeeming feature of his situation is his delight in Lorraine, so strong that he has her walk to and from work with him—a custom that strikes the family as very odd.

One of the collaborators, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, thought Henry James's chapter "long and heavy." And she objected to the implication that Aunt Elizabeth posed as moving in better society than she actually did. *The Nation* thought that James, "as he would say, gets beautifully nowhere." Nevertheless, the character of Charles Edward does emerge from the forty pages. His reflections on the family relationships deepen them and give them point—the inevitable and perennial conflict between those who see and those who do not. The action at the end of the chapter is slight, feeble, and indecisive. Going to New York, Charles Edward penetrates into the rather gross reality of Aunt Elizabeth's vaunted friend, Mrs. Chataway. The chapter concludes with an unexpected meeting with Harry Goward.

The Whole Family remains a curious tour de force. The Howells and James chapters do stand out above the others, and their juxtaposition in dealing with the same characters sets them off not only from the ruck of magazine fiction of the day, but from each other. It is Howells who justifies the successful American businessman typified by the Father. It is James who scores him as stodgy and unperceptive. Yet both writers are interested primarily in character. The other collaborators supply the confusions over the letters, the melodramatic disappearances, the train wreck, and the romantic elopement.

So far as James is concerned, his collaboration on *The Whole Family* adds nothing to his literary stature. It does, however, put an interesting qualification to our conception of the James of "the major phase." For the Henry James who fell in with the proposal of an attractive young woman magazine editor is not the James who "matters" to Mr. Matthiessen. He is not the James who interests Mr. Wilson, or Mr. Auden, or Mr. Spender. The austere figure

HENRY JAMES AND *THE WHOLE FAMILY*

whom these critics present would never have stooped to such a journalistic venture. But the real Henry James did, with grace, with conscience, and with good humor. It is just as well to remember that the stereotype of James as the austere artist may be pressed too far.

. . . . The sum of my certainty is that America has a very clear century of start over Russia, and that Western Europe must follow us for a hundred years, before Russia can swing her flail over the Atlantic. Whether she can do it then is no conundrum that I can settle. I imagine that my grandpapa, sitting here in his study ninety years ago, could see ahead to me now, better than I can see ahead to the year 2000; and yet it was not easy guessing even for him.

—*Letters of Henry Adams*, edited by
WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD
(Houghton, Mifflin Company, publishers)

There Is No Axiom

ADELE LEVI

Nothing blows or moves that is not more
than it seems, breathing and exhaling histories.
The pilot ploughing the fields of air
is lifted upon the history of hands long dust.

Across the Pacific sky rises the bridge,
a Bible with several testaments,
thrusting lean and powerful over the unthinking waters
its immaculate truth of engineering.

Nothing blows or moves that is old or complete,
blue-printed forever and known:
there is no axiom but points to fresh discoveries.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP

by Joseph Wood Krutch

MANY YEARS AGO when I was still a cockney by conviction as well as by habit, I went with two companions—one male and one female—to spend a few weeks in what seemed to us a lonely house. Outwardly, at least, we were brave enough during the first twenty-four hours, but as the second twilight began to fall, a certain uneasiness could no longer be hidden. None of us was quite comfortable, and none quite willing to admit that he was not, until the time finally came when the fact was patent. “What,” each asked the other, “are you afraid of?”

“People,” said I, “thieves, murderers, escaped lunatics—call them what you will—but People; evilly disposed and strong enough to kill or maim me.” “Ghosts,” said my female companion briskly. But our friend still hesitated. “Well,” he said at last, “if you must know, it’s—panthers. I was afraid of them as a child and I am afraid of them now. They lie along the low limbs of trees, and they will leap upon my back if I pass under them.”

Then, of course, we went to work upon one another, always two against one. No murder and no theft by violence had occurred in that region within the memory of man, though both were common occurrences in that part of New York City where we all felt perfectly secure and at home. Even the fearer of ghosts admitted that she feared them only between sunset and sunrise; even the predestined victim of panthers was ready enough to grant that no bobcat, even, had been seen in that part of Connecticut for generations. And so we retired to our rooms, each deprived of his pet rationalization but not, I am afraid, much comforted in the place where we needed comfort. And when, just before dawn, a squirrel scampered over the roof, each saw in his mind’s eye what he was prepared to see: the murderer with his knife; the ghost risen from his grave; the panther ready to spring.

The country is a great deal safer than the city. Nearly everyone admits that abstract proposition and statistics support it. But no

IN THE NIGHT

one who grew up in a town really believes it in those nerves where the fear of the lonely dark takes its rise. Reason can reach the rationalizations with which we seek to make fear respectable to ourselves, but it cannot reach fear itself.

What we should have done, as I now know well, was to get a cat, or what is much better, at least two. Nothing else will explain so convincingly almost any of the creaks and groans to which an old house is heir. Puss can tiptoe or stomp as the mood strikes him and he can send tin pots and china crashing on occasion. He is equally likely to be in the cellar or on the roof and he might cause almost any noise one is likely to hear. In actual fact he will, of course, not be responsible a third of the time but nearly always he might be, and what one needs is a possible, innocent, explanation of what otherwise seems to have none. Two cats are better for the simple reason that one is likely to be sleeping on your feet when you need him most and it is highly desirable to have a spare to fall back upon.

Of course not even a cat will explain everything which needs explanation when one is in the dark alone. When I was spending my first night in a rather out-of-the-way and rather ramshackle hotel in one of the more ancient and sinister towns of Italy, I was awakened about two in the morning by the sound of heels tapping smartly down the stone pavement. They stopped just under my window and I got up to look out. A man was peering intently at the door. After a close inspection he put some sort of mark on it and went on down to the next, which, after a short scrutiny, he left unmarked.

This was during the early days of fascism, and I had heard that afternoon the distant shouts of a mob. What could this mysterious proceeding mean? I thought of the Passover and of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but I could think of no other explanation. When I awoke the next morning—and I am rather proud of myself for having slept at all—I hastened to investigate the mysterious sign. It was a little sticker assuring the owner that the watchman employed by some security company had passed at 2:00 A.M. and found all

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

well. The explanation was as simple as that of certain strange tap-pings which kept my friends and me awake during our first night in the cottage. They turned out to be the result of the slow dripping from an old-fashioned icebox onto a sheet of tin outside my bedroom window. But why did I not think of that? Simply because, I suppose, when one is alone in a strange place, one does not easily imagine innocent things.

II

The place where I now am and where I spent last night alone is far from strange. I have known it for more than fifteen years and know it better than I have ever known any other place on earth. It is here and here only that I ever really feel "at home." But I have been alone in this house only on rare occasions. I need to remind myself that I am no longer the cockney I was twenty-five years ago and that I do not really anticipate attack by lunatic, ghost, or crouching panther.

The solitude I know best is the *solitude à deux* and that is the kind I prefer. Unfortunately, however, one cannot always choose. For thirty-six hours I have spoken to no human being, and that is long enough to begin to get the taste of aloneness into one's mouth. This familiar place—this most familiar and beloved of all places—begins to seem strange, at least in the sense of seeming odd. With no one to distract my attention, I get to know it better than I have ever known it before, and that in itself is pleasant. But out of the greater intimacy grows an oddness. It is like repeating a word until one seems never to have heard it before or like staring in a mirror until one seems to see a stranger. "Who," one asks, "is staring so fixedly beyond the magic pane?" "Is this," one asks, "the chair I have so many times sat in?" "Am I falling into a dream or is this the only time I have ever been really awake?" Perhaps, I conclude, man is always a stranger to himself. Perhaps only the presence of others who seem to know him makes him able to take himself for granted. When there is no one present to help him pretend, he knows that all is strange and that the strangest of all is himself. Those who are never really happy except in groups or crowds must have more

fear of themselves than those of us for whom one companion at a time is usually enough.

When I look out of the window I see that though the ground is covered with snow, the day is—or at least ought to be—bright and cheerful. But I look away from the white expanse, and when I turn on the radio, the sounds which come out have a ghostly air I have never been aware of before. Somehow I am not as sure as I usually am that there is really someone at the other end. Perhaps a transcription is being played and perhaps the engineers all died a few moments ago, along with all the rest of the human race except me. Astronomers are fond of telling us that when one of the stars disappears no one on earth is aware of the fact until thousands of years later. The mechanical arrangements of a broadcasting station provide a similar, if shorter, time lag. Someone was there not very long ago. But I cannot really know that anyone is there now. Perhaps the turntable still spins, but spins for me alone.

The two cats are a comfort. At least something besides me is still alive. But is it only a fancy on my part that they sense the fact that they are now two to one and that I have no one to back me up? Is it only a fancy that they seem, when they express a desire for something, to make it slightly less a request, slightly more a command?

Even under normal conditions they sometimes give me what I call "the silent treatment." This means that when, for instance, they want their breakfast, and my companion, instead of preparing it, is making coffee for herself and for me, they sit motionless and silent but with their great eyes fixed upon her in a relentless stare, as though they were saying: "Don't try to forget that we are here, don't pretend you don't see us; don't think we do not know that you are ministering to yourself rather than to us. We are patient, and well behaved, and forgiving, but we know well enough how much we have to put up with."

Is it a fancy, I ask again, that the stare is now slightly more authoritative? A few moments ago I got it, as I frequently do, in the form of a suggestion that the chair in which I am sitting is well known to be this particular cat's rightful possession, and that if I

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

had any decency in me I would resign it to its real owner. But would not the matter have rested there had I not been alone and had this been one of the rare occasions when I persist in my usurpation? Would the cat have leaped suddenly behind my back, squeezed into the small place available, and indicated quite clearly that even I could see now that there was not room enough for both? Even in the existing circumstances I am not really afraid of my cats. I think that they like me and I think that if the situation were reversed, they would make a pet of me as I make pets of them. But the threat of *force majeure* is something of which they are always aware in the background of their lives, and probably in a world where cats were dominant, I should be aware of the same thing.

Once long ago when I was just in the process of learning to feel secure outside a city, I had much more strongly the sense that the animal kingdom might be about to take over. It was, as a matter of fact, on the very first occasion when I spent a night in the country absolutely alone, and I had just begun to be aware of what seemed to be the changed attitude of the three cats I then had. There was a clatter outside the kitchen door. When I went to investigate I found the garbage can upset and two beady, ratlike eyes peering at me from the head of an animal many times larger than the largest rat. It seemed to threaten rather than to show any sign of retreating and I did not know then that possums sometimes do not run away, less because they are bold than because they are dim witted and cannot move very fast at best. I retreated, wondering whether that possum knew that I was alone, and had hardly seated myself again when there was a rustle from a closet in the next room. When I opened its door, there, erect on its haunches and staring at me with eyes even more threatening than those of the possum, was a little white-footed field mouse.

When angry, mice beat a furious tattoo with their tails, just as angry rabbits, having no tail to flap, drum fiercely with their hind legs. Mice, I had been taught to believe, were timorous creatures. What, except a knowledge that the signal for the revolution of the animals against man had been given, could have caused this one to face me boldly and to say, as he was so plainly saying: "Get out,

get out, get out"? I closed the door hastily and I did not call the cats, less because of the humanitarianism which would ordinarily have restrained me than because I was sure it would do no good. By now, cats and mice would obviously be on the same side. The united front was an accomplished fact. So Alice felt repeatedly when the animals in Wonderland seemed vaguely to threaten her, and I suspect that one of the fascinations of the account of her adventures arises out of the presence, just below the consciousness of most of us, of the unrecognized fear that someday the furs, the feathers, the horny shells, and the cold scales may take over.

III

Children like to frighten themselves. Two together on a dark though familiar street at night will begin playfully to suggest, one to another, that something dangerous is following them, until, presently, both believe what neither had believed at the beginning. That, I suppose, is a form of aestheticism; the love of experience for its own sake. And it is not confined to children. Last night I did not want to be alone in a country house but neither did I want to miss the fact that I was. And I toyed with the dangerous experiment of trying to frighten myself. Was I ever at any moment really afraid? Not actually, I think, but I could almost imagine that I was. And at that point I prudently called off the experiment.

Late this afternoon I asked the cats—in the tone of voice regularly reserved for that question—if they wanted to go for a walk, and they immediately indicated that they did. The sun was low as we started along the wood-road, and the more adventurous of the two—he who had had a sportsman's, rather than a proletarian education—ran ahead to the small pond across whose frozen surface he loves to slither and slide after the bits of wood I skim over the surface for his amusement. Often his hind legs fly out from under him though he seldom actually falls. I usually tire of the game before he does, and I do not laugh because, though he has some kind of sense of fun, he objects, as all cats do, to being laughed at. This afternoon I am not sure that I *could* have laughed. It is not some-

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

thing one does easily alone. There would be no more of it in the world if there were only the cats and I.

The glaze on the ice looked just a little different because I knew that no one would be waiting for us when we got back. I deliberately led the way to a relatively unfamiliar spot in the woods where we could look off an elevation across the wintry valley. But I had less sense of a strangeness than in the house—because, perhaps, I had less expectation that it would seem familiar. Under the circumstances, I half expected to feel at least the faint, faraway presence of that Panic which the ancients attributed, not unreasonably, to the unseen presence of the wildest and most inclusive of the gods. But Pan snubbed me and made himself known only to the cats, whose fur bristled savagely and in whose eyes a new gleam appeared. Perhaps, like Minerva, he comes only uninvited. And on the whole I am not sorry that I did not meet him there in the twilight woods.

In a few hours now—long before midnight—I shall get out the car, drive to the railroad station to meet an incoming train, and in a few minutes after it has arrived, I shall not be able to remember why the last thirty-six hours have seemed so strange. What it is that my companion and I are able to protect one another against, I do not know. Neither has more power than the other to exorcise ghosts, and I am afraid that neither would be more effective than the other in dealing with any human aggression. And since it is not really the revolt of the animals that I fear, there seems only one possibility left. Pan rarely shows himself to more than one person at a time; for I, at least, am convinced that the panic of mobs is inspired by another and much more unpleasant god.

Academic Procession

RICHARD ARMOUR

Unplucked, untended, late and soon,
Unornamental, June to June,
Professors, in their special way,
Are plants that bloom a single day.

Burst suddenly in blazing flower,
They for a brief exciting hour
Enchant and awe the lookers on
Who witness the phenomenon.

And then, as suddenly, they shed
Their brilliant petals, go quite dead,
And stay inexplicably sere
Until Commencement comes next year.

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS

by T. A. Bisson

A REVOLUTIONARY transformation is taking place in the Far East in the present era. How has our American past prepared us to meet this era? What have been our national conceptions of the Far East, and of our relations to it? Are these concepts still valid? Or are they outmoded?

In *Virgin Land*,* a notable study of the formative influence of Western settlement on the growth and shaping of the American mind, Henry Nash Smith touches upon a primary element in our conceptual relationship to the Far East. From late colonial times the substratum was formed by the associated ideas of continental destiny and the westward course of empire. The symbol soon became more complex, and in widely differing variants entered into the developing American nationalism.

"The early visions of an American Empire," writes Smith, "embody two different if often mingled conceptions. There is on the one hand the notion of empire as command of the sea, and on the other hand the notion of empire as a populous future society occupying the interior of the American continent . . . Engrossing the trade of the world is an ambition evidently taken over from the British mercantilist ideal. On the other hand, creating new states in the dreary solitudes of the West is an enterprise that depends upon the increase of population resulting from agricultural expansion into an empty, fertile continent. This second version of the American Empire, based on agrarian assumptions, more nearly corresponds to the actual course of events during the nineteenth century.

"Both these conceptions predict the outcome of the westward movement. Empire conceived as maritime dominion presupposes American expansion westward to the Pacific. The idea draws upon the long history and rich overtones of the search for a northwest passage to Asia, or, in Whitman's phrase, a 'passage to India'

* Henry Nash Smith, *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1950).

GOOD EARTH

. . . . The very different idea of a continental empire dependent upon agriculture, and associated with various images of the Good Society to be realized in the West, may be called the theme of the Garden of the World."

The earliest folklore of the American West gathered about the hunters, trappers, and Indian fighters on the frontier. Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* enshrined them first and were followed by many imitators, subtly analyzed in Smith's pages. When their real life existence ended, they continued as the mythical Western heroes—and heroines—of the dime novel, and today of the movies. These men, however, merely blazed the way for the more prosaic agricultural settler, who was the solid engrosser of the continental empire. Around him, too, a myth was spun. Free land meant an "agrarian utopia" of yeoman farmers, and an outlet for the Eastern worker that banished the threat of unemployment. The outcome in real life was very different. Land sharks, among other forces, exploded the good intentions of Homestead Acts, while unemployed workers had neither the funds nor the experience needed to become farmers. Even more, by the time the last free land was pre-empted, industry, not agriculture, was becoming the economic base of American society and was transforming agriculture itself.

Smith's minor theme deals with the "Passage to India." An equally complex interplay between myth and reality occurred in this sphere, reflected not so much in literature as in the visions of American empire builders. True to the continental limits of his subject, the author takes his stand firmly on dry land. The "passage" is strictly overland, by road or rail, with few references to salt water. First the explorations, then the highway over South Pass, then the railroad. But what a lush symphonic imagery our empire builders, Benton, Whitney, and Gilpin, weave about these tasks! The dominant note (it has not yet died out) is also the oldest: the wealth of the Indies, the riches of Cathay. Behind Columbus stands Marco Polo. Lewis and Clark, "when they reached the shore of the Pacific

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH

in 1804," were in truth reactivating old ideas, older even than "the oldest of all ideas associated with America." Trade with the Orient had meant much to the Old World; in the New World it could mean more. Empire grew from the riches gathered at the crossroads of trade, and the course of empire lay westward.

"The American road to India," declaimed Benton in 1849, "will also become the European track to that region. The European merchant, as well as the American, will fly across our continent on a straight line to China. The rich commerce of Asia will flow through our centre. And where has that commerce ever flowed without carrying wealth and dominion with it?" Tyre and Sidon, Alexandria, Constantinople, Venice and Genoa, Lisbon, Amsterdam, and London had marked out the path of Asiatic trade and dominion. "In no instance has it failed to carry the nation, or the people which possessed it, to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it the highest attainments of letters, arts, and sciences."

Stephen A. Douglas, closer to the Western farmer, thought of the railway as moving gradually westward, a product of the settlers and serving their needs, but even he could not omit mention of "the India and China trade, and the vast commerce of the Pacific ocean, which would pass over this route." Asa Whitney, the New York merchant, took issue with Douglas' concept that the farmer would create the railway; in his view, the railway was needed to transform the isolated settler—the "demi-savage"—into a useful member of society by enabling him to "exchange with the different branches of industry." William Gilpin added a geopolitical note derived from Humboldt. The Mississippi basin lay within the isothermal zodiac, along which had arisen the series of great empires from China and Rome to Spain and Britain. "The *untransacted* destiny of the American people," he wrote in 1846, "is to subdue the American continent—to rush over this vast field to the Pacific Ocean." It will then leap the ocean "to teach old nations a new civilization—to confirm the destiny of the human race—to carry the career of mankind to its culminating point . . . to absolve the curse that weighs down humanity, and to shed blessings round the world!"

Whitman, too, was stirred by these ideas, but not in the way of

the "sectional chauvinism" that marked Benton and Gilpin. "In view of the less attractive inferences that other thinkers have drawn from the notion of an American empire in the Pacific," notes Smith, "one is grateful for the intrepid idealism that so triumphantly enabled Whitman to see in the march of the pioneer army a prelude to peace and the brotherhood of nations."

Whitman's celebration of "the strong, light works of engineers" in "Passage to India" embraced not only the railway but the Atlantic submarine cable and the Suez Canal as well. The latter outbid the Union Pacific for the Far Eastern trade, and in 1883, Smith observes, the transcontinental railways carried but two percent of American imports from Asia. An American empire had developed, and was to become greater still, but it "was defined . . . by a relation . . . between American man and the American West." Spelling this out, one might say that the great fact became the unprecedented combination of agriculture and industry on high technical levels within a rich continental domain.

Was the idea of an American empire drawing sustenance from the wealth of the Indies only a myth, then, with no basis in the realities of American life and historical development? In its more imaginative flights, of course, the answer must be in the affirmative. By recapturing the dreams of our early overland empire builders, Smith has added a new dimension to our appreciation of what the Far East meant to the soaring imaginations of these men. On the other hand, our real life contacts with the Far East were largely occurring in another field—that of American maritime and trading enterprise. Smith does not enter this field. But the continental empire builders that he deals with were playing their roles at a time when America's maritime approach to China and the Indies was yielding large and encouraging results. A blending into one canvas of the enterprise of the traders to the East and the settlers of the West would be required to give the full depth of the historical picture at any time between the Revolution and the Civil War. The ideological champions of overland expansion were buttressed, in their notions of Asiatic trade, by an actual trade then taking place through American enterprise.

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH

Settlers on the Willamette could clinch the occupation of the Northwest in the 1840's because the *Columbia*, under Captain Gray, had staked an American claim to Oregon territory by virtue of prior discovery in 1790. John Jacob Astor was ahead of his time in seeking overland as well as sea connections for the trading post established at Astoria in 1811, but, as Smith notes, it was his men who discovered South Pass in 1813. Before this the farthest American frontier had leaped the continent to Hawaii, where first American traders and then whalers and missionaries staked out an island domain that also entered into the imagery of American expansion. China was being opened in the 'forties, and Japan in the 'fifties. Asa Whitney, it is interesting to note, had returned from China in 1844, the year Caleb Cushing was negotiating the Wanghia treaty. In an address of 1848 which Smith cites, Whitney champions his railway project in imperial terms that hint also of Chinese exclusion and the open door: "Here we stand forever . . . we reach out one hand to all Asia, and the other to all Europe, willing for all to enjoy the great blessings we possess, claiming free intercourse and exchange of commodities with all, seeking not to subjugate any, but *all* . . . tributary, and at our will subject to us."

While the fur traders and settlers were moving across the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, the merchants and sea captains of New England and the Middle Atlantic states were adventuring in all the seas. In a commerce that became world-wide almost immediately after 1783, trade with China and the Indies took an important share. Two new studies by James Duncan Phillips* in his Salem series give much of the picturesque detail and solid achievements of one port's share in this early American commerce with the Far East.

In 1783 a long procession of famous privateers returned to their home port of Salem. They were all "big vessels compared with those used before the war by the Salem merchants. They were built for speed, heavily armed and equipped to fight. Their masters and crews were trained to the big risks, enormous profits, and enormous losses of the privateer's trade. The shipyards had been tuned up to produce big fast ships, ropewalks had been built to supply the

* *Salem and the Indies* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947); *Pepper and Pirates* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1949).

equipment, and great sail-lofts to make the sails. How was this intense activity to be reduced to peacetime needs?"

The answer was found—for Salem and other American ports—in the development of a world trade that withstood the Jeffersonian embargo and met no serious check until the War of 1812. By 1790, in the first six years of independence, Salem ships had "explored all the great trade routes from the Baltic to the China Sea and visited the important ports of Russia, China, and the east coast of Africa." After 1793, in a world at war, the dangers to neutral ships were great but profits were large and risks boldly accepted. When uninterrupted by blockade or embargo, the longest runs were to the Far Eastern ports. Such a voyage might have several turnovers of cargo, in the West Indies, Europe, the Mediterranean, or on the way out across the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean via the Cape of Good Hope and India, before the final accumulation of specie that usually paid for the teas and silks of Canton or the pepper of Sumatra and the coffee of Java.

A colorful and rewarding phase of the Salem commerce, described in *Pepper and Pirates*, was its half-century domination of the pepper traffic with Sumatra. For some years after 1790, when it was opened by an adventurous Salem captain, this trade was actually monopolized by one Salem group, and thereafter by the merchants and captains of the one port of Salem. "Her vessels," writes Phillips, "encouraged the culture of pepper by supplying a ready market. Her demand at first fixed the price both in Sumatra where it was raised and in America and Europe where it was sold. Her sea captains surveyed the coast and drew the charts of its dangerous coral reefs and narrow channels which made the coast safe to navigate and can hardly be improved today."

From 1799 to 1846 Salem pepper ships came in almost every year, bringing incredible amounts of the staple. "Many single ships," the author states, "brought over a half million pounds, and at least one, the *Eliza*, came in with over a million pounds. These great cargoes laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Peeles, the Crowninshields, Captain Joseph Peabody, Captain Stephen Phillips, Captain Nathaniel West and a dozen others."

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH

Profits gained on many of these trade runs would be considered large even today. "The great voyages to Canton, Sumatra, and India," writes Phillips in *Salem and the Indies*, "were netting from \$100,000 to \$300,000 a voyage, and some European voyages ran up to \$100,000. Average annual customs duties of over \$750,000 were collected at Salem from 1800 to 1807, at a period when its merchants were supplying about five percent of the entire revenues of the United States. In 1806, "probably the greatest year of Salem's foreign trade," the town owned "seventy-three ships, eleven barks, and forty-eight brigs."

In addition to a big shipbuilding industry, the capital accumulated from trade was going into "turnpike roads, bridges, houses, aqueducts, public buildings, and canals, all of which had an enormous growth between 1800 and 1808 around Salem. The stockholders of all these corporations are just lists of merchants who had made their money in ships. The same is true of the iron works, the duck factories, and ropewalks. . . . Banks and insurance companies . . . had been started also." Out of Salem's wealth, finally, grew a lively social and intellectual life, also pictured in *Salem and the Indies*, for the generation that followed the Revolutionary War.

It would be useful to know the extent to which profits from the pre-Civil War trade with China and the Indies fertilized the growth of industry and capital in New England and the Eastern seaboard generally. Further studies in the Salem series, if such are projected, might throw additional light on this question. For a time at least, within a restricted area of the country, the wealth of the Orient was a most practical matter to a sizable group of American merchants and ship captains. It contributed to an industrial development of the Eastern states that, in its outcome, helped to overwhelm the "agrarian utopia" of the West.

At the close of the nineteenth century a new symbolism formed behind a new spurt of expansionism, an expansionism that carried a real instead of an imagined American dominion into the Far East. It embraced the experience of our traders in Asia, the refashioned dreams of our continental empire builders, the ambitions of naval

men, and the requirements of our lusty new industry. Benton and Gilpin come to life again in some of the pages of Brooks Adams, notably in *The New Empire*, where he charts the history of the trade routes along which empires waxed and waned. In *America's Economic Supremacy* he raises a new problem and then answers it in the old way:

"The upshot of the whole matter," he writes, "is that America has been irresistibly impelled to produce a large industrial surplus—a surplus, should no change occur, which will be larger in a few years than anything ever before known. Upon the existence of this surplus hinges the future, for the United States must provide sure and adequate outlets for her products, or be in danger of gluts more dangerous to her society than many panics such as 1873 and 1893. . . . For upward of a thousand years the social centre of civilization has advanced steadily westward. Should it continue to advance, it will presently cross the Atlantic and aggrandize America. If, on the contrary, it should recede, America may have reached her prime. . . . From earliest times, China and India seem to have served as the bases of human commerce; the seat of empire having always been the point where their products have been exchanged against the products of the West. . . . In the favoured line, running from east to west, all the choicest territory has been occupied . . . Eastern Asia now appears, without much doubt, to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great increase of manufactures, and accordingly Eastern Asia is the prize for which all energetic nations are grasping."

These ideas are still living in our time, when it would appear that the greatest American proconsul to Asia has supped at their springs. Thus, we read:

"Beginning with China's rise to ancient pre-eminence, the full force of progressing civilization has been exerted principally in a westerly direction . . . followed by the Persian rise to power . . . Greece, in turn, encountered and fell before the rising power of Rome, still further to the west. . . . In the fifteenth century Columbus pushed westward across the Atlantic. . . . Favored by geography, climate, and an untold wealth of natural resources, the

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH

United States and, to a somewhat lesser extent, the other countries of the Americas have advanced unbelievably in power, wealth, and influence, and have established within their boundaries a civilization in the familiar European pattern. The next step to be taken in Europeanizing the world's economic and industrial practices—a step already definitely begun—is still inexorably toward the west such opportunity now exists in Eastern Asia

“The industrial machine of Europe and America has been for many years geared up to the requirements of development and exploitation in the Western Hemisphere, so that now that domestic demand is sinking closer to the level of mere maintenance, production far exceeds consumption. Every existing market has been feverishly competed for and exploited, but those so far developed are too small to absorb the overages that world industry constantly produces. Extensive markets must be found, or production must be curtailed and standards of living must recede—consequences that would result in great upheavals and would be fatal to governments and industry alike. So the industrial and economic revolution in East Asia has begun just in time to cushion the shock of compulsory readjustment in Europe and America. . . . For many years the new market will sustain a capacity to absorb vast quantities of manufactured products, paying for these in equivalent quantities of the raw materials that Occidental countries grow increasingly to need.”*

It would seem clear that the “wealth of the Indies” concept has been a persistent strain in American thought about the Far East. And yet it has remained, in terms of actual historical development, peripheral rather than central to the United States, despite the growth of American influence and power in Asia. Like the “agrarian utopia,” which struck root even more deeply in the American consciousness, it has had its fullest life in a realm of fantasy. It should perhaps be asked what relation exists between these American concepts and the problems that are of immediate and vital concern to Far Eastern peoples. Two of the latest books on China help

* Major General Douglas MacArthur, *Report on National Defense in the Philippines* (Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1936), pp. 7-11.

to define the nature of such problems.† Both authors are describing and analyzing a social revolutionary upheaval that they witnessed for periods in 1946 and 1947 at first hand. *China Shakes the World*, in particular, contains more new eyewitness material on the Chinese Communists than any volume issued since the end of the war.

Here in chapter after chapter, for some three-fifths of more than five hundred pages, the author is dealing with events occurring not in Chinese cities but in the villages of China's hinterland. The Chinese Communist leaders were seeking the allegiance of intellectuals, workers, and business groups, as Belden makes clear, but even in 1947 their base was still among the peasantry, as it had been for two decades past. Anna Louise Strong adds to the picture a description of Chinese Communist policy in a city like Kalgan, which she visited in 1946 just before the Nationalists entered. Her brief, pointed, straightforward analyses of political, economic, and social policies in the Communist areas, however, cover a series of changes that mainly affected peasant life.

The conditions of this life are not readily assimilable to the background drawn by Smith in *Virgin Land*. A striking contrast exists between the equation of much land and few people that drew American settlers westward, and the equation that has existed in China (or most other parts of the East). The "good earth" was ancient, with many claimants; it was a soil neither virgin nor free. Its occupants were caught in the web of an equally ancient social order that brought misery to millions, yet staunchly resisted change. Rebellions, occurring sporadically in times of widest suffering, had shaken the system but never changed it. The manifold oppressiveness of this system took forms that were alien to American experience and hard to understand. In the postwar years there was apparently no clear realization that the Chinese peasants were again reaching the point at which they would answer a call to revolt.

The semifeudal agrarian order of most Eastern countries has also laid a ban, in the current period, on new opportunities of tapping the "wealth of the Indies." Within the framework of a more

† Jack Belden, *China Shakes the World* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1949); Anna Louise Strong, *The Chinese Conquer China* (Garden City: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1949).

VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH

primitive economy, the early American merchant-entrepreneurs of the Eastern seaboard could realize the mercantilist vision at least in some part. Wealth, if not dominion, accrued to them on the profits of trade with Asia. In the present era, commercial interchange between East and West can reach significant proportions on but one basis: the emergence of strong, independent local leaderships capable of sweeping aside the representatives of an old order that stands in the way of internal modernization and development. Such leaderships may prove unacceptable to the United States when they arise; in fact, the real problem is how to create them, though working with them will not admit of imperial dominion. The productive system of the United States, geared to a program of railway, communications, water power, and industrial development in a country like China, *can* realize the old American vision in the modern age. For this reason the ability or inability of the United States to forge a constructive relationship with the new China may turn out to be, in historical retrospect, a crucial turning point. India and Indonesia are of a size to offer similar possibilities. In these countries, as in China, drastic internal social reform is a prerequisite to the fruitful application of American capital and technique. The old order will not accommodate the new technique; it may even explode, as in China, if effective change is too long delayed.

THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 259)

first encouragement in poetry came from Ad Schuster of the *Oakland Tribune* and Florence Keene of *Westward*. . . . Since then, I have been printed in about everything from *Poetry* of Chicago to *The Saturday Evening Post*. . . . A recital of my life since coming to Reno might be labeled, 'Of Time and the River' . . . The Truckee, a most delightful river, takes up all my time, with fishing in the summer and ice-skating in the winter. I don't dream of writing the great American novel, but I do hope wistfully to stand up straight on ice."

THOMAS PARKINSON ("Some Recent Pacific Coast Poetry") reports of himself that he has been, one after another, a truck driver, clerk in a liquor store, shipyard worker, logger, and writer—all this, with army service thrown in, on the way to a Ph.D. from the University of California and a teaching position in the Department of English there. Mr. Parkinson is now engaged on a study of Yeats which will appear in book form toward the end of this year.

ROBERT E. FITCH ("Reinhold Niebuhr, *Excubitor!*") son and grandson of American Presbyterian missionaries, has published in the fields of philosophy and religion in both professional and semipopular journals, is the author of three books of which the latest, *Preface to Ethical Living* (New York: The Association Press), appeared in 1947.

Dr. Fitch is professor of Christian

ethics at the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California. Since 1936, he has been an ordained minister in the Congregational Church.

JULIE SLOANE ("Love's Husbandry") is the wife of a New York publisher and the mother of three children. She lives in Rockland County, New York, and once engaged in a long metrical argument with her neighbor, Maxwell Anderson, an argument in which she came off second best. After this contretemps made the pages of the *New York Herald Tribune*, she retired from versifying for several years. "Love's Husbandry" and "Bargain in a Garden," which appeared recently in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, mark her gradual return.

MAJOR ARTHUR AMES ("The Beleaguered Wagon Train") chooses to have no printed history—perhaps in self-defense against those romantics whose favorite legend he is destroying. He waits eagerly, however, to learn, by way of *The Pacific Spectator*, whether any reader has a living grandfather or great-grandfather or neighbor not yet senile who, with his own hands, has helped to make a circle of wagons against advancing Indians.

SYLVIA SHIRLEY ("Slow Journey") lives in New York, takes care of a family, and reports that she does "about seven or eight stories a year." Her first published story, "Red Dress," appeared in *Harper's* and later in *Best American Short Stories* of 1947. Since then, her stories have appeared in several

THE AUTHORS

American and one Canadian magazine. In 1949 Miss Shirley was a *Harper's Magazine* Fellow at the Bread Loaf School of Writing.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL ("My Friend Sanchez") served as Senior Cultural Relations Officer in the United States Embassy in Colombia from 1941 to 1944. In 1944, he was attached to the Division of Cultural Co-operation in the State Department, his special interest being in certain South American countries. During much of 1949 he was again in South America.

Together with his State Department employment, his travel, and his own writing, Mr. Brickell edits the annual *O Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*.

JOHN J. ESPEY ("The Two Japans of Lafcadio Hearn") was born in Shanghai, the son of Presbyterian missionaries. He attended the Kuling American School and the Shanghai American School, later came to California, where he is now a member of the English Department at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Mr. Espey is the author of many magazine articles and of three books—*Minor Heresies*, *Tales Out of School*, *The Other City*—which record the experiences of an American child growing up in the Far East.

B. R. McELDERRY, JR. ("Henry James and *The Whole Family*") is associate professor of English at the University of Southern California. He has published widely in Ameri-

can magazines, especially in the field of contemporary American literature. "Henry James and *The Whole Family*" marks his first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*.

ADELE LEVI ("There Is No Axiom") is a social worker in the San Francisco Public Welfare Department. Her verse, which has appeared in a number of magazines, received honorable mention in the James D. Phelan competition of 1948.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH ("Things That Go Bump in the Night") is Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University. He is the author of a long list of books, of both professional and general interest, the latest of which, *Twelve Seasons*, appeared last year.

RICHARD ARMOUR ("Academic Procession") joins in the present poem his two careers—teaching and light verse. Professor of English at Scripps College and author of several books of biography and literary criticism, he writes for numerous magazines, including *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The New Yorker*. His fifth book of verse, *For Partly Proud Parents*, was recently published by Harper & Brothers.

THOMAS A. BISSON ("Virgin Land Versus Good Earth") is the author of "Asia in Change," which appeared in *The Pacific Spectator* last winter. As then noted, Professor Bisson has had long experience in China and Japan, an experience including thirteen years as Far Eastern specialist

THE AUTHORS

for the Foreign Policy Association. He is the author of several books dealing with American policy in the Far East. *Prospects for Democracy in Japan* (Macmillan) is the latest of these.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 257)

thing, then, to be gained by reviving Hearn's, as they are here revived in "The Two Japans of Lafcadio

Hearn"? For Japan now, probably not; probably not, too, for the United States in its relations with Japan. But the war has left us engaged with still other Pacific countries. New Pacific adventures are in the making, with the United States in the forefront of the effort. If history is not, in very fact, what Henry Ford once named it, then the lessons implicit in Hearn's letters are, for a second time, well worth the consideration of his countrymen.

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WITH this issue, Dixon Wecter's name, through his untimely death, disappears from the editorial board of *The Pacific Spectator*. Its absence brings to the other editors a renewed realization of the quarterly's loss and of their own personal loss.

Of that personal loss—of how much he was a friend and in how many ways a friend—it is not appropriate to speak here. It is appropriate to say that, throughout the four years of *The Pacific Spectator's* life, no call was made upon him which went unanswered. Carrying on his own writing, his notably successful teaching, his editing, responding to a stream of demands for public service, he was yet always to be counted on for aid. What he contributed directly to the quarterly in brilliant writing, in planning, in enlisting interest in it, was of inestimable value. Just as valuable were his unconscious contributions—his optimism, his mirth, his generous appreciation of others' ideas, his willingness to explore those ideas. These are among the irreplaceables.

Carl R. Mierlees

THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

VOLUME IV

AUTUMN

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	385
WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?	<i>Alfred Stern</i> 388
BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES	<i>H. M. Silver</i> 404
THE BITTER WALL [A STORY]	<i>John R. Ferrone</i> 411
THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL: The Humanism of Thornton Wilder	<i>Joseph J. Firebaugh</i> 426
NIGHT SWIM [A POEM]	<i>Eric Wilson Barker</i> 439
I AM A BUREAUCRAT	" <i>Wycliffe Allen</i> " 440
MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN [A STORY]	<i>Alejandro R. Rocas</i> 446

THE AUTHORS

ALFRED STERN ("What Is Existentialism?") was professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne up to the beginning of World War II. He is now on the staffs of the California Institute of Technology and of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Professor Stern served in the French army during the war. This year the French government conferred upon him the award of the

"Academic Palms" and the title of "Officer of the Academy," in recognition of his contributions to French culture. His recent book, *Philosophie du Rire et des Pleurs*, was published in 1949 in Paris, in the French original (Presses Universitaires de France). The present article is based on his *Sartre's Philosophy and Existentialist Psychoanalysis* which, written in English, is still to be published. Spanish versions of both books are to appear in Buenos Aires (Ediciones Imán).

SPECTATOR

INTERPRETATION

1950

NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THAT TIME SURVIVED: POINT LOBOS, 1950 [A POEM]	
<i>Helen Pinkerton</i>	451
THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN	
<i>James R. Baird</i>	452
TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC:	
The Marble Index	<i>William Irvine</i> 466
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED	<i>Leif Erickson</i> 474
THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER . . .	<i>Neal Cross</i> 488
FACULTY MEETING [A POEM]	<i>Richard Armour</i> 497
HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM	<i>Carl Landauer</i> 498

H. M. SILVER ("Books in Cans and Envelopes"), who comments in this issue on the lamentable fate threatening booklovers, was for nineteen years on the staff of the Columbia University Press, and is now adviser on publications of the American Council of Learned Societies. His subject is the same as that dealt with by George R. Stewart in "The Twilight of the Printed Book" (Winter 1949), but his conclusions are, as Mr. Silver puts it, "in mild disagreement."

JOHN R. FERRONE ("The Bitter Wall") spent three years with the Army Air Force in the Pacific, is the holder of a creative writing fellowship at Stanford University for 1950-51, and through the summer just past has been in Italy, increasing his knowledge of Italian and Italians.

"The Bitter Wall" is Mr. Ferrone's first contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*. It is also his first published story.

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH ("The
(Continued on page 507)

by Alfred Stern

AFTER VICTORY DAY in Europe, when the steel curtain which the Germans had constructed around France had disappeared, the world discovered there an intellectual and literary landscape quite different from the one that it had known before the ordeal. The most striking of these new features of postwar France certainly is that called existentialism.

Existentialism, to be sure, is not an entirely new philosophy. Students of philosophy knew it before World War II as a movement initiated more than a century ago by the Danish Protestant theologian Sören Kierkegaard and systematized, between the two World Wars, by the German philosopher Martin Heidegger. Existentialism was defined by Heidegger as a phenomenological description and interpretation of human existence. Heidegger stripped existentialism of its theological character and based it on atheism. But history likes ironical paradoxes: in 1940 the German General Guderian smashed the French armies, applying in every detail the tank strategy which the French General de Gaulle had developed in his books. On the other hand, in the years 1941-44 the French Resistance movement undermined and seriously weakened the German occupation army, applying the philosophy which the Nazi Professor Heidegger had promoted in *his* books: existentialism. Before it could be applied, however, existentialism had to be freed from "that sort of luminous fog" which—according to Mark Twain—"stands for clearness" among the Germans. Before becoming generally acceptable, it had to be refracted through the clear crystal of a French mind—and that was Jean-Paul Sartre's. Developed during the German occupation of France—a period of awful oppression—existentialism, in its French version, is basically a *philosophy of freedom*, the most radical ever conceived since Fichte, who—and this is not a pure hazard—wrote his philosophy of freedom during the occupation of Germany by the French troops of Napoleon I.

"We were never more free," Sartre writes, "than during the

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

German occupation. We had lost all our rights. . . . Every day we were insulted to our faces and had to take it in silence. Under one pretext or another . . . we were deported en masse . . . And because of all this we were free. Because the Nazi venom seeped even into our thoughts, every healthy thought was a conquest . . . At every instant we lived up to the full sense of this commonplace little phrase: Man is mortal. And the choice that each of us made of his life . . . was an authentic choice because it was made face to face with death . . . All those among us who knew any details concerning the resistance asked themselves anxiously: If they torture me, shall I be able to keep silent? Thus the basic question of freedom itself was posed, and we were brought to the verge of the deepest knowledge that man can have of himself. For the secret of man is not his Oedipus complex or his inferiority complex; it is the limit of his own liberty, his capacity for resisting torture and death." Telling us that "even the pincers of the executioner do not deliver us from being free," Sartre seems to justify those who see in existentialist freedom an *inner* freedom, similar to the Stoic freedom to say Yea and Nay, when we are confronted with the overwhelming determining power of the external world. In America, especially, the rapid spreading of existentialism in occupied France is sometimes explained by the hypothesis that under the brutal totalitarian oppression free human action toward the world had become impossible, so that the frustrated freedom had to flee into the interior of the human soul. Sartre, however, would not accept this interpretation. In his essay "Matérialisme et Révolution" he opposes vigorously the concept of inner freedom, designating it as an idealistic mystification. "Freedom," he says, "reveals itself in *action*, is identical with action." According to him there is no interior or exterior of man, and freedom is engagement in action in order to change the present and create a future.

Consequently, under the occupation, existentialism was not a cult of inner, subjective freedom, but a philosophy of action, encourag-

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

ing action by showing that there is no freedom but in action and that through action there is always another chance left, as long as we exist and are in the making. "We exist only when we are acting," says Jean Blomart, the underground leader in Simone de Beauvoir's novel *Le Sang des Autres*. Madame de Beauvoir, a philosopher and novelist, is now Sartre's wife.

The second important function of existentialism in the France occupied by Hitler's soldiers was, in my opinion, that of an individualistic *philosophy of values*, very close to that of Nietzsche. In order to understand the necessity of such a philosophy at that time, we have to realize that during the four years of Nazi occupation the young Frenchmen lived in a vacuum of values. They could no longer believe in the hierarchy of values in which they had been educated—that of the Third Republic—for these values had proved too weak to impede their country's catastrophe. But they were also unable to believe in the new values proclaimed by the German invader and his French lackeys, led by Marshal Pétain.

Could they believe in the values propagated through the London radio by the exiled General de Gaulle? He had been condemned to death as a traitor to his country by France's official courts, and every "patriot" was forbidden to listen to his speeches, as if they were the devil's gospel.

The transvaluation of all values in which the young Frenchmen had been educated created a total bewilderment. From one day to the next the negative value of freedom and the positive value of servitude were proclaimed, the negative value of equality and the positive value of a hierarchy of superior and inferior races, of masters and slaves. Those who, on the eve, had been stigmatized as traitors were now praised as heroes, while the heroes of yesterday were stigmatized as traitors. The *good* of yesterday became the *evil* of today; the *evil* of yesterday became the *good* of today.

I have lived this period in France, as a soldier in the French army, and I was a witness of the total axiological bewilderment of my younger comrades, who no longer knew in what they should believe.

In this tragic situation only one alternative was left to these young

Frenchmen: either to believe no longer in any value and to become nihilists, or to choose a system of values of their own, using their liberty of choice, in complete isolation, without being backed up by any recognized, official ethics, and assuming total responsibility for their choice.

The nihilists became epicures, purveyors of the black market and agents of the enemy. Those who used their axiological freedom to set up new values and norms in which they would believe joined the underground and became soldiers of the Resistance. Their lot was "total responsibility in total solitude"—one of Sartre's definitions of freedom.

It was a total *solitude*, for the society surrounding them, a nation officially collaborating with the enemy, refused to back them up, either because of fear or because of compliance. And it was a total *responsibility*, for when they chose to go to the *maquis* and to fight the government of their own country, the life of these men and that of their comrades was at stake—and perhaps their honor as Frenchmen. For who guaranteed them that they were right and Pétain, the revered hero of Verdun, who once had saved the country, was wrong? If they had been mistaken in their choice of democratic values then this would cause imprisonment and torture to members of their families, torture and death for the comrades under their orders or for themselves. We understand easily the terrifying anxiety arising from this responsibility, which nobody was ready to share with them. The official moral code not only did not back up their lonely choice of values, it condemned it vigorously. Only through total engagement in action could these young men overcome their feeling of forsakenness. Sartre's grandiose tragedy, *Morts sans Sépulture*, performed in New York under the title *The Victors*, exemplifies these conflicts in a most impressive way.

Thus life in France from 1940 to 1944 turns out to be a practical school of existentialism for the best elements of the nation. By terrifying experience the fighters of the French Resistance learned that "man is condemned to be free" in his valuations and decisions, that he has to act to be free, and that it is through anxiety that he becomes conscious of his freedom. It was the life in the *maquis*

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

which taught them the basic principles of Sartre's ethics: that there is only *one* good for the individual, and that is recognizing his freedom and acting while recognizing it. And they learned that there is only *one* evil: to deny one's freedom, in order to evade the responsibility it implies. And finally that by choosing freedom for himself, every *maquisard* chose the freedom of all.

In order to understand the philosophical foundation of Sartre's concept of freedom, we have to know its metaphysical background, which is the existentialist idea on the relation between man's *existence* and his *essence*. Existence is man's being *here* and *now*, whereas essence is the *what* and *how*, the sense and nature of his existence. So far as the relation between existence and essence is concerned, all existentialists—the Protestant Kierkegaard, the Catholics Marcel, Gilson, and Lavelle, and the atheists Heidegger and Sartre have *one* doctrine in common: that *man's existence precedes his essence*. In other words, his being *here* and *now* precedes his being *something*. The religious existentialists affirm this thesis because human existence defies all prevision. Therefore, as Gilson says, we have to consider essences to be objects of an inquiry which is always open, instead of starting with them and deducing from that which ought necessarily to exist.

If Sartre and the other atheistic existentialists also affirm that same thesis that man's existence precedes his essence, it is because if God does not exist, there is no suprahuman consciousness that could think the human essence. Practically, this means that "man exists first, springs up in a world and is defined afterwards." What he will be defined to be will be his essence, according to Thomas Aquinas' statement: "*Essentia proprie est id, quod significatur per definitionem.*" During his whole lifetime man is building up this essence, which is completely crystallized only at the moment of his death. This is in agreement with Hegel's principle: "*Wesen ist, was gewesen ist*"—essence is what has been.

But what is it that man will be? He will be what he will have made of himself. And thus he will be *responsible* for what he is. He is not determined by any previously given essence or human nature, since, according to Sartre's atheistic assumption, there is no God,

no suprahuman consciousness that could preconceive it. Thus man is free, in the sense of not being predetermined, free and responsible for what he makes of himself, for what he has "chosen" to be.

There is no reality but in action and man "is nothing but the sum of his acts," Sartre believes, and therefore man exists only in the measure he realizes his project and, thus, himself. Tired of his inessentialness, Orestes, in Sartre's tragedy *Les Mouches*, exclaims: "Oh, if there were an act . . . which would give me citizen's rights among them [the people of Argos]! If I could only take possession of their memories, their terrors, their hopes, in order to fill the emptiness in my heart, be it by a crime, be it by killing my own mother!"

Existentialism has to preach engagement because only by engagement can man, this empty existence, build up his essence. But, as we see, *any* kind of engagement fulfills this condition to build up man's essence, and there seems to be a complete moral equivalence of all engagements. Orestes is quite satisfied to become committed, even by killing his own mother, Clytemnestra. And this is certainly a very dangerous consequence of Sartre's doctrine.

According to existentialism, man exists first and projects himself toward a future, toward his own possibilities. Thus man is his own project, that which he has projected himself to be. That is what Sartre, after Kierkegaard and Heidegger, designates as "man's choosing himself," and for him "freedom is freedom of choice." Here again religious and atheistic existentialists are very close to each other. Both believe that man is not determined by any previously given essence or human nature, and both believe that man *is* what he makes of himself, what he chooses to be. The only difference is that religious existentialists, like the Catholic Lavelle, believe that the *possibilities* among which man can choose freely reside in God. Man is what he makes of himself, but his *ideas* come from God, where they form an eternal realm, comparable to Plato's realm of eternal ideas. Man's responsibility for his choice is definite, in both cases, but heavier in the case of atheistic existentialism. For if God does not exist, man does not find presented to him any values or hierarchies of values which may guide him, legitimize

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

his conduct, or justify his preferences or repulsions. Consequently, man has to choose in complete loneliness the ways of his conduct and the significance he will ascribe to things, with the entire responsibility for his choice of these values resting on his own shoulders. Without values of universal validity, guaranteed by the authority of a suprahuman being, there is no universally binding ethics. Thus each man has to act without a universal ethics to back him up; he has to act on his own responsibility, without excuse or justification, in entire loneliness and dreadful freedom.

People who recognize their freedom and accept the anxiety linked to the responsibility for their free choice of values exist "authentically" and in good faith. Those who deny their freedom, under deterministic pretexts, in order to escape their responsibility and anxiety, live "unauthentically," "in bad faith."

These ethical consequences of Sartre's metaphysics are a recurrent theme in his novels and plays. There is, for example, Mathieu Delarue, the professor of philosophy in *L'Age de Raison*, who finds himself in a dilemma. Here is what Sartre says about him: "He was free for everything, free to act like an animal or like a machine, free for acting, free for refusing, free for shuffling . . . He could do what he wanted to do, nobody had the right to advise him. There would be no good and no evil unless he invented them . . . He was alone, in a monstrous silence, free and alone, without help, without an excuse, condemned to decide, without possible recourse, condemned forever to be free."

Heidegger defined existentialism as a phenomenological description and interpretation of existence. But what is existence? Although classical philosophy uses the terms "existence" and "being" interchangeably, without any conceptual difference, Kierkegaard's attacks on Hegel caused the development of an antithesis between being and existence. In one of these attacks Kierkegaard wrote, more than a century ago: "How can it help to explain to a man how the eternal truth is to be understood eternally, when the supposed user of the explanation is prevented from so understanding it through being an existing individual, and merely becomes fantastic when he imagines himself to be *sub specie aeternitatis*? What

ALFRED STERN

such a man needs instead is precisely an explanation of *how* the eternal truth is to be understood in determinations of *time* by one who, as *existing*, is himself in time, which even the worshipful Herr Professor concedes, if not always, at least once a quarter when he draws his salary."

These ironical words of Kierkegaard's contain the program of a philosophy of existence as opposed to a philosophy of being. We may characterize this opposition in the following manner:

Being is universal, abstract, timeless and unlimited in space.

Existence is individual, concrete, limited to a definite, very short time, and confined to a restricted spatial environment.

Being is everywhere and always.

Existence is only here and now.

Being embraces everything and everyone.

Existence is always my own, your own.

Being is unaware of itself.

Existence is self-conscious, understands itself.

Being is objective, determined, and logically necessary, for whatever I think, I have to think its being, at least as a possible thought.

Existence is subjective, completely fortuitous, sheer fact, free, without any necessity.

As a philosophy of existence, existentialism is a subjectivistic, irrationalistic philosophy. Traditional philosophy deals with universal, abstract, extratemporal being, whereas existentialism prides itself on revealing to us concrete, subjective existence, *our* existence. The existentialists reject what one of them—Jean Grenier—calls "impersonal and extratemporal evasions." Thus, for example, existentialism replaces the problem of death with the problem of "I have to die." Kierkegaard went so far as to affirm that "truth is subjectivity" and to deny all universal, impersonal truth. "This *has* to be true," he exclaimed, "for without this I cannot live."

This subjectivity of existence places it almost beyond the reach of philosophy. While "being" is always objective, "existence" is subjective in such an exclusive way that it can never become object, not even to itself. The Russian Orthodox Existentialist Berdiayeff says: "Only in subjectivity can we know existence, and not in objec-

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

tivity." But by its very nature, philosophy is conceptualization, and concepts are necessarily transsubjective, for they are of universal validity. Another existentialist, the Frenchman Jean Wahl, seems to realize this, when he writes: "We have to know whether existence is not something which has to be reserved to solitary meditation . . . Perhaps we have to choose between Existentialism and existence?"

Confronted with this choice, Sartre, Heidegger, Jaspers, Gabriel Marcel, and Jean Wahl himself have evidently chosen existentialism, for otherwise they would be just as unknown as the millions who are condemned to solitary meditation on existence. If thus these existentialists have become somehow unfaithful to the true meaning of existentialism, their sacrifice was not vain, because it brought them fame and, in the case of Sartre, even wealth. And this makes existence much more bearable, even to existentialists.

The intrinsic difficulty in explaining subjective existence in terms of objective concepts may elucidate the fact that it was an artist, a novelist and dramatic author, who became the representative voice of modern existentialism: Jean-Paul Sartre. Using the artist's tools—intuition and imagination—he characterized existence in his novels and plays in a much more impressive way than in his theoretical treatises.

In his novel *La Nausée* ("Nausea") Sartre tries to unveil existence by showing that its main features are *contingency*, *absurdity*, and *anxiety*. Roquentin, the hero of this novel, suddenly feels that everything, including himself, is superfluous, gratuitous, super-numerary (*de trop*) because, logically, existence cannot be more justified than nonexistence.

Nietzsche had already written: "Is my existence as compared to my non-existence something which can be justified?" Sartre, without referring to his great predecessor, answers bluntly, No! All those who are not of his opinion and try to justify their existence as necessary are ranged by Sartre in a new philosophical category, which he designates by the rather unphilosophical-sounding term "*salaud*," translatable as "dirty fellow."

Already Heidegger had said that without any reason man is cast

into a world where his being is "essentially sorrow" and "being towards death," and Sartre concludes that our being in the world at all and the being of the world itself are alike absolute absurdity. He goes so far as to establish an equation between the *absolute* and the *absurd*. Where Spinoza says "*Deus sive Natura*"—God or nature—Sartre says "*l'absolu ou l'absurde*"—the absolute or the absurd.

Sartre's emotional reaction toward the absurdity of existence is nausea. Observing his fellow men, Roquentin cries out: "I should like to vomit!"

Now, vomiting is the climax of nausea. And this makes us understand why, in most of his novels, Sartre describes different persons vomiting. Sometimes, in a paroxysm of perversion, the vomiting of Sartre's characters is linked with sexual desires, as in his story *Intimité*, or in his novel *L'Age de Raison*, where we can read the following description of a so-called "love scene" between the professor of philosophy, Mathieu Delarue, and his drunken girl student Iwich: "A slightly bitter smell of vomit escaped from her mouth, so pure; Mathieu passionately breathed in that odor."

It would be erroneous to believe that Sartre's nausea is the result of a specific physiological predisposition. To him, nausea is something metaphysical. In his main philosophical treatise, *L'Être et le Néant*, Sartre says that we must not consider "that term nausea as a metaphor drawn from our physiological disgusts: on the contrary, it is on *its* ground that all concrete and empirical nauseas produce themselves, which bring us to vomiting."

Existentialists are very much interested in the problems of nothingness and of death. But what do they mean by nothingness? Can they define it? Evidently not, for any definition of nothingness would have to say that "nothingness is . . . this or that." However, this would be a contradiction in terms, by which the verb denies what the noun affirms. But instead of realizing that logic reduces the question "What is nothingness?" to the absurd, Heidegger drew the opposite conclusion by stating that, by its inability to answer this question, *logic* is reduced to the absurd. And with solemnity he proclaimed the dethronement of logic and reason, sug-

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

gesting somehow the classic case of the lunatic who considers the rest of the world as crazy—and himself alone as sane.

The fact that nothingness resists every rational attempt to comprehend it does not mean for existentialists that it does not exist. According to Heidegger, we have an emotional proof of the reality of nothingness: it is our anxiety. While fear is directed toward a definite object, anxiety is endowed with a certain character of indefiniteness and objectlessness. Since Kierkegaard, anxiety, because of its objectlessness, has constituted the existentialists' decisive argument against reason. Benjamin Fondane, varying Heidegger's words, says: "Anxiety reveals to us nothingness, which universal reason tries to conceal from us." The existentialists do not realize, however, that deducing from anxiety that nothingness is its cause is a logical inference, and hence an act of that odious reason they condemn so scornfully. Moreover, this is a logical operation which does not imply any certainty, since it is a conclusion from the effect to the cause.

According to Heidegger, anxiety reveals to us what he terms paradoxically "the presence of nothingness," and basically, the nothingness of death. Without death mankind would not have philosophized. This opinion of Schopenhauer's seems to be corroborated by the history of philosophy. The main purpose of philosophy, from Socrates to Epicurus and the Stoics, was to dissipate man's fear of death. As long as we are alive, said Epicurus, death does not exist for us, and when death appears, we no longer exist.

The rise of Christianity seems to have changed this tendency, for St. Paul, St. Augustine, and the later Christian thinkers considered philosophical attempts to appease man's fear of death as self-deceit and even a sin. The modern philosophers—Christians just as much as atheists—have realistically faced the issue of death and, unlike their Greek forerunners, none of them has tried to dissipate the fear of death. The German Existentialist Karl Jaspers says: "Philosophieren heisst sterben lernen"—"to philosophize means to learn how to die."

We know that, according to the existentialist assumption, man's existence precedes his essence. During his whole lifetime man is

building up his essence, which is completely crystallized only at the moment of his death. From this Sartre infers that, as long as we are alive, we are "on reprieve" (*en sursis*). This is also the title of one of his famous novels. The man who was a coward in his past, and is still alive, has kept his freedom to deny his past, to project himself toward a heroic future, and thus to give the lie to other people's opinion of him. A living coward is a coward "on reprieve," who can still die a hero. But when he dies a coward, he is a coward forever. His essence has become crystallized as that of a coward. In this sense death petrifies us forever, as we are at the moment it strikes us. And then our being is left in the hands of other people, like a cloak we abandoned to them at the moment of our disappearance. They can do with us what they want. Death gives the final victory to the point of view of other people.

The people in Sartre's novels and dramas know this. There is, for instance, Sorbier, in Sartre's powerful tragedy *Morts sans Sépulture*, a man of the French Resistance, who, with his friends, has become a prisoner of the fascists. Now the friends are waiting for their hearing, that is to say, for their torture and death. Sorbier has a heroic mind, but he knows that he has a sickly body, feeble nerves, which may abandon him, when they torture him in order to make him reveal the whereabouts of the other undergroundmen. He fears not death but physical pain and his own moral weakness under physical pain. And he says to his comrade Canoris:

I tell you that I would betray my own mother . . . It is unjust that one minute suffices to corrupt a whole life . . . Oh, there are cowards like me, and they will never know it. They are lucky.

But he is only a coward on reprieve, and by a last free act he dies like a hero. The chips are down; he has become a hero forever, for his essence has become entirely crystallized as that of a hero.

On the other hand, there is Garcin, in *Huis Clos* ("No Exit"), a deserter and coward, who died a coward and is now in a fictional hell, with his essence irretrievably crystallized as that of a coward. "It was only a physical lapse," he says, "that might happen to anyone," thus fleeing into bad faith. But he does not believe his lie

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

to himself, and knows that his surviving comrades consider him the coward he is now definitely, since his whole being has become his past, and thus a being in itself. Being now the prey of his surviving friends, he exclaims, desperately: "Oh, if I only could be with them again, for just one day, I'd fling their lie in their teeth." But it is too late; his life has become a part of the world in itself, it has been congealed, petrified into past. "La mort transforme la vie en destin," says André Malraux in his *Espoir*—death changes life into destiny. It is in the past that we are what we are: "Unser Wesen ist, was gewesen ist"—our essence is what has been, in Hegel's words.

A critical examination of the existentialists' concept of freedom must, first of all, consider their basic thesis that "man chooses himself." This thesis certainly arouses the strongest opposition of common sense and scientific experience. Probably we all agree with Somerset Maugham's affirmation that "man is not what he wants to be but what he must be."

If man's existence precedes his essence, if he is not determined by anything previously given, he cannot have a character. Sartre declares bluntly that all the factors determining our behavior—heredity, education, environment, physiological constitution—are nothing but "idols of explanation." Only to the look of other people does a man appear as having a character. But in reality "there are no characters—there is nothing but a projection of ourselves." And this projection is the result of a free choice.

We may reply that biology and psychology have established the fact of inheritance and that sociology has proved the influence of environment. To this, Sartre would answer that science is only one among many projects of existence which presupposes existence and freedom, and that "human freedom is not limited by any order of truths," for "reason comes into being by freedom." And finally he would probably retort that the biologists or sociologists who insist on the factor of heredity and environment in order to explain man's moral character are themselves of "bad faith," in trying to escape their moral responsibility under the pretext of a scientific

ALFRED STERN

determinism. This subjectivistic kind of argument is typical for a school of thought which, faithful to its founder Kierkegaard, defines truth as subjectivity. The objective value of these arguments, however, is very doubtful.

In his extreme indeterminism and antideterminism Sartre goes so far as to affirm that nature has no "laws," but just "habits," which may change tomorrow. To be sure, the twentieth century does no longer share the nineteenth-century belief in absolute determinism. Already at the end of the nineteenth century Emile Boutroux wrote a book under the title *De la Contingence des Lois de la Nature* ("On the Contingency of the Laws of Nature"), and Boltzmann's kinetic theory of the gases gave another blow to determinism. In 1927, the physicist Werner Heisenberg stated literally that "the mechanics of quanta has definitely established the invalidity of the law of causality." There are still laws of nature, but, as Louis de Broglie said, "they are no longer causal laws but laws of probability."

In spite of these blows to determinism, however, the laws of nature still offer sufficient regularity to allow certain predictions and to exclude certain possibilities, especially so far as the macrocosm is concerned. Practically, in most cases the probability of the new statistical laws of nature hardly differs from certainty. If that is so, it is a great exaggeration to speak, like Sartre, of a complete contingency of nature and of a complete absence of physical laws.

Nevertheless, Sartre's existentialism has its merits, the greatest of which is to have insisted, more than any other contemporary philosophy, on the tremendous responsibility involved in each individual's choice of values. On this point it is interesting to find in Professor Robert A. Millikan's recently published autobiography some sentences which sound almost existentialist. Here is what he writes: "*You* are the sole judge of what you *ought* to do. For to man alone of all creation has been given the power of choice between *good* and *evil*, and it is in the exercise of that choice that man fulfills his great mission on earth. Further, he obviously cannot choose the good without having the possibility of choosing the evil way . . ."

The existentialists, more than the philosophers of any other

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?

school, would realize the profound truth of Professor Millikan's affirmation, and Sartre, especially, sees in it the most legitimate source of our anxiety, which he calls "*angoisse éthique*," ethical anxiety.

Sartre insists, however, that there are no standards of rightness and wrongness, before each of us sets them up by his individual choice. And even then those moral standards exist only so long as we have not overthrown them by a new free choice. For, according to him, our freedom is the only foundation of values, and there would be no good and no evil unless each of us invented them. Those who, in order to evade their freedom, responsibility, and anxiety, chose to consider themselves as things, determined by other things, will also consider values as given things by which they are determined. They submit themselves to the hierarchy of values and standards set up in a given society and transmitted by education and convention. Sartre states that he who accepts these ready-made, thinglike values gives up his human personality. For as Nietzsche has already said, the word *man* means valuator. Thus Sartre rejects any constituted value or right.

But cannot a constituted value be a positive value? One would think so, since, after all, this seems to depend on the value's contents. No, says Sartre, a constituted value cannot have any positive character, because by the fact of its being constituted it limits our freedom and masks us our power of inventing our own values.

On close analysis, Sartre's postulate that each person has to invent his own system of values shows a complete disregard of history and civilization. The individual born in this world has to accept a tremendous quantity of empirical and scientific truths which have been constituted by a long historical evolution and form the patrimony of human civilization. It would be foolish to request, in the name of human freedom, that each individual reinvent all his intellectual truths, disregarding the truths constituted by four thousand years of human civilization.

It seems to me equally foolish to request that each individual reinvent all his moral and aesthetic values, disregarding those constituted by four thousand years of human civilization. For values

ALFRED STERN

also—and especially collective and universal values—are a result of history and civilization, just like intellectual, scientific concepts.

Of course, the individual should not accept all constituted values blindly, as if they were things found in nature. For value is a correlative concept which always supposes subjective valuation. As soon as the latter disappears and is replaced with values which impose themselves not by their dignity but by the mere fact of their being constituted, the concept of value itself will disappear. Values should not be *rejected* for the mere reason of their being constituted; they should not be *accepted* for the mere reason of their being constituted. What we should do is *re-evaluate* the constituted values and try to understand why they were precious to our fathers and forefathers. Then we should accept or reject them according to their merits. It is in this sense that we should understand Goethe's admonition: "What thou hast inherited from thy fathers, acquire it, to make it thine."

... we can note that the psychologist is usually more impressive as critic than as prophet. He is rather more convincing when analyzing the world's spiritual difficulties than when proposing his cure.

—H. STUART HUGHES, *An Essay for Our Time*
(Alfred A. Knopf, publisher)

BOOKS IN CANS

by *H. M. Silver*

WHAT HAUNTS THE DREAMS of bibliophiles is the reading machine, the machine which feeds on stuff the naked eye cannot see, much less the hand with pleasure feel. With less than confidence do booklovers look forward to the day when books are films in cans, or cards in glassine envelopes, and the promise of much in little—whole libraries on a shelf—comforts them not. What they like about books is simply that they are books.

But technology has us cowed. Many a man who so far has evaded television knows in his heart that it is just a matter of time until his defenses are breached and it will be in his living room. The prophecies of yesterday are the facts of today, and this makes him quite ready to believe that those of today will be the facts of tomorrow, even including the one George R. Stewart put into the Winter 1949 issue of the *Spectator* and which set a date, 2000 no less, when the paper page will have become obsolete and the twilight of the printed book brought to a close.

Mr. Stewart, who introduced his prophecy by quoting from an unnamed authority not yet born, concerns himself largely, however, with generalities, and in the absence of supporting evidence there may yet be grounds for skepticism concerning some of his conclusions. While indeed much can be said in partial support of his thesis, still there are stubborn elements which remain to be disposed of. This piece, then, will be a discussion of those elements. It will attempt to proceed factually, avoiding the subject of aesthetics completely and cleaving rather to economics and practicality. Aesthetics has not lent much survival value to the horse or the clipper ship. But in any case there is no reason why, if the miniature printing processes expand, clean typography will cease. It may actually become even more necessary.

If the microtechniques do replace full-size paper printing it will be because they will be cheaper. Since they are not cheaper today, except in one specialized area, we must assume that there will take

AND ENVELOPES

place some upheaval in production methods by means of which that which is dear becomes that which is inexpensive. Even if this is assumed, we must further choose to believe that the printing industry as we know it today is incapable of change and will die by default.

Remember that Mr. Stewart is concerned not with documentation or copying but with what you will buy in A.D. 2000 when you go to a bookstore and ask for a novel or a popular biography. The burden of proof as to how all this will happen, if what you then buy is supposed to be a piece of film, rests with him, not us. But for sake of argument let us pick the burden up and wrestle it around for a bit.

That printing as we know it has come to a standstill so far as inventiveness and technological improvement are concerned may not square with the facts. For a long time it was difficult to prove the contrary, no doubt about that. Over the years, printing machinery replaced hand operations, but not to such an extent that Gutenberg (or was it Coster?) would have felt lost if suddenly introduced by incantation on the floor of most printing establishments. This picture is changing. After four hundred years, metal types are being challenged by a new method of assembling letters—film composition, which is being developed by at least five well-qualified concerns. The one-hundred-thirty-year-old technique of lithography is bursting with discoveries. An absolutely different method of printing, Xerography, has been invented and is trying on its swaddling clothes. The automatic bindery has actually appeared. So far is printing on paper from being senescent that there are today more than 260 research projects under way in various branches of printing and its allied industries, as compared with 156 a year ago.

In short, it is a bit early to consign what may be a fairly lively corpse to the grave, and before it is interred a second look must be taken lest those fluttering eyelids be signs of an awakening into renewed vigor. That the pinch is on the publisher and the printer at the moment—not to speak of the customer—cannot be denied. But on the other hand, most of the bright new ideas are still in the lab-

BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES

oratory or undergoing their field trials with prototype machines. To write full-sized paper printing off the map is to argue that a majority of these new developments and the ones which will come treading on their heels are doomed to failure. But since it may be confusing to have to balance two embryonic possibilities for the year 2000 against each other, we had better ignore the subject of future improvements in paper printing, for the moment at least, and concentrate on what must take place in the microtechniques before they can make a successful challenge. Take first of all the reading machine.

The present-day reading machine must undergo a considerable sea change—one is tempted to add, “into something rich and strange.” First it will have to be cheaper, and second it will have to be better. There are three horses in the race: microfilm, well in the lead; microcard, a slow starter but coming up; and miniprint (miniature ink printing on unsensitized paper), which was left at the gate but may yet be the dark horse around whose neck the roses are hung. Probably all three methods will find their place. But there is no reading machine which can accept all three. It is just as difficult to imagine a novel becoming a best seller if only the owners of certain machinery can look at it as to imagine a record being a best seller if only certain record players can turn it at the proper speed. So we shall have to imagine that at some time in the future a universal reader is created. This reader must be simple, foolproof, and inexpensive. It should cost less than a portable typewriter and probably considerably less. It should not dazzle, which means that the screen must be improved. It should be operable in full daylight.

These things are not impossible, but most of them have yet to be accomplished. Necessary even to beginning to accomplish them is agreement, still lacking, on standards. If anyone in the country ought to know the situation it should be Vernon Tate, director of libraries at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and of the Center for Scientific Aids to Learning at that institution. Here is what he says in the April issue of *American Documentation*, 1950: “Somehow scientists and scholars are going to have to get together . . . and reach an agreement on a format or a series of formats *and then*

abide by the agreement." Since the italics are his it must be assumed that mavericks have become troublesome. In another place he speaks of us as being "in the situation of the man who leaped on his horse and rode off in all directions."

While there is general assent that the cost of reading machines must be lowered (the microfilm reader with which most libraries are equipped costs about \$600), certain developments have cropped up which have a tendency entirely contrary. One of these is high reduction. There is no standard reduction today, but sixteen to one is common on microfilm, twenty-four to one on microcard. It is quite possible successfully to reduce and bring back at much higher ratios and still have a good image, and of course the greater the reduction the more one can get on a film or a card. At forty to one, more than three hundred pages can be accommodated within an area $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, plus a naked-eye-sized author-title entry. The trouble is twofold: first, all existing equipment would become obsolete, for which the libraries would not be grateful; second, the greater the reduction the more expensive and delicate the machine. The result has been a perceptible tendency for the techniques of microprinting to freeze at present levels. This may be quite adequate for documentation, but it will hardly add up to the twilight of the printed book.

The direction, the thrust, if you will, of the microtechniques is toward satisfying not a mass market at all but the needs of documentation. This broad term has chiefly to do with the organization of knowledge so we can get at it when we want to. Microprinting enters the picture simply because knowledge is now so specialized that the distribution and storage of much of it in conventionally printed form has become economically impossible. The problem is how to permit a relatively small number of people to do research and to consult records. This boils down to the necessity of keeping a great deal of recorded material constantly available for occasional consultation without, on the other hand, tying up a fantastic investment. Both microfilm and microcard aid admirably in this endeavor; but the methods by which they do this run exactly contrary to the methods whereby a mass market may be served. It is not true that the microtechniques are inexpensive. They are inexpensive only when a very

BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES

few copies of something are wanted, and then only relatively inexpensive.

The cost of any printing method which prints more than one copy is affected by the edition printed. At one extreme is microfilm; at the other, web-fed perfecting presses. Whatever the edition, it results in first cost and second cost. First cost is preparation to print, second cost the per copy cost from then on. Microfilm has a low first cost: it consists of a negative which may come to about one and a half cents a page. If a copy is wanted, the negative is run through a printer at a cost of about half a cent a page. If a second copy, once again the negative is run through. In other words, if the cost is half a cent a page for the first copy printed, the tenth, the hundredth, and the thousandth copies will all cost half a cent a page. The only variable is the spreading of the cost of the negative over whatever number of positives you think you can sell.

The first cost of the product of a big printing press is tremendous, but the second cost is very small indeed. As the run progresses the cost per copy drops dramatically, until after a while the big first cost is unimportant.

Perhaps this suggests the strength and weakness of microfilm. If you need but one copy, or at the most a couple of dozen, microfilm has a great deal to offer. Let us suppose we need to reproduce one copy of a 320-page book. Our negative may cost about \$6.00, the first copy \$1.60. But our second copy costs \$1.60, too. The same book printed on a medium-sized offset press would present a first cost of not less than \$270; but the cost of the second copy will not be more than ten cents. It can be seen that after a certain point is passed the edition run by microfilm becomes markedly more expensive than offset, and the same would be true of microcard, though here the relation of first cost to second cost is somewhat broader than for microfilm.

In order to displace mass printing, therefore, the microtechniques must not only create photographic printing machinery more complicated than any now developed, even by the motion picture industry, but they must do so after reversing their entire economic pattern. Not only must a carrot be found to put in front of the

donkey's nose, the donkey must be found, too. Film can now be printed at the rate of seventy-five feet a minute, but at twice the speed this would be slow, comparatively speaking, and the film, furthermore, must then feed at this speed through a developing and drying device. We must conceive of all this as being done either at much higher speeds, or many at a time, in order to bring down that second cost.

Those who appraise comparative printing costs often lose sight of the fact that microfilm and microcard as they stand today are comparable only with part of the printing process—with presswork and binding. The cost of composition is ignored. This is because microprinting has always been used to copy something already in existence, even if it be a manuscript. This beggars the question, however. The book of the future, if it is to be viewed through a reading machine and if it is a new book, will have to absorb composition cost, too, which will do strenuous things to first cost, especially if we include editing and overhead. As things are today, presswork is the cheapest element, paper excepted, in publishing, and in long runs it is the very cheapest. Unless we can assume that after the year 2000 everyone will be content to read facsimile manuscripts or older classics copied from early editions, it cannot be expected that the price of mass-produced books will change drastically simply because one *printing* technique is substituted for another. Salaries, rent, profit margins, and general overhead will not vanish. The larger the number printed the smaller the position of presswork in this picture.

It is when we come to consider the costs of binding and storage that "much in little," the central fact of microfilm, stands out sharply. The can in which the microfilm coils, the envelope or file drawer which receives the microcard, are certainly cheaper than any standard binding, especially since they do not have to be dealt with two or three thousand at a time in order to get a low price. Investment, the hobgoblin of publishing, is reduced. Fremont Rider has clearly demonstrated that the cost of maintaining a large quantity of books on film or card is cheaper in every way than the cost of maintaining the full-size product. But we are not all librarians. And if we are going to credit microbooks with a saving on binding,

BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES

should we not debit them with the cost of the reading machine? That is *their* binding.

In short, our bibliophile can probably sleep more soundly than Mr. Stewart wants to let him. Before the year 2000 ushers in the era of the universal microbook, a great deal must be accomplished, and much of it has not yet been begun. But even after it all is accomplished, then what? Suppose by 2000 we do have a universal reader, relatively inexpensive, glareproof, competent for reproducing fulltone and halftone values in black and white or color, and equipped with a rapid indexer. Let it be capable of making a copy of any page which may have to be compared with some other page. Let it even be capable of emitting a low musical background and perhaps of smelling good. But how, even so, it can be other than stationary does not appear at this time, nor does Mr. Stewart address himself to this problem. It will remain an intermediary, and just because this fact is obvious does not make it unimportant, unless human nature changes a good deal during the next fifty years.

The man who called a book his blessed companion was not simply indulging in the prose to which bibliophiles and typophiles are addicted. A book *is* a companion. It is at home in beds, bathtubs, and busses. Pedagogue though it be in one role, most of the time it serves quite other purposes. The enormous sale of magazines is based on the fact that periodicals are portable, and the Johnny-come-lately entrance of books into the outlets of mass distribution occurred only when certain editions were made lighter as well as less expensive. A publishing house was not being sentimental but keenly aware of dollars and cents when it christened its Portable Library.

If you are still around in the year 2000 you may confidently go into a bookstore and still expect to buy a book. It will probably be a better book, certainly rather differently printed and bound, but still a book. On the other hand, if you are a scholar you will long since have become completely content, even married to, your reading machine. But printed matter has different jobs to do and it is not likely that the technique which does one job very well will, simply because of that, drive another technique which does another job very well into museums or the attics of hobbyists.

THE BITTER WALL

by John R. Ferrone

MRS. ROSSI carried the potted fern against her heavy bosom and set it down carefully on the cement walk three steps above her doorway.

"*Che bella*," she said aloud, ruffling up the limp fronds of the fern as though that might renew them. Only two weeks before Gino had given her the plant for her birthday. It had been beautiful then, and as proud as the plumes on the hat she wore to Mass; but with the excitement of Gino's moving into the new apartment upstairs with his bride Harriet, she had neglected it for several days in a corner of her dark cellar kitchen.

Cupping her hand across her forehead, she squinted up at the sun. There would be another hour before it dipped over the roof, leaving shade on the east side of the house.

She went back into the kitchen and closed the door against the cool September air. The one small window, set high in the wall on a level with the walk, admitted a strip of light which in the early morning had reached to the big coal stove, flowing over two of its squat legs; now the light was retreating, imperceptibly, taking the morning with it, and the room was filling with shadows.

Overhead, she heard Harriet moving about in her new parlor, and she pictured her daughter-in-law, yellow hair wound around her head in a neat braid, dusting and polishing, keeping Gino's house clean. At the beginning of the week it had comforted her to think that soon she and Harriet would be visiting each other, chatting about their household problems, about Gino, and maybe one day about Gino's children. But today when she heard the footsteps, she stood for a long time following the sounds with her eyes, filled with bewilderment.

That night she and her husband sat at the kitchen table as they did every evening. While she made sausage, looking up every few minutes to catch his attention, he read the *Giornale d'Italia*, narrowing his blue eyes behind a pair of small gold-framed glasses which

THE BITTER WALL

barely reached to his ears. They were inherited from his mother, and he insisted he could not read without them. His face, she noticed, was still flushed from the extra glass of wine at supper, and his thick shock of hair looked very white against his forehead.

From time to time she listened for the door to open at the head of the stairs. Twice she thought she heard Gino call.

Finally she said, "Do you think they will ask us up tonight?"

"Give them time," her husband answered. "They are just getting used to their new home and to each other."

"But it has been almost a week."

"A week is not long. They do not want company yet."

"It is not as if we were strangers," she said. "And they know we have nowhere but this room and the furnace room there and our bedroom upstairs."

Her husband put his paper down. "You did not know that it would be this way when you convinced Gino to make over the rooms?"

"He could not afford to build a house of his own. It was the least we could do—offer him a roof for his head."

"He had money enough. But it is no matter. We have given him a roof; let us be content."

Mrs. Rossi gave a vigorous twist to a loop of sausage.

"Parents should be willing to make sacrifices for their children."

"I am willing," her husband answered. "But if we are to make sacrifices, let us make them in silence."

He never failed to end her arguments, always in the same gentle voice.

The next day was bread day, and in a large, flat tin above the oven, mounds of bread dough swelled under a covering of bleached flour sack, molding the cloth like full breasts beneath the folds of a gown. Mrs. Rossi sent an appraising glance to the stove, then wadded the flour sack, using it to open the door of the oven, and slid the tin of dough inside. Gino was going to miss the good Italian food that had made him solid and strong, she thought: the *pasta*, the *gnocchi*, and the *pizza*—especially the *pizza*. Now he would be eat-

JOHN R. FERRONE

ing store bread that tasted like chalk and sickly sweet salads with fruit in them. But as long as he was near her, she would see that he never went hungry.

This avowal led to the problem of her husband's supper. The sausage would be good, she thought, but she looked up suddenly at the calendar from St. Mary's Church hanging on the wall above the table, hearing in her mind the priest's words at Mass, "Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of this week are ember days, days of fasting and abstinence." Going to the calendar, she traced her finger along the dates and found the outline of a red fish printed across Wednesday. What a sin she might have committed! Instead of the sausage, then, she could fry some peppers. But Gino . . . The responsibility of remembering ember days had never been his, and he might have forgotten to tell Harriet. She herself would tell her.

She walked toward the stairway and paused. What would she say? It would be so easy for her, in her clumsy English, to say the wrong thing. It would have to be casual, as though she were just thinking of it at the moment; there would have to be some other pretext for seeing her. The bread. She would take her a loaf of bread.

Ordinarily she knew almost by instinct when the bread should be taken out, not consulting her clock. Today she pulled out the tin three times before the bread was done.

Taking off her apron, she brushed back some loose strands of hair and caught them with the comb she wore. Then on one of her best plates with hand-painted violets in the center she put a loaf of hot bread.

By the time she reached the top of the stairs, she was trembling. Above the warm fragrance of the bread she was sure she could smell meat cooking.

Through the archway which opened into the sparkling blue and white kitchen, she saw Harriet sitting at her enamel-topped table, clipping from a magazine.

"Oh, Mrs. Rossi," she said, looking up, "is that for us?"

Mrs. Rossi nodded, and laughing, put the bread on the table,

THE BITTER WALL

pushing aside the magazines to make room. Harriet prodded the crust gingerly with one finger.

"For once in my life," she said, "I'm sorry I don't eat white bread, but Gene will enjoy it. Do you bake often?"

"Wednesday," said Mrs. Rossi.

"Isn't it a lot of trouble?"

"No so much. Gino likes."

Harriet indicated the magazines.

"I'm cutting out recipes," she said. "I found a wonderful one this morning that I'm trying now. At least it sounds good."

Mrs. Rossi nodded and looked toward the oven.

"Smell good, too," she said.

"It's only meat loaf," said Harriet, "but it has a wonderful Spanish sauce."

Mrs. Rossi drew in a breath and tried to remember what she had rehearsed, but it had escaped her. She said the first words that came into her head.

"No meat for Gino today."

Harriet looked up from her clipping and then smiled.

"Oh," she said, "you're mixed up. Today is only Wednesday."

"No meat Wednesday, Friday, Saturday this week."

"Gene didn't tell me."

"He forget, maybe."

"Well," said Harriet in a tone of dismissal, "I'll talk to Gene."

"I fix peppers," said Mrs. Rossi, "enough for everybody."

"Thank you, no," said Harriet with a tight smile.

"It is no trouble."

"No," said Harriet, "I can fix something. I have eggs and things around."

She got up from the table and walked to the refrigerator. Mrs. Rossi wanted desperately to leave, feeling that everything was going wrong. But still she had no assurance about the meat.

Again she said, "I fix peppers . . ."

"No, thank you," Harriet said over her shoulder. "I'll talk to Gene." Her voice was even, but Mrs. Rossi was afraid that if she could see her face it would look angry. From the refrigerator Har-

JOHN R. FERRONE

riet went to the cabinets above the sink and began to open each one, as though she were hunting for something, all the time keeping her back turned.

Mrs. Rossi watched her, standing uncertainly near the table. Then she walked out of the room and down the stairs. When she reached the bottom, she sat on the lowest step for a minute before going on, and then wandered aimlessly around the kitchen, picking up things and putting them down; but she recalled Harriet looking through the cabinets in the same aimless way, and she stopped and waited until she could think clearly. She washed the peppers, sliced them, and began to fry them in olive oil with a clove of garlic.

Gino would be in in a few minutes, and she would repeat the whole conversation to him. He could not fail to see the justice of her action, and if he ate the meat anyway, the sin would be on his soul. Moving her fork fast, then slow, she absently stirred the peppers in the alternating tempo of her thoughts.

No, she decided, she would not tell Gino. She would just remind him that it was an ember day, and he could do as he wanted. But the more she thought about it, the less she liked the idea; for Harriet would be sure to ask him if she had said anything. By the time Gino's car pulled up, she had resolved to say nothing at all, not even that she took bread to Harriet.

Gino came in carrying his scratched lunch pail. He threw it on the table and squeezed her around the waist.

"So many good smells," he said. "I couldn't get by the door."

She laughed and pulled away. "Here, the bread is still warm."

Gino took a knife and held the bread against his chest, sawing toward him.

"If you wait," she said, "the peppers will be ready."

"I'd better not," he said through a mouthful of bread. "Harriet will be waiting for me."

She gave him a playful prod in the stomach. "Since when do you turn down your mother's food? Here, give me your bread."

Gino handed it to her, and she again heaped it high with peppers. After that he had two more slices. While he was eating, Mr. Rossi came in.

THE BITTER WALL

"You are eating here tonight?" he asked.

"No," said Gino. "This is just some *antipasta*."

"You will not be able to eat your supper."

"Aiiiii!" said Mrs. Rossi to her husband, waving her arm in scorn. "Not able to eat his supper! He is not a baby!"

Mr. Rossi shrugged and went to the sink to wash.

"That was good, Ma," said Gino, patting his stomach. He picked up his lunch pail and bounded up the stairs two at a time.

"Come tomorrow," she called after him. "I am going to make *pizza*."

The next afternoon she baked three large tins of *pizza*, timing it so it would come out piping hot just at five o'clock. It would be exactly the way Gino liked it—not crusted, but softened with olive oil and smothered with tomatoes, anchovies, and *orégano*. Taking the first tin out, she heard Gino's car stop. Instead of coming in, he went on by the window. Unable to believe he had forgotten, she ran halfway to the door but checked herself, listening for him to come down the stairs. Hearing nothing, she wondered what Harriet had said to him the night before.

She took the two remaining tins from the oven. They had been in a minute too long and had crusted around the edges. It did not matter now. She began to set the table for her husband.

"What is the matter?" he said as soon as he came in.

"Nothing," she said, knowing she would tell him.

"You do not look like that for nothing."

"Gino did not come in for his *pizza*."

"Oh," he said in a joking voice, "I thought something was wrong. Maybe he forgot," he added when he saw she did not smile.

"It is not like him to forget *pizza*."

"Well, take it up to him. Maybe Harriet would like some, too."

"She would not like it."

"Well," he said, discounting the whole matter with a gesture, "he will not starve."

She dished out the *pizza* for him without answering.

After supper Gino came down.

"Now you come," said his mother, "when the *pizza* is cold."

JOHN R. FERRONE

"I'm sorry," he said. "I forgot all about it. I was eating my supper when I remembered."

"See?" said Mr. Rossi to her. "Sure he forgot."

"All that has to go to waste now," she said, motioning toward the stove.

"I have a little bit of room left. Can I have a piece?"

"Sure," she said, "but how good will it taste now?"

He cut a piece for himself and after one bite twisted a finger and thumb against his cheek with the rest of his fingers extended. It was the sign of supreme excellence. To Mrs. Rossi his enthusiasm seemed feigned.

Before he went upstairs he said, "We're having some friends in tomorrow night. We'll try not to make too much noise."

"Do not worry," said his father. "Young people have to make noise to enjoy themselves."

When they went to bed that evening and passed the archway down the hall which led into the parlor, they said their customary good night to Gino and Harriet, who were sitting together on the sofa, listening to the radio. Harriet answered pleasantly, as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Rossi was consoled. Now, she thought, she could offer to help prepare food for the party, but as she hesitated in the archway, looking at Harriet, she grew afraid that Harriet would refuse, and she did not ask.

The next night when the guests began to arrive, Mrs. Rossi sat in the kitchen with her husband, listening to the new bursts of laughter and talking overhead every time someone entered the parlor.

"There must be ten people there," she said to her husband.

"Where?" he said, without looking up from his paper.

She gave him an annoyed glance. He could be stubborn like that, pretending not to know what she meant. He was still unhappy about the tie she had made him put on. But she did not want Gino to be ashamed of them when they passed the parlor on their way to bed, and perhaps he might want to introduce them. She herself had put on her black dress, trimmed with a jabot of Italian lace and pinned at the neck with her cameo.

Making no attempt to sew or read, she sat with her elbows on the

THE BITTER WALL

table. Promptly at nine o'clock she rose, rubbing her eyes, and said it was time to go to bed.

As she turned the corner at the head of the stairs, the hallway seemed unusually dark, and she thought at first that only a small lamp was on in the parlor; but approaching the archway she saw that heavy curtains had been hung there. She turned to her husband in the semidarkness, her mouth quivering so she could not speak. He put his arm around her and pushed her gently ahead.

When they reached the bedroom they undressed in silence, but before her husband turned out the light he said, "It keeps out the noise. They were thinking of us."

She was still awake when the party was over.

Gino stopped in for a few minutes to see her the next day.

"Did we make much noise?" he said.

She shook her head.

"I hope the curtains helped . . ."

She had known Gino too long, all of his life, and he could not fool her. A hint in his voice and eyes was all she needed to know when he was hiding something. Yet she wanted with all her heart to believe what he was saying.

During the days that followed she saw nothing of Harriet, for even the little bedtime custom was gone now. And in the mornings when she put her fern out on the cement walk, she saw that the blinds in the apartment were drawn.

Gino seldom came in after work anymore, but Mrs. Rossi was sure he would not miss *cicole* day. It came just once a year, during the first week in November. She made lard then, boiling down pounds of pork fat in a huge iron pot. It was the choicest fat from the ribs and kidneys of the pig, and it made beautiful lard, whiter than the beeswax candles at church. When the fat was completely melted, she strained the liquid and left it to thicken, saving the crisp yellow pork cracklings, the *cicole*, for Gino and his father.

Today as she boiled the fat she thought she would not get upset if Gino did not stop in. The *cicole* would keep longer than the bread and *pizza*, but if he did not come to get it at all, still she would not

JOHN R. FERRONE

care. She was pleased with herself, considering this mastery of her feelings. But her satisfaction was soon unsettled by the vague sense that underneath her new strength lay the certainty that Gino would come.

The kitchen filled with smoke, and she opened the door, first throwing her black knitted shawl over her shoulders. It was a cold morning with frost on the grass along the walk where the sun had not yet touched, and at the end of the walk the leaves of the dogwood tree were turning the color of red Chianti wine when the light shines through it.

The parlor window above her opened, and Harriet leaned out to shake a mop, sending down a shower of dust which floated away from the house with the wind.

"Good morning," she called.

Mrs. Rossi answered, thinking she must look foolish standing there in the cold. She waved her arm toward the kitchen.

"Smoke," she said. "I make lard."

"Oh," said Harriet. "I wondered what that was. Does it take long to make?"

"Pretty long," said Mrs. Rossi.

"It's cold today, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rossi, shuddering in agreement. She thought that Harriet looked pale, and she was going to ask her if she had caught cold, but Harriet said good-bye and withdrew her head, dragging the mop in after her.

Mrs. Rossi went back into the kitchen. The room was cleared of smoke, but it had cooled down as well, and she had to keep her shawl on and sit by the stove for a while. It grew smoky again, but she did not open the door.

Gino visited after supper, pulling up a chair to the table where she and her husband were sitting. He looked drawn, as she had sometimes seen him look after a night of studying in his book about electricity.

"Tired?" she asked.

"Maybe a little."

"I have something special for you."

THE BITTER WALL

"*Cicole?*"

She brought the bowl of cracklings from the oven and waved it under his nose teasingly before setting it down on the table.

"How did you know?" she said.

"I smelled it."

"He smelled it," she said laughing to her husband. "I smelled it too—all day." She lifted her apron to her nose and then held it for Gino to smell. Gino nodded and began to munch the *cicole*.

"It's good," he said when he saw her watching him.

"I almost ate them all myself," said Mr. Rossi.

"Ma wouldn't let you do that," said Gino.

"You did not come in after work, so I said to your mother 'Gino does not want any; I will eat them all myself.'"

"It's good for you you didn't."

Mr. Rossi chuckled, and Mrs. Rossi joined in, laughing the way she had not laughed in a long time. Afterward there was a silence except for the crackling noise of the *cicole* as Gino ate.

"It was cold today," he said.

"Yes," said his father. "Today at work I covered the last of the plants with burlap. We can expect snow any time now."

Mrs. Rossi nodded her head. "I opened the door for a minute to air the room, and the lard nearly froze in the pot."

"It was cold upstairs in the kitchen when I got home," said Gino. He pushed the plate of *cicole* toward his father. "We get a draft," he continued. "It must come from the kitchen here or from the front door down the hall. I've been thinking it would be warmer if we closed off that archway in the kitchen."

"We can send up more heat," said Mrs. Rossi, rising quickly. "Here, I will fix the furnace now."

Gino restrained her, pressing on her arm. "It's not so cold now," he said. "But you see, if we can get rid of that draft, you can save on coal."

Mr. Rossi nodded, but Mrs. Rossi looked past her husband at the stairway. In her mind she was walking up the steps, and when she opened the door at the top, she was confronted with a blank wall.

Now that winter was coming, it grew dark sooner, and the kitchen appeared smaller and more confining than ever. Mrs. Rossi put a brighter bulb in the light fixture, but instead of making the room more cheerful, it showed up the darkened paint on the ceiling above the stove; and worst of all, it made the stairway stand out, the stairway she dreaded to ascend.

One night she said to her husband with sudden violence, "I feel like I'm in a tomb!"

The tone of her voice made him look at her in surprise, but he said softly, "We have always spent our evenings here, even before the rooms were changed. There is no difference."

She took fast, angry jabs at her sewing. He could not believe what he was saying. Always, always, everything was all right for him. There *was* a difference—a big difference. You could stay in one room forever and be contented to stay there as long as you knew the door was open, but lock the door, and your contentment would be destroyed. The door was locked for her; she was sealed off from Gino.

"I have tried," she said aloud. "I have tried."

"What have you tried?"

"I have tried to understand my daughter-in-law, to make friends with her. Three months and I know her no better. Three months and she calls me 'Mrs. Rossi' like a stranger."

"Maybe you have tried too hard," said her husband. "Let things take care of themselves."

But nothing took care of itself, and she became only more unhappy. Sometimes her eyes grew heavy by eight o'clock, and she longed to be upstairs in bed, away from the kitchen, in spite of knowing she might not sleep. Her husband, seeing her head droop over her sewing, would take off his glasses, fold his newspaper, and place it on the pile of old papers in the furnace room. By the time he finished banking the fires, she would be starting up the stairs, winding the clock as she went.

Each time she passed the curtained entrance to the parlor, she averted her head, as if to prove that she was no longer interested in the lives of Gino and Harriet, and as she and her husband con-

THE BITTER WALL

tinued up the stairs to the third floor, she often thought how much like little children they were, being sent to bed.

Long after her husband was asleep, with the smell of his tobaccoed breath close to her, she lay awake hearing the amplified sounds of night. It was then she could think most clearly. It gave her an exalted feeling to be awake in the darkness when the rest of the house was asleep. She had had the same feeling once as a little girl when she rose early one summer morning while the stars were still out and went up a near-by hillside to watch the sun rise over the sleeping city of Naples. She felt then that if she had great problems she could solve them. And now as she lay awake, everything seemed clear. She thought of her husband's mild resignation and resolved that starting the next day she would wipe all resentment from her heart and accept things as they were.

But in the morning, coming first upon the curtained archway and then the wall, she knew that her bitterness could not be erased in a night.

Many days she sat motionless at the table, neither thinking nor sleeping, lacking even the energy to bake bread. The fern had become as dry as the *orégano* leaves she sprinkled on the *pizza*, and she had asked her husband to throw it in the back yard.

"It needs some water and sunshine," he had said.

"It is dead," she answered, and he shrugged his shoulders and did as she asked.

One Wednesday in early December she baked bread for the first time in three weeks. When Gino came in after work she was surprised.

"You have not come for bread in a long time," she said. "Feel, it is still nice and warm."

He stood just inside the doorway, and she knew he had not come for bread.

"Ma," he said. "I want to tell you something. Try to understand."

She sat down slowly, looking at him.

"We're going to move."

She put her hands to her face, but Gino drew them away and

went on talking rapidly. "It's better this way. We all mean well, but we hurt each other. I've been pulled in two directions, and that's no good when two people are starting out. Listen to me, Ma, will you? The apartment's all paid for; it's my present to you and Pop."

Wrenching her hands from him, she turned and laid her head on the table. Her eyes were dry, but her head felt as if she had been drinking wine. She wanted to get away from Gino's voice and from the giddiness. She closed her eyes, and his voice drifted off.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on her bed, and her husband stood beside her. She felt a stinging sensation on her cheek, and put her hand up to touch it.

"You were screaming," he said. "Here." He handed her a glass of brandy, which she coughed on and handed back half full.

"Did Gino bring me here?" she asked.

"Both of us."

"Where is Gino?"

"I told him I would take care of you."

"Call Gino."

He sat down on the edge of the bed. "Please," he said. "You cannot change things, and you cannot run away from them. Gino is married, and his duty is to Harriet now. It is good he is going. You will see. When he is away, he will appreciate you more, and Harriet will, too. But do not let them go with this bitterness between you."

He put a blanket over her. "Now rest," he said. "Everything will be all right."

All the time he was speaking she lay there with her head turned away. What did he know of her suffering? He talked to her as though she were a selfish child, she who had devoted twenty-seven years of her life to bringing up Gino, making sacrifices for him. It was not she who was selfish; it was Harriet. She was from a different kind of people.

In Italy many relatives lived in the same house or on the same street, and they helped each other. When a baby was born they celebrated the baptism together, and when one of the old folks died, they mourned together; and that way their joy was increased and

THE BITTER WALL

their sorrow lessened. No child was brought up that did not learn to share with others, and no parent was alone in his old age.

She listened to her husband's footsteps going down the stairs and stuffed the edge of the blanket in her mouth to muffle the sound of her sobbing.

All the next week Gino and Harriet were busy packing. They were to move on Saturday. Mrs. Rossi wished only for it to be over with quickly. With the house empty of footsteps and enmity she could live peacefully again. Even loneliness would be welcome.

She and her husband talked of the apartment, and he said that they would move up after Gino and Harriet were gone. Knowing in her heart that she could not live in the rooms where Harriet had kept house for Gino, not while she felt as she did, she answered, "No, we are old, and we have lived most of our lives in this room. We will stay here."

On Saturday when her husband suggested they go upstairs to help Gino and Harriet pack the last of their belongings, which they were taking in Gino's car, she refused, saying she did not feel well. But thinking it over, she decided it would allow her to be with Gino those last few minutes, and she agreed to go after all.

When the last load had been stowed away in the trunk, the four of them stood huddled outside the kitchen door at the back of the apartment. A thin layer of snow covered the stubble of the vegetable garden, and Mrs. Rossi wore her shawl around her shoulders. A few feet from her, near Gino, she saw the dried fern plant where her husband had thrown it. The parched dirt had clung to the roots of the plant and frozen in a pot-shaped lump.

Mr. Rossi stood shuffling his feet and then said, "I hope the car does not break down with so much junk in it."

They all laughed, and Gino said, "We're only a few miles away. Harriet and I will come to see you often."

"Yes," Harriet added, "and you must come to have Christmas dinner with us."

Mrs. Rossi looked steadily at her when she spoke, and with instinctive mistrust she fought to suppress the surge of pleasure that

filled her; but she said thank you and could not keep from smiling.

She waited for someone to say good-bye. Gino was tracing patterns in the snow with his foot, and he kicked against the pot-shaped clod of earth, splitting it into pieces.

"Is this the plant I bought you?" he said to his mother.

"It died," she said.

"I'll have to buy you a new one then."

"Yes," said Harriet, "there's a spot in the corner of the kitchen where the sun shines nearly all day."

Mrs. Rossi looked toward the house where the sunlight struck through a big window, lighting up the blue and white kitchen, but she said nothing. When she turned back, Gino said, "Well, Harriet, we'd better be off."

He kissed his mother, and they all said good-bye. Mrs. Rossi and her husband watched them go down the walk. Shivering, she pulled her shawl tighter around her shoulders, and they hurried to the apartment door to get out of the cold.

Inside, Mr. Rossi started across the room, as if to go downstairs, but Mrs. Rossi went to the corner where the sun poured in. It felt warm on her skin, and after a minute she took off her shawl, stepping back to look at the sunlight on the floor.

"I would not even have to put it outside," she said.

"What?" her husband asked.

Half-engrossed in her thoughts, she turned to explain and caught a sly smile fading from his face.

"Aiiiii!" she said, throwing up her hands, and turned back to the window to hide her own smile.

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

EVER SINCE the success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, critics have been disturbed about Thornton Wilder. He is so candidly didactic, so forthrightly a school-master; and one of the first laws of the modern critic is that great art is not didactic. There are, to be sure, Dante, Milton, and Goethe to be dealt with; but they managed to get themselves established before this law was passed; it wouldn't be fair to make it retroactive.

The public, on the other hand, shows a preference for didactic art. As Sabina puts it in *The Skin of Our Teeth*: "Oh—why can't we have plays like we used to have—*Peg O' My Heart*, and *Smilin' Thru*, and *The Bat*, good entertainment with a message you can take home with you?" The satire here is two-edged: for all its shoddiness, Mr. Wilder might be commenting, popular melodrama does give "a message you can take home with you." He himself never hesitates to give a message—or rather, as many messages as he can compact into a single fable. He accepts, that is, the responsibility of the artist.

Against the didactic, though, Mr. Wilder is on record. "Didacticism," he once wrote, "is an attempt at the coercion of another's free mind." But he followed this immediately

with the remark that "beauty is the only persuasion," which shows rather clearly that he does want to persuade. In a symposium on *The Intent of the Artist*, published in 1941, he has more to say on this matter. Storytelling ability, he thinks,

springs, not, as some have said, from an aversion to general ideas, but from an instinctive coupling of idea and illustration; the idea, for a born storyteller, can only be expressed embedded in its circumstantial illustration. The myth, the parable, the fable are the fountain-head of all fiction and in them is seen most clearly the didactic, moralizing employment of a story. Modern taste shrinks from emphasizing the central idea that hides behind the fiction, but it exists there nevertheless, supplying the unity to fantasizing, and offering a justification to what otherwise we would repudiate as mere arbitrary contrivance, pretentious lying, or individualistic association-spinning. . . .

It is the task of the dramatist so to co-ordinate his play, through the selection of episodes and speeches, that though he is himself not visible, his point of view and his governing intention will impose themselves on the spectator's attention, not as dogmatic assertion or motto, but as self-evident truth and inevitable deduction.

Mr. Wilder's real objection, one sees, is to *inartistic* didacticism. One is almost ready to abandon that word, however, and to substitute *philo-*

by Joseph J. Firebaugh

sophical. But he forestalls us there, by saying: "Imaginative narration—the invention of souls and destinies—is to the philosopher an all but indefensible activity." Despite such disavowals, he is certainly both didactic and philosophical, yet both because of and in spite of these facts, he is an artist too.

To an extent Mr. Wilder has never quite succeeded as a novelist, in that ideas are often more important to him than the fiction he is writing. Parable is the device, after all, of the moralist. His ideas are too often embedded—it is his own word—rather than integrated. Yet his artistry has frequently triumphed over his didacticism.

At least in part, his didacticism seems to have been responsible for his popularity. And, in view of the fact that the 1920's were accompanied by a breakdown in conventional moral standards, this popularity may appear inexplicable. But even during the 'twenties there was more headshaking over lost values than there was actual loss. A glance at the magazines and newspapers suggests as much. If flapper and cake-eater drank their bathtub gin with modern bravado, their hang-overs must certainly have been in an earlier tradition. For the early-morning moods of the late 1920's Mr. Wilder's books were at hand. Both those who needed to confess, and those who did not, found solace

in his novels; he had found his audience, and it was larger than historians of the day would lead us to think existed. It was perhaps not drawn primarily from the intellectual world, whose members were inclined to string along with the Menckunist 'twenties until they reached the Marxist 'thirties. But an audience there was, and it was an audience which wanted to be taught, not one which already knew.

Then, too, Mr. Wilder's treatment was sophisticated. Seduction and incest and extramarital establishments are all depicted without the admonitory shake of the head. His taste was impeccable, his motives were soundly ethical and religious; but he knew his way around and, for the privilege of teaching, was willing to show others around.

Although his ideas merge to form a unified philosophical position, we shall separate them here, and discuss in orderly fashion his treatment of the following themes: love; the Platonic idea; intuition and revelation; the otherworldly; human worth; freedom and responsibility; and poetry and scholarship. From first to last, Mr. Wilder combines these themes to achieve his characteristic attitude of civilized otherworldliness.

1. *Love*.—In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (1927), the Marquesa de Montemayor writes from Peru long letters to her daughter in Spain,

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

letters expressive of her love for her daughter and her malice for most other human beings. Mr. Wilder remarks that the Marquesa's son-in-law, too, read and

delighted in her letters, but he thought that when he had enjoyed the style he had extracted all their richness and intention, missing (as most readers do) the whole purport of literature, which is the notation of the heart.

This was a bold statement for 1927; the new jargon of drives, inhibitions, frustrations, and repressions found no place for such old-fashioned words as "heart." Yet Mr. Wilder not only used the word in its old-fashioned sense; he made of it a literary credo. The main purport of his books has been the notation of the heart.

Love is his most persistent theme. He turns the subject over in his mind, as a sculptor might his work in progress, examining it from all sides, seeing now this gleam of light, now that shadow, now this line, now that plane. He finds there an inexhaustibly bewildering and revealing subject. Of its worth he is convinced; but as to the reasons for its worth, he cannot make absolute commitments. His method, therefore, is often one of irony. But it is a tender irony, for Mr. Wilder always respects the human beings who are struggling with this most difficult of life's problems.

In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* he tells the story of five Peruvians of varying ages and stations in life who are plunged to their death when an

old bridge collapses into a deep chasm. The eldest and noblest of the little group loves deeply but possessively her daughter, who, to gain her independence, has married and gone to Spain. The Marquesa writes a series of brilliant and witty letters to her daughter; but they are exacting letters, as well—letters which reveal that, vast as it was, her love "was not without a shade of tyranny." There is Pepita, a twelve-year-old servant girl, who, in her devotion to the competent Abbess who has reared her, gives the Marquesa her first glimpse of courage in love; reading a letter the child has written to the Abbess, the Marquesa "longed to command another's soul as completely as this nun was able to do. Most of all she longed to be back in this simplicity of love, to throw off the burden of pride and vanity that hers had always carried." Then, learning that the child is not sending the letter because it lacks courage, she writes her last and greatest letter to her daughter. She and Pepita die two days later when the bridge falls. Also killed in the accident are Esteban, who is mourning the death of his twin brother; Uncle Pio, an adventurer whose love of the theater—that world of the human passions—has led him to sponsor and train the great actress, Perichole; and Perichole's young son. Uncle Pio's theory of love has been that it is "a sort of cruel malady through which the elect are required to pass in their late youth, and from which they emerge, pale and wrung, but ready

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

for the business of living." It is a sort of school for life—and for the theater. On the day of his death he is taking the son of his former protégée to his home, to tutor him for a year. As in his labors to make the Perichole a great actress, he dies devoted to something beyond himself.

In one way or another, the love experienced by these persons was disinterested. Their life was fulfilled when they had experienced it. As the Abbess reflects, in the closing pages of the novel: "It seemed to be sufficient for Heaven that for a while in Peru a disinterested love had flowered and faded."

Love is the subject also of *The Woman of Andros* (1930), a brief novel set on an Aegean isle in the century before Christ. It is the story of a famous hetaera, Chrysis, and of the love affair of her younger sister, Glycerium, with a young man, Pamphilus. One day Chrysis tells her guests a fable of the dead hero who receives Zeus's permission to return to this earth to relive the least eventful day of his life, on condition that he see it both as onlooker and participant. (Mr. Wilder tells the same story with variations eight years later, when in *Our Town* Emily returns from the graveyard to relive her twelfth birthday.)

Suddenly the hero saw that the living too are dead and that we can only be said to be alive in those moments when our hearts are conscious of our treasure; for our hearts are not strong enough to love every moment.

He quickly asks to be released from

this experience. It is the opinion of Chrysis that

all human beings—save a few mysterious exceptions who seemed to be in possession of some secret from the gods—merely endured the slow misery of existence, hiding as best they could their consternation that life had no wonderful surprises after all and that its most difficult burden was the incommunicability of love.

Pamphilus, the hero of the novel, fears that he will not be able "to save these others and himself from the creeping gray, from the too easily accepted frustration." He asks desperately: "How does one live?" He falls in love with Glycerium; she dies in childbirth. Pamphilus reassures himself with the words of Chrysis:

I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and . . . nevertheless I praise the world and all living. All that is, is well. Remember some day, remember me as one who loved all things and accepted from the gods all things, the bright and the dark. And do you likewise.

Pamphilus, too,

praised the whole texture of life, for he saw how strangely life's richest gift flowered from frustration and cruelty and separation.

Mr. Wilder was reminding his generation that pure sensation, pure release, could not produce the value of love.

2. *The Platonic idea.*—Mr.

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

Wilder's early novels are filled with Platonism: with the world of realities underlying the world of appearances. In *The Woman of Andros*,

It seemed to [Pamphilus] that the whole world did not consist of rocks and trees and water nor were human beings garments and flesh, but all burned, like the hillside of olive trees, with the perpetual flame of love.

Platonism was just as apparent in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and Platonic love, love as an eternal idea underlying reality, is expressed again in *The Ides of March* (1948). Catullus, the poet, writes to Clodia, the courtesan who has enslaved him:

Never, never can I conceive of a love which is able to see its own termination. Love is its own eternity. Love is in every moment of its being: all time. It is the only glimpse we are permitted of what eternity is. . . .

All, all that Plato said was true.

It was not I, I in myself who loved you. When I looked at you, the God Eros descended upon me. I was more than myself. . . . and when your soul was aware that the God was in me, gazing at you, for a time you too were filled with the God.

3. *Intuition and revelation.*—This Platonic notion is an expression of a belief in intuition, in revelation, a belief which Mr. Wilder explores especially in the first novels. In *The Cabala* (1926), the hero, an American student spending a year in Rome, is working on a play about the life of St. Augustine. He is thrown with a group, called locally the Cabala, who, as he learns in the penultimate chapter of the novel,

believe that the ancient gods still live and occasionally take possession of the life of a man—enter his being and inspire his thoughts and deeds.

Religious faith is beyond human reason. As Mr. Wilder says in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, "The discrepancy between faith and the facts is greater than is generally assumed." Nor does that discrepancy matter. Intelligence is not necessary to faith. In *The Cabala*, a brilliant Cardinal who has lost his faith is juxtaposed with a wealthy but stupid lady whose faith is childlike. Mlle Astrée-Luce de Morfontaine is a sort of "fool in Christ," a prototype of George Brush, the religious traveling salesman of *Heaven's My Destination* (1935). Despite her lack of intelligence, "she was able to let fall remarkably penetrating judgments, judgments that proceeded from the intuition without passing through the confused corridors of our reason." When the Cardinal puts doubts into her mind she very simply attempts to shoot him. He has become for her a devil.

One of Mr. Wilder's devils is the scientific spirit. In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Brother Juniper, a monk who seeks a scientific proof of God's plan, sees in the episode of the collapse of the bridge a perfect laboratory experiment. He assembles all the data of the dead persons' lives, in the hope that the accumulation of data will provide the proof. His book is condemned as heretical by the church and he is burned at the stake:

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

[He] thought there was no one in the world who believed him. But the next morning in all that crowd and sunlight there were many who believed, for he was much loved.

Love had accomplished what reason could not. It was his life, not the inductive method, that recommended his beliefs: intuition, not proof.

In one of the early playlets by Mr. Wilder, the donkey who is carrying Mary and Jesus to Egypt is made to say:

Lord, what a donkey I was to be arguing about reason while my Lord was in danger. . . . Well, well, it's a queer world where the survival of the Lord is dependent on donkeys, but so it is.

Such "fools in Christ" as Astrée-Luce have as antitheses such thinkers as the Cardinal, of *The Cabala*, Burkin in *Heaven's My Destination*, and, in the main, Julius Caesar in *The Ides of March*. Caesar, at one point, draws up an edict abolishing all religions, but he destroys it. He cannot be certain, though he would like to be:

Am I sure that there is no mind behind our existence and no mystery anywhere in the universe? I think I am. What joy, what relief there would be, if we could declare so with complete conviction. If that were so I could wish to live forever. How terrifying and glorious the role of man if, indeed, without guidance and without consolation he must create from his own vitals the meaning for his existence and the rules whereby he lives.

Caesar has three reasons for doubting that his disbelief is sound: love,

poetry—which he profoundly respects—and his own epilepsy or falling sickness, which has brought him indescribable insights. As a ruler, he believes that to his people he must seem "not only wise but supernatural"; that is, he is capable of employing as a ruler a force which he scorns as a thinker.

"Life," Caesar believes, "has no meaning save that which we confer upon it." Clodia, the courtesan whom Caesar has known in his youth, accuses him of teaching her that life has no meaning: "You said that *the universe did not know that men were living in it*." Yet she does not think he believes that, for he acts as though something "holds meaning, holds reason." Clodia's ugly career, she hints, is due to Caesar's destruction of her faith. She, like all ordinary people, lacks the power to impose meaning on a universe that seems hostile or indifferent. For these, faith is necessary. As one observer puts it, "The essence of what [Caesar] has to teach is moral, is responsibility." To another it seems that "Caesar does not love, nor does he inspire love." That this is not true we know from other witnesses. But that intellect without love, responsibility without emotion, are not enough—that is the point.

4. *The otherworldly*.—In one way or another, all Mr. Wilder's work deals with love and religion. The solution to the problem of life is

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

a Christian solution reached through emotion, not through reason. In *The Woman of Andros*, love is a "sad love that was half hope, often rebuked and waiting to be reassured of its truth." But eventually "a sun [Christianity] would rise and before that sun the timidity and the hesitation would disappear."

To the religious man, the temporal is always less important than the eternal. In the last scene of *The Cabala* the poet Vergil appears to the author, and assures him that he would regret being alive again; in the last scene of *Our Town* the dead scorn the living as "not understanding." From first to last Mr. Wilder prefers the otherworldly to the worldly. Two of his heroes—Pamphilus and George Brush—practice occasional fasting and prayer.

George Brush, in *Heaven's My Destination*, sees that "the world's in such a bad way that we've got to start thinking all over again." He decides that our system of credit and banking is all wrong, and withdraws his savings:

No one who has money saved up in a bank can really be happy. . . . To save up money is a sign that you're afraid, and one fear makes another fear, and that fear makes another fear. No one who has money in banks can really be happy.

In *The Merchant of Yonkers* (1938), Mrs. Levi expresses her opinion of money, which is not dissimilar to George Brush's: "Money's like manure, which isn't worth anything until it's spread about encour-

aging young things to grow." The businessman, in this farce, is presented as the gull, with little to recommend him but his money. In *The Ides of March*, Caesar expresses a similar attitude toward the businessman, whose chief concern, Caesar thinks, is what to be afraid of next. Money as a sign of fear is one of Mr. Wilder's favorite themes.

5. *Human worth.*—That the human race has enduring value is a conviction that has remained with Mr. Wilder throughout his career. It is more fully emphasized in the later plays, such as *Our Town* (1938) and *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942), but it is to be found in both *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Woman of Andros*. Uncle Pio thinks that those who had suffered in love "never mistook a protracted amiability for the whole conduct of life, they never again regarded any human being, from a prince to a servant, as a mechanical object." In the same novel, an archbishop—another of Mr. Wilder's worldly clergymen—has as one of his favorite notions the idea

that the injustice and unhappiness of the world is a constant; that the poor, never having known happiness, are insensible to misfortune. Like all the rich he could not bring himself to believe that the poor (look at their houses, look at their clothes) could really suffer. Like all the cultivated he believed that only the widely-read could be said to *know* that they were unhappy.

In *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Lily Sabina is urging George Antrobus to

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

desert his wife for her. She argues:

... other people haven't got feelings. Not in the same way that we have—we who are presidents like you and prize-winners like me. . . .

Listen, dear: everybody in the world except a few people like you and me are just people of straw. Most people have no insides at all.

As Caesar writes in *The Ides of March*, "There is no rapacity equal to that of the privileged who feel that their advantages have been conferred upon them by some intelligence."

But Caesar immediately adds: and there is "no bitterness equal to that of the ill-conditioned who feel that they have been specifically passed over." In *Our Town*, Mr. Wilder permits a small-town editor named Webb to express a more generous conservative position. Webb would welcome a state of things in which the "diligent and sensible," at least, would have no cause for bitterness:

Well, we're ready to listen to anybody's suggestion as to how you can see that the diligent and sensible'll rise to the top and the lazy and quarrelsome sink to the bottom. We'll listen to anybody. Meantime until that's settled, we try to take care of those that can't help themselves, and those that can we leave alone.

Even if there is an inequality of man, Mr. Wilder would seem to say, there is no excuse for ignoring suffering. Chrysis, the woman of Andros, being pre-Christian, prays to the gods for her beloved:

Let him rest some day, O ye Olympians, from pitying those who suffer. Let him learn to look the other way. This is something new in the world, this concern for the unfit and the broken. Once he begins that, there's no end to it, only madness. It leads nowhere. That is some God's business.

The God has now come. Men are worth saving.

But men are terribly imperfect. Mrs. Levi says in *The Merchant of Yonkers*, "Inside of all of us nice people are the seeds of quarrels, lawsuits, and wars, too. It's nice people, also, who tear their fellow man to pieces." In *Our Town*, the Stage Manager says: "Christianity strictly forbade killing, but you were allowed to kill human beings in war and government punishments," and the Fortune Teller in *The Skin of Our Teeth* says:

Some of you will be saying: "Let him drown. He's not worth saving. Give the whole thing up." I can see it in your faces. But you're wrong. Keep your doubts and despairs to yourselves. Again there'll be the narrow escape. The survival of a handful. From destruction—total destruction.

Mrs. Antrobus, the type of Eternal Mother in the same play, says, "Just to have known this house—is to have seen the idea of what this world can do some day—can do some day, if we keep our wits about us."

It would not be fair to Mr. Wilder, then, to say that he ignores the world and the suffering of man-

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

kind. Even the early books satirize those who deny it. And in a later play, *The Merchant of Yonkers*, Mrs. Levi tells us:

Yes, we're all fools and we're all in danger of destroying the world with our folly; but the one way to keep us from harm is to fill our lives with the six or seven human pleasures which are our right in the world; and that takes a little money, not much, but a little; and a little freedom, not much, but a little.

Mr. Wilder, then, fits into no neat pattern of liberalism or conservatism. He neither worships nor scorns the common man. He wishes neither to deprive him of freedom, nor to lavish it upon him. He distrusts people who think—as Caesar sometimes does—that they know what is best for men, and he detests the greedy businessman who would exploit others. Mrs. Levi perhaps sums it up best:

The first sign that a person's refused the human race is that he makes plans to improve and restrict the human race according to patterns of his own.

It looks like love of the human race, but believe me, it's the refusal of the human race—those blueprint worlds where everyone is happy, and no one is allowed to be free.

If you accept human beings and are willing to live among them, you acknowledge that every man has a right to his own mistakes.

6. *Freedom and responsibility.*—Mr. Wilder's concern with the problems of freedom and choice is to be seen in *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *The Ides of March*. There must

be order within the individual before there can be order for the world. Mr. Antrobus tells his son Henry, who represents the evil in all of us, the Cain in mankind:

How can you make a world for people to live in, unless you've first put order in yourself. Mark my words: I shall continue fighting you until my last breath as long as you mix up your idea of liberty with your idea of hogging everything for yourself.

Caesar, who in many respects appears to stand for the modern "liberal," believes that "the crown of life is the exercise of choice." One learns to live by living:

The first and last schoolmaster of life is living and committing oneself unreservedly and dangerously to living; to men who know this an Aristotle and a Plato have much to say; but those who have imposed cautions on themselves and petrified themselves in a system of ideas, them the masters themselves will lead to error. Brutus and Cato repeat liberty, liberty, and live to impose on others a liberty they have not accorded to themselves—stern, joyless men, crying to neighbors: be joyful as we are joyful; be free as we are free.

In the view of Cytheris, a great actress of the time, we need limits:

Wickedness may be the exploration of one's liberty . . . , the search for a limit that one can respect. . . . Can't we say that a great deal of what we call "wickedness" is the very principle of virtue exploring the laws of its own nature? . . . Only the Gods have put a veto on the adventure of our minds. If They do not choose to intervene, we are *condemned* [my italics] to fashion our laws or to wander in fright through

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

the pathless wastes of our terrifying liberty, seeking even the reassurance of a barred gate, of a forbidding wall. . . . Caesar is a tyrant . . . It is not that, like other tyrants, he is chary of according liberty to others; it is that, loftily free himself, he has lost all touch with the way freedom operates and is developed in others; always mistaken, he accords too little or he accords too much.

Mr. Wilder's method here as elsewhere is to present several views persuasively. But it is Cytheris, the artist, who sees the value of traditional restraints, with whom he seems most in sympathy.

7. *The praise of poetry and scholarship.* — Mr. Wilder's respect for the poet and scholar constitutes one part of his respect for the eternal. Yet he balances his regard for pure learning with an awareness of its limitations. *The Cabala* introduces a young man who spends his life in scholarship which to the rest of the world appears futile. There is some suggestion in the story that such devotion to abstract knowledge is inhumane. In *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Mr. Antrobus is made to dismiss contemptuously the suggestion of a useful employment for the wheel, which he has just invented. His son says to him: "You could put a chair on that." Mr. Antrobus replies: "Yes, any booby can fool with it now; but I thought of it first." The practical but evil Henry does "fool with it," and modern war is one disastrous result. Mr. Antrobus' love of pure knowledge, of the abstract idea, has

kept him from seeing that the idea can be violated in the application if the thinker irresponsibly surrenders it to the "practical" man, interested only in immediate advantage. Such practical natures as that of Mrs. Antrobus, for instance, can see little use in poetry. When the Ice Age threatens, Mr. Antrobus tells her to use everything for fuel, but to save the Shakespeare. "He knows," she remarks, "I'd burn ten Shakespeares to prevent a child of mine from having a cold in the head." And later, when Antrobus wants to save Homer and the Muses from frost and starvation, his wife is most reluctant to take them into her house.

The very form of *The Ides of March*, ostensibly a collection of documents, shows Mr. Wilder's respect for scholarship. In that novel, Caesar is shown as admiring poets greatly. "At a very early age," he writes, "I was convinced that the true poets and historians are the highest ornaments of a country . . . They alone use all of themselves in every moment of their work."

In *The Ides of March* occurs the great debate between Clodia and Catullus on the value of poetry. Poetry, Clodia thinks, is "the most seductive of lies and the most treacherous of counselors." Catullus' answer is couched in a fable, which he does not complete, for Caesar is taken with a spell of the "falling sickness." But the fable would seem to reject

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

alike complete unconcern with human suffering, and pure poetry—"tricks that had no relation to anything outside themselves." If this reading is correct, Mr. Wilder holds, in his latest book, the same theory of literature that he held in a volume published twenty years earlier. In the Preface to his little volume of playlets, he expressed his desire to assert, without offensive didacticism, the truths of his religious faith. There seems to have been little alteration in point of view throughout Mr. Wilder's career. It is true that the later work pays more attention to humanity, and less to religion per se. But the faith is present by implication. Love of God, love of Man, and love of the Art which expresses and synthesizes both—these have been from beginning to end Mr. Wilder's articles of faith.

That Mr. Wilder is a religious person, a person concerned with the moral problems of man, is important for him and for those of his readers who find his teaching of value. If he were only a teacher of morals, he would not interest us as a literary man. But he is much more.

He is, in the first place, a humorist—one of the brightly comic literary men of his generation. This fact appears less in the early novels than in the later novels and in all the plays. But even in *The Cabala* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, it is there, chiefly as an urbane sort of irony, or in pungently phrased aphorisms. Beginning with the play-

lets of *The Angel That Troubled the Waters* (1928), the one-act plays such as *The Long Christmas Dinner* (1931), and proceeding through *Heaven's My Destination* and the later plays, a heartier humor appears. In the one-act plays it is based on a sheer joy in human life—in experience itself, as in the marvelously uneventful circumstances of *A Happy Journey from Trenton to Camden* (1931). Joy in little things is the basis of this humor—the humor almost of a delighted newcomer to the human scene.

The loving smile of these plays becomes a mirthful roar in *Heaven's My Destination*, the novel in which Mr. Wilder manages to discuss eternal subjects even while recounting the affair of a traveling salesman and a farmer's daughter. Yet the loving-kindness is still there. George Brush, outrageously tricked into having Sunday dinner with some Kansas City prostitutes, retains his dignity throughout. One laughs at him, and then realizes that one should be laughing at oneself. The joke is, after all, on us, who laugh at a naïveté which has resulted only in thoroughly Christian behavior. The joke suddenly becomes different from the one we had expected—a joke as deep as human tragedy. One might call this effect the humor of human compassion. It has artistic purpose. In *Our Town*, for example, the humor prevents the pity from becoming sentimentalism.

The Skin of Our Teeth, with the usual serious emphasis on human

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

values, is the funniest of Mr. Wilder's plays. Our more venial sins—those of appetite—are embodied in Sabina, a character whose blend of selfishness and good-heartedness creates sheer mirth. The technique, which Mr. Wilder here perfects, of treating time as relative, and jumping back and forth in it with gay abandon, is used for both serious and comic purposes. He used it in his earliest book, *The Cabala*, where, under another name, the dying poet Keats is introduced briefly into the story. *The Long Christmas Dinner* takes a family through several generations. But nowhere is Mr. Wilder so successful with the device as in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, where it becomes an integral part of the play, and no mere trick caught from the expressionists. It suggests the eternity of Mr. Wilder's themes, and it startles us to laughter; this dual effect of the serious and the comic is a most valuable asset to the theater. The technique of breaking down the barriers between actors and audience, between the play and reality, has a similar dual function: it provokes laughter, and it supplies that actual integration of art with life which John Dewey might theoretically approve. At the same time it emphasizes Mr. Wilder's constant theme: the eternity of human values.

In style there is more development than in thought. The early style is rather on the precious side, and includes such sentences as "Triumph had passed from Greece and wisdom from Egypt, but with the

coming on of night they seemed to regain their lost honor, and the land that was soon to be called Holy prepared in the dark its wonderful burden." True, his early style does not cloy; but it is mannered and it does call attention to itself. Not until *The Long Christmas Dinner* and *The Happy Journey from Trenton to Camden* did Mr. Wilder's excellent grasp of colloquial speech become fully apparent, and with it his respect for ordinary people—mothers and wives, boys and girls, husbands and sons, living ordinary lives. It is present in all his plays, as well as in *Heaven's My Destination*. Ma Kirby, in *The Happy Journey*, scolds her young daughter Caroline in a classic American maternal manner:

Mind yourself, Missy. I don't want to hear anybody talking about rich or not rich when I'm around. If people aren't nice I don't care how rich they are.

Mrs. McCoy, quite another type, tells George Brush:

Sit down. Don't you smoke, either? No wonder you feel like a fool, just sitting and talking. Remus, give'm some ginger ale, anyway. That way he can at least hold something in his hand, my-God.

Another quality which has developed as his career has continued is the ability to adjust speech and tone to the character of the speaker. The individualization of persons is not great in the early books. It becomes better in the plays, but it is

THE HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER

best of all, I think, in *The Ides of March*, where each document is written in the manner, almost unmistakable, of its writer rather than of Mr. Wilder. Cicero's dry description of Clodia's bosom as "a much-travelled thoroughfare, only occasionally available to birds"; or his classicist's resentment of the new poetry:

If we are to be condemned to a poetry based on buried trains of thought . . . , we shall soon be at the mercy of the unintelligible parading about us as a superior mode of sensibility.

Pompeia's silliness: "What I have to say is very *very* confidential"; and Clodia's duplicity in a letter to Pompeia:

May I make one small suggestion, however, and one which I would only make to you because only you *could* put it into effect?

—these will serve as specimens.

As a novelist, Mr. Wilder's gravest fault is a lack of narrative movement. His books and plays often end where they began. We are told in the first paragraph of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* what its outcome will be. Caesar, we know all along, will be stabbed to death. Sabina repeats her opening speech and tells us, "This is where you came in." So,

although it is not correct to say that there is no action and no interest in fable, for there is both, it is true that four of Mr. Wilder's five novels—the exception is *Heaven's My Destination*—move very slowly. No doubt this is a defect to many readers. But those who seek insight rather than excitement, thought rather than event, will not find the slow pace unattractive.

Mr. Wilder, then, as I see it, has been unfairly ignored by serious literary critics. As much as any writer of our day, he needs to be studied and evaluated. He is a humorist who knows the underlying seriousness of comic events, a satirist who loves the human race. True, his style has sometimes been pretentious, and his stories slow-paced; but he deserves our respect as an artist. The bold attempt of his whole career has been nothing less than the re-establishment of human values in a world which, he believes, desperately needs them. Consistently he has attempted to write literature which, having a value of its own, would still not be an end in itself. He deserves our admiration for accepting as his task the difficult artistic problem of suiting fable to idea and sound to sense, producing thus an integrated whole.

Night Swim

ERIC WILSON BARKER

A half-mile out we turned and saw the land
as curious seals must, bobbing sleek heads up,
carved sheer as cameos in the moon's full pour.
We'd seen then often, like black, club-headed kelp,
remote as floating islands. Bathed in that sea
of light, they'd seem estranged from us
farther by myth than distance. We trod water,
looking back at our familiar element,
the humped and camel-colored dunes
the seals would give a cool, appraising stare,
then slip from sight. Seen from the shore,
what would distinguish us? Against the moon,
our ball-shaped human heads as black as theirs?
Shrunk in that crucible, identity was broken
on a wheel of light, deceiving sight and sense.
The foam-line was division of two worlds.
Illusion held them both, but here the mirage
flowed and shifted more than on the land.
Our friend walked there, reduced to pygmy size.
He stopped beside the clothes we'd shed,
(only to enter naked as a fish, these waters
of the moon, was thinkable) looking out at us,
then cupped his hands and shouted.
The moon was going down, trawling
a seine of light over the rim of the world.
We waited till the darkness leaped,
then dove like seals through a forest
of melting swords as stars like fish
slipped through our sieves of hands.

I AM A BUREAUCRAT

by "Wycliffe Allen"

ACCORDING to both the press and the *Congressional Record*, I am one who gormandizes at the public trough. I am the incarnation of all the sloths through all the ages. I live off the hard-earned salaries of neighbors and the profits of tax-paying industries.

For this parasitical existence, I give, apparently, little value. I am supposed to put in, each day, eight hours of cat naps intermingled with pen-pushing; I am believed to manufacture red tape in amazing quantities and to protect myself from reformers by means of the greatest lobby in Washington. The movie industry, like the cartoonists, finds me a fit subject for ridicule.

Still, be what I may, I am a good portion of the brain, arms, and legs by which our national hopes and aspirations are brought to their fruition. During war and in all peacetime emergencies, the administrative machinery of which I am a part is an essential ingredient in whatever is the country's formula for winning through. And yet, in spite of whatever may be my successes, as a bureaucrat my loyalty to the government for which I work is questioned indiscriminately and constantly.

For years, standard federal practice has required the fingerprinting of all new or transferred employees, with copies to the FBI. Yet recently Congress appropriated \$20,000,000 to investigate me all over again. That I survived is a minor matter.

So now, investigated, fingerprinted, reinvestigated, I am a provedly loyal federal bureaucrat—an officeholder. How did I get that way? Well, public belief to the contrary notwithstanding—I worked for it.

In the beginning, a careless college question, tossed during a swimming pool chat, cast the die. "Ever think of public service?" I thought of city, county, state, and federal government. County governments I discarded; they were, it seemed to me, "the black

continent of American government.” That left cities, states, or the federal government. Each of these offered a challenge. In varying degrees they faced the problem of maintaining political decisions as the essence of democracy, while improving efficiency of operations and decisiveness of action.

After a graduate year of intensive scholastic effort, I gained employment with an industrial engineering organization which devoted its full activities to city, county, state, and national governmental organization and techniques. Subsequently, for the greater part of a decade, I hit the sawdust trail of improved local government administration. World War II tossed me into administrative military service. When World War II was over, I competed for, and won, what is considered a well-paying job in a federal agency—well-paying, of course, by public employment standards, not by any others.

Thus you, the tax public, have paid my salary, directly or indirectly, for over fifteen civilian and military years. What has my work meant to you? With many other bureaucrats I have played a small part in improving the level of service you receive from government for the price you pay. Many cities and some states can now make numbers of so-called business-managed industries look a ledgerly red by comparison. In the past twenty years interest in effective operations has mushroomed among public officials. In addition to the usual night school and correspondence efforts of ambitious clerks, key administrators—city, state, and federal—have been willing to study specialized college courses on their own time and out of their own pockets. City managers travel at night halfway across a Midwestern state to hold weekly seminars on management techniques, with a managers’ correspondence course as text. Finance officers, assessors, personnel men, public works officials avidly complete correspondence courses from the Institute for Training in Municipal Administration, and study at the extension courses in their city as they work toward a graduate college degree. Their annual standard of comparison is not the personal profit sheet but improved effectiveness of service. Many operations, in government as elsewhere, are susceptible of cost analysis; it has been applied

I AM A BUREAUCRAT

with zest. Yes, you'll find cost accountants, systems accountants, industrial engineers in the public service, though without the titles or salaries of their industry counterparts. They are all bureaucrats—like me.

Occasionally I read with envy of some of the administrative practices in industry. An industry may rely almost completely on sales to the federal government for its balance sheet profit, but the "protectionist," red-tape-creating devices you have forced on me are not extended to it. Pounds of regulations, inspections, internal audits, and post audits, the General Accounting Office and the Civil Service Commission—all of these were created by *you* in laws so written that the conclusion to be drawn from them is inescapable. You do not trust me to do a job without circumscribing restrictions, not unless it is a job in private employment.

So you protect the purity of public business by legal red tape. I have seen competent staffs struggling for several years to try to cut away needless and costly strictures in administrative channels. For the most part these were created by your fear of me and fellow bureaucrats, a fear extended through your legislative representatives.

Absconders shun the federal service, with its stiff bonds for certifying officers, its General Accounting Office audits, and its various investigatory agents, including Treasury agents and the FBI. Nevertheless, you load federal employees down with triple procedural checks and minutiae. Our accounts are not designed primarily to serve useful administrative purposes. The design is that they shall be kept in such manner as to allow the General Accounting Office an easier audit, and also to permit Congressional inquiries to be answered rapidly.

You make us hire employees in 1950 by methods prescribed as an aftermath of a disappointed job-seeker's assassination of President Garfield in the 1880's. You make us discipline employees by means of a letter-writing etiquette reminiscent of Victorian parlors. You make us fire them by legal document. When your Congressional representatives cut appropriations, the resulting layoffs are carried out by regulations operating in such a way that Master

“WYCLIFFE ALLEN”

Mechanics or Naval Gun Foremen with twenty years of experience are laid off while a war veteran with one year of service remains, secure as long as he earns a “good” efficiency rating. “Good” represents far less than a numerical average. Career service? What happens to the twenty years of training and skilled experience the federal government loses? You concede this to be a waste of money and men? And yet you do not correct it—you, working through your representatives.

There are not only wastes to be corrected, there are basic inequities, too. Assuming your desire for improved governmental service, bureaucrats can see but three reasons why you do not make your views known to your legislators.

First, you don't really care. Government exists only as a whipping post for after-dinner bull sessions. It affects no other part of your life.

Second, you think in the terms of programs and ideas, but not of the details required to carry them out. Perhaps your Congressman thinks the same way. An “economy” committee of the House or Senate might, if it meant business, call upon the General Accounting Office, the Civil Service Commission, and the Bureau of the Budget to assist it in saving federal funds by pointing out to the committee administrative anachronisms or needless details required by Congressional legislation. But does it?

Third, you are doubtless a member of one or more organized pressure groups acting on your Congressman to secure favorable legislation, or to lay before Congressmen sentiments “accurately reflecting public opinion.” Your group may concentrate on the federal government for direct economic gain, as have the Farm Bureau, labor groups, or the National Association of Manufacturers. Or it may expect the federal government to salve its individual consciences for its having failed to do, as private individuals, what the government is requested to do. In this connection, the privileges legislated for veterans in the federal service are of interest when compared with industry practices toward veterans. Or, finally, your pressure group may concentrate on the federal government as a sounding board for broad ethical, theological, economic, or social

I AM A BUREAUCRAT

convictions affecting a way of life. As such it may be responsible for a new basic law. Laws have to be administered.

Federal agencies are thus created to meet needs. Generally speaking, those needs are impressd on Congress by constituents. If you care to review events leading up to the creation of "one more" federal agency, you may find its ghosts in your pressure closet. When a Presidential reorganization or Hoover Commission report threatens your independent agency, your anguished cries bear no relation to the improved services that might result. When economy is called for, you demand cuts in all appropriations except those for your pressureized baby. Initial cuts in the budget recommended by the appropriation committees of the House and Senate disappear, and the budget as passed may be as large as, or larger than, that submitted by the Chief Executive. So I, the bureaucrat, catch the hot potato—and hold it. There is no other receiver. Provided with an appropriation to carry out a given program, I hire employees to do the job. Immediately arise the cries, "Too many employees," "bureaucratic waste," "empire building."

Yes, I *am* a bureaucrat, a public officeholder. I am proud of that fact, proud that I serve with other bureaucrats dedicated to performing the work of the federal government as effectively as you permit us to do. Naturally there are a few drones among us bureaucrats, but surprisingly few. You will find their counterparts in industry in as great or in greater numbers.

Partisan politics is no problem in the federal administrative service. As in industry, it is office politics which causes the havoc, office politics based on cliques, personalities, and ambitions. Even so, we have no sixth vice-presidents, in charge of the executive lunchroom, who are related to the board chairman.

Your federal government is the largest corporation on earth. Many of its administrative ills are common to any organization plagued with bigness, private or public. Many, too, will be corrected only when individuals and groups look beyond their special interests and accept an occasional "bureaucratic" recommendation in the interests of all. Your federal government has become big because the fancied or real needs of people were translated by

“WYCLIFFE ALLEN”

their representatives into law. The only possible profit sheet for government must be in terms of services rendered now or human and physical resources developed for posterity. Working for such a corporation is a challenge which requires considerably more than eight hours of my day, bureaucrat though I be. You would be *shocked* at the pleasure I get from snipping red tape here and improving a process there. For I am a taxpayer, too.

I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the Representative of our Country; he is a Bird of bad moral Character; like those among Men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor and often very lousy.

The Turkey is a much more respectable Bird, and withal a true original Native of America.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *from a private letter*

MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR

by Alejandro R. Roces

MY BROTHER, KIKO, once had a very peculiar chicken. It was peculiar because no one could tell whether it was a rooster or a hen. My brother claimed it was a rooster. I claimed it was a hen. We almost got lynched trying to settle the argument.

The whole question began early one morning. Kiko and I were driving the chickens from the cornfields. The corn had just been planted and the chickens were scratching the seeds out for food. Suddenly we heard the rapid flapping of wings. We turned toward the direction of the sound and saw two chickens fighting in the far end of the field. We could not see the birds clearly, for they were lunging at each other in a whirlwind of feathers and dust.

"Look at that rooster fight!" my brother said, pointing excitedly at one of the chickens. "Why, if I had a rooster like that I could get rich in the cockpit."

"Let us go and catch it," I suggested.

"No. You stay here. I will go and catch it," Kiko said.

My brother slowly approached the fighting chickens. They were so busy fighting that they did not notice him as he approached. When he got near them, he dived and caught one of them by the leg. It struggled and squawked. Kiko finally held it by both wings and it stood still. I ran over to where he was and took a good look at the chicken.

"Why, it is a hen," I said.

"What is the matter with you?" my brother asked. "Is the heat making you sick?"

"No. Look at its face. It has no comb or wattles."

"No comb or wattles! Who cares about its comb or wattles? Didn't you see it fight?"

"Sure I saw it fight. But I still say it is a hen."

"A hen! Did you ever see a hen with spurs like these? Or a hen with a tail like this?"

CHICKEN

"I do not care about its spurs or tail. I tell you that is a hen. Why, just look at it!"

Kiko and I could not agree on what determined the sex of a chicken. If the animal in question had been a carabao, then it would have been simple. All we would have had to do was to look at the carabao. There would have been no time wasted examining its tail, hoofs, or horns. We would simply concentrate on one part of its body. We would look at the animal straight in the face. And if it had a brass ring in its nose, then the carabao would undoubtedly be a bull. But chickens are not like carabaos. So the argument went on in the fields the whole morning.

At noon we left to have our lunch. We argued about it on the way home. When we arrived at our house Kiko tied the chicken to a peg. The chicken flapped its wings—and then crowed!

"There! Did you hear that?" my brother exclaimed triumphantly. "I suppose you are going to tell me now that hens crow and that carabaos fly."

"I do not care if it crows or not," I said. "That chicken is a hen."

We went in the house and the discussion continued during lunch.

"It is not a hen," Kiko said. "It is a rooster."

"It is a hen," I said.

"It is not."

"It is."

"Now, now," Mother interrupted, "how many times must Father tell you boys not to argue during lunch? What is the argument this time?"

We told Mother and she went out to look at the chicken.

"That chicken," she said, "is a *binabae*. It is a rooster that looks like a hen."

That should have ended the argument. But Father also went out to see the chicken, and he said, "No. You are wrong, Mother. That chicken is a *binalalake*, a hen that looks like a rooster."

MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN

"Have you been drinking again?" Mother asked.

"No," Father answered.

"Then what makes you say that that rooster is a hen? Have you ever seen a hen with feathers like that?"

"Listen. I have handled fighting roosters since I was a boy. And you cannot tell me that that thing there is a rooster."

Before Kiko and I realized what had happened, Father and Mother were arguing about the chicken by themselves. Soon Mother was crying. She always cried when she argued with Father.

"You know very well that that is a rooster," she sobbed. "You are just being mean and stubborn."

"I am sorry," Father said. "But I know a hen when I see one."

Then he put his arms around Mother and called her sweet names like my little *panocha*, my lovely *kulasisi*, and my ripe mango. He always did that when Mother cried. Kiko and I were very embarrassed. We left the house without finishing our lunch.

"I know who can settle this question," my brother said.

"Who?" I asked.

"The *teniente del barrio*, chief of the village."

The chief was the oldest man in the village. This did not mean that he was the wisest. But anything that is said always carries more authority if it is said by a man with gray hairs. So my brother untied the chicken, and we brought it to the chief.

"Is this a male or a female chicken?" Kiko asked.

"That is a question that should concern only another chicken," the chief replied.

"I know, but my brother and I happen to have a special interest in this particular chicken. Please give us an answer. Just say yes or no. Is this a rooster?"

"It does not look like any rooster that I have ever seen," said the chief.

"It is a hen then," I said.

"It does not look like any hen I have ever seen. No, that could not be a chicken. I have never seen a chicken like that. It must be a bird of some kind."

"Oh, God!" Kiko said, and we walked away.

ALEJANDRO R. ROCES

"Well, what do we do now?" I said.

"I know what," my brother said. "Let us go to town and see Mr. Cruz. He would know."

Mr. Eduardo Cruz lived in the near-by town of Katubusan. He had studied poultry husbandry at Los Baños, and he operated a large chicken farm. When we got to the farm, Mr. Cruz was still having lunch, so Kiko released his chicken in the yard. The other chickens would not have anything to do with ours. They did not seem to care to which sex it belonged. As soon as Mr. Cruz finished his lunch, we caught the chicken and took it to his office.

"Mr. Cruz," Kiko said, "is this a hen or a rooster?"

Mr. Cruz looked at the bird curiously, and then said, "Hmmm. I don't know. I couldn't tell in one look. I have never run across a chicken like that before."

"Well, is there any way you can tell?"

"Why, sure, look at the feathers on its back. If the feathers are round, then it is a hen. If they are pointed, it is a rooster."

The three of us examined the feathers closely. It had both.

"Hmmm. Very peculiar!" said Mr. Cruz.

"Is there any other way you could tell?"

"I could kill it and examine its insides."

"No. I do not want it killed," my brother said.

I took the chicken under my arm and we walked back to the barrio. Kiko was silent most of the way. Then he said:

"I know how I can prove to you that this is a rooster."

"How?" I asked.

"Would you agree that this is a rooster if I make it fight in the cockpit—and it wins?"

"If this hen of yours can beat a gamecock, I would believe anything," I said.

"All right," he said. "We will take it to the cockpit Sunday."

So that Sunday we took the chicken to the cockpit. Kiko looked around for a suitable opponent and finally decided on a red rooster. I recognized the rooster as a veteran of the pit. Also, it was the cock that had once escaped to the forest and lured all the hens away from the surrounding farms. Raising its serpentlike head, the red rooster

MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN

eyed our chicken arrogantly and jiggled its sickle feathers. This scared me, for I knew that when a cock is in a mating mood it is dead-game.

"Do not match your hen against that red rooster," I told Kiko. "That red rooster is not a native. It was brought over from Texas."

"That does not mean anything to me," my brother said. "My rooster will kill it."

"Do not be a fool," I said. "That red rooster is a killer. It has killed more chickens than the pox. There is no rooster in this town that can stand against it. Pick on a lesser rooster."

My brother would not listen. The match was made and the birds were heeled for the fight. Sharp steel gaffs were tied to their left legs. Kiko bet eight pesos on his chicken. I bet only two. The odds were *logro once*, eleven to one, which is the highest odds ever given in a cockfight.

The fight was brief. Both birds were released at the center of the arena. They circled around once and then faced each other. I turned my head away and tried not to look, but my head turned back of itself. I expected our chicken to die of fright. Instead, a strange thing happened. A lovesick expression came into the red rooster's eyes. Then it did a love dance. That was all our chicken needed. It rushed at the red rooster with its hackle feathers flaring. In one lunge it buried its spurs in its opponent's breast. The fight was over.

"*Tiope! Tiope!* Fixed fight!" the crowd shouted.

Then a riot broke out. People tore the bamboo benches apart and used them as clubs. My brother and I had to leave through the back way. I had the chicken under my arm. We ran toward the coconut groves and we kept running till we lost the mob. As soon as we felt safe, we sat on the ground and rested. We were both panting like dogs.

"Now do you believe it is a rooster?" Kiko asked.

"Yes," I answered.

I was glad the whole argument was over.

But the chicken had other ideas. It began to quiver. Then something round and warm dropped on my hand. The chicken cackled with laughter. I looked down and saw an egg.

That Time Survived: Point Lobos, 1950

HELEN PINKERTON

A meadow of wildgrass, heather and sage
Lies here amid the promontory hills
Out of the view of either white-rimmed bay
Whose indentation marks the coastal sills.
Water that lay below the winds' upheaval
Moves through the turbulence of reef and spray
To calm again—clouding above the cypress.
This scene is fixed within the tranquil day

And is held firm without my mind, while I
Remember a high plain, barren of trees,
A granite-sanded butte immersed in sage,
A pitted hill of copper, manganese,
Silver and quartz, of porphyry and gold,
A gutted hill that poured a copper creek
Steaming into the thin, supernal air,
Bearing as dross what later men will seek.

It is as if this time were that again,
Found in the scent of sage so perfectly
It is held whole within the mind this once
United to myself, and I left free;
For memory that carried too much pain
For men destroyed by earth, then buried there,
Would not appear nor yet be exorcised
But altered sense, as ghosts have altered air.

And as the face obscure and incomplete
Which love, deprived, creates when it must change,
That time survived, unknown, in other times
And was perceived in innocence as strange,
Till other change, willed or induced by age,
Delivered feeling from servility,
Revealed and yet assuaged the pain of loss,
Letting the lost appear as it must be.

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

by James R. Baird

A CENTURY has passed since Emerson's happy judgment upon our Western world. To him the meridian of civilization was not yet near, and man, secure in Nature, still labored in the light of the morning star. Since the time of this happy view, a memorable affirmation of human dignity, the literature of the Western world has become increasingly moral in its concerns. One of its dominant courses of speculation is directed toward an entire rejection of our materialistic society in favor of some past state imagined to be nearer Eden, nearer the original Christ liberated from apostolic dogma, or nearer the "primitive" wisdom of the Orient. It is speculation directed toward a Golden Age. Even in its most decadent manifestations, as in Rimbaud's precocious satanism of *A Season in Hell*, this literature of disbelief about the value of our civilization is still a literature of morality. Emerson found evil merely the absence of good. Rimbaud, the iconoclast, is nonetheless the poet in the grip of a moral crisis, the man of conscience who seeks to reconcile an overwhelming social evil with what he sees as slight proof of good.

There is nothing particularly unusual in the appearance of primitivism at any moment in literary history. Each succeeding age produces ideas implying that man in an uncivilized state or man in nearly any civilized state save that of contemporary European culture (and its inheritors) is man in the most vigorous, the least corrupt expression of life. This recurrence of dissatisfaction with civilization extends from the literature of ancient Greece to the latest novel of escape to the South Seas. Primitivism is essentially a condemnation of an existing society. Accompanying it is a withdrawal from that society to a condition, real or imagined, opposed to the sophistication of a complex culture. It denies the idea of progress and advocates recession. But the variations upon this idea are manifold, and no two ages show quite the same approach or the same

primitive objectives. The nature of primitivism is determined by the degree of intensity with which the moralist finds his society unsatisfactory. The savages of Columbus, whom the Admiral found the best creatures on earth, the cannibals of Montaigne, and the unspoiled children of Nature in the discourses of Rousseau are all symbols of the primitive, certainly; but they are symbols of the strange and the unknown rather than of light beyond the utter darkness of civilization. Primitivism in the last century, in the literature which is our immediate heritage, is of another sort. It is linked to the literature of darkness and pessimism; and though it may be charged that it has produced a literature of escape exclusively, actually it is significant beyond these terms in its record of a moral crisis.

The modern primitivist is, then, the potential idealist unable to raise a secure idealism upon the society subject to his observation. He is potentially within the literature of darkness; he is touched with the shadows of civilized existence described by Albert Schweitzer, writing from Africa in 1931 that this world is inexplicably mysterious and full of suffering and that we live in an age of spiritual decadence in mankind. The point of origin for Schweitzer's disbelief in his own age is substantially the same as that from which Nietzsche and Spengler proceeded. Nietzsche found the Western world on the brink of nihilism, not because the sorrows of existence are greater than they were formerly but because we have grown suspicious of the meaning which may be given to evil, as though everything were in vain. Only the ruthlessness of the strong, the will to power, the desertion of a "vitiating" Christianity (the same desertion later advocated by D. H. Lawrence) can produce Nietzsche's "superior" society, vigorous and uncorrupted. Spengler, in his theory of recurrent degeneracy in the history of civilizations, advocated nothing save acquiescence. The illness of material civilization in the West is that of a soul that is beginning to tire, of the sick man who feels the weight of his failing limbs. These are extreme examples of judgments which have not found the material accomplishments of our culture, as Emerson thought them to be, ennobling and joyful. To turn back from nothingness or from

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

the urge toward racial immolation, the primitivist attempts to resolve his crisis by studying man in another condition. Thus, in the last century, the noble savage has reappeared, this time a moral symbol, the antithesis of war, greed, violence, and deceit.

The focal points of recent primitivism are not exclusively those of the "savage" life. There is, for example, the agrarian primitive, the "common man," represented by Wordsworth's old shepherd, Michael. The same idea appears in the contemplation of Tolstoy, notably in the primitive goodness of peasants in the novel, *The Cosacks*, as opposed to the evil of urban society. Or again there is a contemporary example of the superior and ennobling wisdom of Hindu thought in W. Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge*, a seriously conceived narrative of an American youth in search of spiritual affirmation outside the hypocrisies of Western materialism. But the most important single symbol of primitive goodness in modern literature, again as in former ages, is that of the noble savage, this time the noble Polynesian.

The elevation of Polynesia is more an accident in geographic expansion, of course, than a calculated choice. Primitivism is usually centered upon the new and the strange. The exponents of modern primitivism who have fixed the ideal of human perfection upon the Polynesian are, however, unique, when one remembers their predecessors, in having lived with the savage. So devoted to the ideal was Melville forty years after his return from the beaches of the Society Islands that he called Tahiti in the golden days before Captain Cook the only fit place on earth for the advent of Christ. This noble Polynesian of literature is as much an achievement of modern thought as is our scientific implementation which so recently has involved him in a modern war. The composite history of representative men of modern literature who have studied him in his environment is essentially a history of attempted escape from the moral crisis of our time, from the conflict between the meaning of increasing evil in an overwrought mechanized society and the meaning of established good.

Before the time of Herman Melville, Polynesian culture was primarily the concern of the literature of exploration, the history

JAMES R. BAIRD

of expanding empire. Omai, the famous Tahitian youth of the portrait by Reynolds, had visited London during four years (1773–77) and in the salons of that city had represented a primitive race discovered by Captain Cook and declared open to the missions of civilization. Northward of Tahiti, Cook had visited the Marquesans, whom he found surpassing all other people on earth in shape and feature. Captain David Porter of the U.S.S. *Essex* had arrived in October 1813 at the Washington Group of the Marquesas in the first advance of the United States toward an island empire in the Pacific. The expedition, wrecked by the disasters of the war with Britain, came to nothing except for the accounts in Porter's journal, later published in America. Like his British predecessors, he was a voyager particularly receptive to the physical beauty of the Marquesans, a people so well disposed, so honest and intelligent that the name "savage" was an unjust stigma. He was even inclined to lament the danger of corruption when he thought of the threat of civilization, the fall from a state of nature such as that suffered by the Sandwich Islander, the Tahitian, and the New Zealander.

But these sentimental introductions to an unknown race during the first half-century of exploration were replaced by attitudes of stern condemnation as the first expeditions of missionaries began to encounter difficulties. The inhabitants, cheated and maltreated by the early traders, revealed extreme capacities for retaliation. Despite the favorable reports of Captain Cook and the enthusiastic accounts of Captain Porter, legends of cannibalism spread. Polynesia came to be regarded as a cannibal hell, quite as if the Devil of Cotton Mather, after a momentary pause for begetting the Indian in North America, had moved on to new frontiers. The first flush of enthusiastic adoption ended; and only the most intrepid missionaries approached the islands. William Mariner, the authority on the Tongas, reported in 1817 the reality of the savage as he had seen him. His ship, the *Port au Prince*, was seized and boarded by Tongan natives, one of whom alone killed twenty-six ship's men with an ironwood club, leaving the decks spattered with blood and brains. In 1829 Chaplain Stewart of the U.S.S. *Vincennes*, on a second American expedition to the Marquesas, found the islanders

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

incredibly licentious and brutish. On Nukuhiva, later the magic island of Melville, Loti, and Gauguin, he encountered filth and ugliness of such overwhelming proportions that he hurried from shore, sickened by human depravity. A year later the British missionary, William Ellis, traveling through the Marquesas, stated that he saw a captive female child who begged a morsel of food from the savage invaders of her native island and received and ate a piece of her own father's flesh.

These are expressions of a popular judgment, affirmations of the essential rightness of civilization; and to them could be added scores of similar contentions. If God had elected a chosen race, its souls were not to be found in the heathenish groves of the palm and the breadfruit. Politically, this attitude, which belongs to the annals of Western imperialism, reached its clearest expression in the United States in the address to Congress in 1836 by Jeremiah N. Reynolds, the friend of Edgar Allan Poe, calling for a new expedition to the Pacific. This expedition, enthusiastically voted, was punitive, like many others of its kind, retaliative against the islanders of the Moluccas and the Palaus for tattooing inflicted upon the survivors of the New Bedford whaler *Mentor*. Or, again, the popular judgment was defined by Charles Dickens in 1853 in his attack upon the savage of all climes as a conceited, tiresome, blood-thirsty, monotonous humbug.

Primitivism in the form of the noble Polynesian reverses the charge of Dickens. It is the temper of another mind which passes beyond the benign approval of the earliest voyagers to invest the unknown arbitrarily with what it sees as civilized man's lost virtue. Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, and thereafter, the lagoons and beaches of the Great South Sea became the scene of a moral struggle, the struggle of men involved in a crisis of civilization, exemplified here in the experience of Herman Melville, Pierre Loti, Paul Gauguin, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Melville does not enjoy the distinction of having introduced the Western world to the literary potentialities of Polynesia; that distinction belongs as much to Mariner or Porter. But Melville em-

ployed for the first time the Polynesian as the symbol of unadulterate good opposed to the evil of modern civilization. Without a conscience bred in a stern Presbyterian background, Melville might very well have become the exoticist, and the struggle of man against evil in *Moby Dick* would never have been recorded. It is probable that Melville's indictment of civilization was established in the moral and artistic consciousness of the youth before he jumped ship with one of his mates at Nukuhiva in July 1842. At this time he was twenty-three. But what he had already encountered in the cruelty of civilized society had exceeded a lifetime of observation among his more fortunate and less sensitive contemporaries. The autobiographical records of *Redburn* and *Whitejacket* and the reminiscences of *Moby Dick* are factual and explicit. In Lancelott's-Hey, Liverpool, when he was eighteen, he had seen through the window of a poorhouse a starving wretch surrounded by her miserable children. For them he walked the streets of the city in search of food and assistance until one morning, on looking through the grating in the wall, he saw a mound of glistening quicklime marking the spot where the miserable creatures had lived. The incident is not singular in his experience. There is no question of what he means in *Moby Dick* in his recollection of the white albatross on the deck of the *Pequod*. The ship rocks on the waters of the Pacific, *primitive* waters he calls them, and there, dashed upon the main hatches, he sees a regal, feathery thing of unspotted whiteness, so white that as he bows before it like Abraham before the angels, he loses "the warping memories of traditions and towns" that have pursued him. Melville was among those who, unfortunately, have found the civilized white man the most ferocious animal on earth. There are strong reasons for believing that his early difficulties arose from his inability to reconcile the religious fundamentalism of his background with what he came to see of the world. Julian Hawthorne contended, as have others who knew Melville, that his whole life was a struggle to rid himself of a Puritan conscience. Be that as it may, it is certain that he remained long enough in the Marquesas and in Tahiti to set up within himself the ideal, the proof, imagined or actual, that somewhere in this world there exists a state of man which approxi-

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

mates, at least, God's original plan. The ideal never leaves him. It is in his thought in the story "The Tartarus of Maids" when he describes the faces of factory workers in a paper mill in Massachusetts, their agony dimly outlined on the imperfect paper as the print of Christ's tormented face appeared on the handkerchief of St. Veronica. It persists in *Billy Budd*, nearly a half-century after his experience in Polynesia, the great parable which is perhaps the one significant resolution of primitivism and the world of reality to have appeared in American fiction.

It is to Melville that the first purely symbolic representation of Polynesia must be attributed. It is he who takes the bloody humbug excoriated by Dickens and shapes him into the Polynesian Apollo. It is he again who establishes in *Typee* and *Omoo* the ideal of man's original innocence in Polynesia. To this ideal, which he never relinquishes, he looks back from the dark novel of 1856, *Pierre*, and finds the true savage in Broadway, the very cobblestones of which are to young Pierre Glendenning the petrified hearts of dead citizens; or, again, in the long narrative poem *Clarel*, he turns to the primal, pagan life of the mid-Pacific and to the "tattooed Greek," the best of living men, the Polynesian.

Melville's noble child of Nature is clearest in *Typee*, although his significance as a moral symbol is not fully realized before the delineation of the admirable heathenish Queequeg in *Moby Dick*. The Typees of the Marquesas are humane and virtuous, even though they practice cannibalism upon the bodies of slain enemies. Cannibalism is acknowledged by Melville as deplorable, but less lamentable than the everyday wrongs of civilized society. The blandishments of savage life he welcomes in the exotic scenes of his evening surrenders to the young girls of Typee Valley, in particular to Faya-way, who come to anoint him with the fragrant oil of the aka. He welcomes to friendship the youth Marnoo, who might have stood for the statue of Apollo. When he reflects upon the pollution of the Marquesans outside the happy valley of Typee, he exhorts humanity to weep over the ruin inflicted by European visitors. The same exhortations were repeated twelve years later, in 1859, when he lectured in Boston on the South Seas and called upon all Christians

in the audience to pray that the Polynesians might be delivered from missionaries and other contaminating influences.

The survival of Polynesia in the symbolism of Melville's maturity and in the direction of his moral reflection is one of the most interesting records of the creative imagination in the history of American letters. The Polynesian as the symbol of ultimate good in a world of evil is recurrent from the pages of *Typee* to the narrative of *Billy Budd*, finished by Melville in the year of his death. God's truly noble man is seen, for example, in the account of Queequeg's illness in *Moby Dick*. The savage wastes in the long days of fever until little remains save his frame and his tattooing; and as he becomes weaker the immortal health in him shines more brightly from his eyes, and those who watch him are touched as strangely with the beauty of a pure soul as were those who stood beside the dying Zoroaster. The blond and perfect youth, Billy Budd, in his purity and innocence is a white brother of Queequeg. Billy, without fear of death, innocent of crime, listens with the soul of an innocent Tahitian of Captain Cook's time to the warnings of the chaplain who exhorts him to make his peace with God. For this fear of death, says Melville, is more prevalent in civilized communities than in those so-called barbarous ones which in all respects stand nearer to absolute Nature, God's original perfection for man. As the ship's company hears Captain Vere sentence Billy to death by hanging from the yardarm, a sound as of a tropical waterfall on a distant Pacific island is heard in the incredulous murmurs of the men. In *Omoo* Melville had found Tahiti the Garden of Eden. Billy Budd, with the soul of a Tahitian, is the young Adam of that perfect place, sacrificed to the demands of an inscrutably evil society. When one looks at Melville's characters outside the symbolism of Polynesia, it is significant that not one, Pierre Glendening and Israel Potter as examples, has a single reward for conformity to civilized society.

Yet Melville could not desert that society. Even in *Typee* Valley he could not shake off the obligation to a world which he despised as rotten and evil to its core. As he said in *Pierre*, one cannot transgress the barriers of his world without tearing the general fabric

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

of the lives in which he has become involved by birth. Melville, therefore, transposes the significance of Polynesia to the courses of his moral speculation upon Western civilization. It may be argued that he failed to attain the full stature of the true novelist in his preoccupation with symbolism and morality. The judgment rests, of course, upon what type of imaginative experience one prefers in fiction.

The first lineal descendant of Melville in Polynesia is Pierre Loti (Julien Viaud), the French naval officer. Henry James, who admired Loti as an exceptional stylist, called him one of the few who are not afraid of being ridiculous in surrender to the strange, the bizarre, and the exotic. There are other critics who have found him an escapist of little moment, a man incurious about Western society, whose crises are those of the emotions rather than of the will, who gives himself to the inebriation of strange loves and lands and to romance as an adventure outside the laws of humanity. One might justly agree with the condemnation were it not for his *Jerusalem*, a lament at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre after Loti's return to Europe, a lament very much in the manner of Melville's expression of disillusionment in his journal of 1856: Jerusalem, the sickening cheat, the emblem of a diseased Christian world.

Loti was in Tahiti in 1874, on duty with the French Navy; later, during the same tour, he visited the Marquesas. *Rarahu, or The Marriage of Loti* appeared in 1880 with an account of his Tahitian bride so closely resembling Melville's Fayaway that the analogy seems more than accidental. The setting is Tahiti idealized; it would be difficult to find a more sensuous representation. The afternoons pass with the sound of falling waters; the ripe guava falls, bursting with a perfume of raspberries. The senses are troubled only by an unsymmetrical cloud drifting over the mountains. With *Rarahu*, Loti bathes in a pool near the house. The days succeed each other and time stands still. Yet the scene is touched with melancholy. Is it sadness, as one of Loti's adversaries has said, not from suffering but from satiety, the last luxury of a worn-out palate?

Like Melville in Typee Valley, Loti feels, as the deep night settles and the surf crashes on the outer reef, the strange loneliness of this

JAMES R. BAIRD

corner of the world. Suddenly he is aware of the frightening distance from his country, and a previously unknown feeling seizes his heart. Even to him who cries out in the same pages against the foolish civilization and the vices introduced by the French colonial administration in Tahiti comes this feeling of identification with diseased and distraught Europe. Twenty years later, having exhausted his senses in Japan and among the antiquities of the Orient, and in the Near East, Loti stood, as Melville before him, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, seeking the original Christ behind the distortions of dogma, looking upon the marks of hypocrisy and decay, finding release only in the veneration of relics and souvenirs and in unending regret for a lost Savior.

Paul Gauguin belongs to literary history as well as to the history of art. He arrived at Tahiti from Marseilles in the spring of 1891, following his resignation from the Paris Bourse and his desertion of his family. He had read Loti and had found him an academician, an effete and blasé young man. Gauguin more than Loti was the representative European caught in the crisis of the will. He greeted the children of the Society Islands as the children of Paradise, beings in the true form of the first man and the first woman. His account of his transformation in Tahiti is recorded principally in *Noa-Noa*, one of the most violent denunciations of civilization in existence. Here he becomes a Maori, by his own election; as he fells a tree in the forest near Papeete, he casts off the corruption of Europe and the vice of self-love. The assault with the ax is his adieu to Europe; and by his admission he becomes another man, a true savage. In his seeming transformation he "marries" a young native girl, Tehura, who teaches him the mysteries of Taaroa, the god of Polynesia. He creates what he supposes to be a new life and a new art and calls back contemptuously to "barbarous" Europe, proud of not eating human flesh and yet eating the hearts of men every day.

Julius Meier-Graefe, one of Gauguin's most enthusiastic critics, has said that every quality of the man belonged to accursed Europe. Actually he escaped nothing in fleeing the streets and the salons of Paris. The evidence is in his canvases. There is, for instance, the "Ia Orana Maria," painted at Tahiti in 1891, the familiar subject

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

of the Adoration in Christian art, represented with a Polynesian setting and Polynesian figures. The same technique of transposition is employed in a representation of Adam and Eve. The deepest sources of Gauguin's artistic consciousness remained bound to the past. Again, with all his insistence upon the infallibility of Oriental art, with his fascination at the possible derivation of Tahitian legend and religious lore from the parent source of the Hindu Brahma, with all his professed devotion to the forms of Oceanic art, Gauguin belongs in fact to the contemporary expression and to the style of Europe. There is very little influence of primitive art in Gauguin's paintings; and the primitive Tahitian preserved in his work is more demonstrably the achievement of his own preconceptions than a portrayal of the actual being.

In 1901 Gauguin moved to Nukuhiva, Melville's island in the Marquesas. Tahiti had become too civilized for him. Less than two years were left before his death in 1903. There, in view of the green forests which had enchanted many wanderers before him, he painted his last picture, a European village under a snowfall. The setting before his eyes was a tropical spring.

The American traveler and novelist, Charles Warren Stoddard, is actually the predecessor of Loti and Gauguin in Tahiti. But his position in an analysis of the literature of primitivism is a later one since he is an embodiment of both French exoticism and the morality of Melville.

Stoddard published his first studies of the South Seas in 1873, shortly before he became Mark Twain's secretary in London. He had made three journeys to Hawaii and one to Tahiti; and his mind was fixed upon the Polynesian ideal. Even as Melville regards himself as a savage in the early romances and with Queequeg in *Moby Dick*, so his follower becomes "purple-blooded, supple-limbed, invisibly tattooed after the manner of his lost tribe." He sails by the Marquesas where he sees Nukuhiva like a dusky Venus, rising from the waves; and in Tahiti he glides in a native proa over the warm waters inside the reef, looking upon marine gardens of coral and the blossoms of strange sea flowers. His exoticism matches that of Loti. But his moral judgments have the unmistakable stamp of the prim-

JAMES R. BAIRD

itivist of conscience. In his sketches from Hawaii in 1904 he attains his full stature. Looking back to the islander in his original innocence, he contemplates a race unconscious of sin. With them, to be modest was to be utterly unconscious of the self, as Gauguin found the Tahitian, to forget one's own perfections in admiration of all that is perfect in another. Carnality and clothes both begin with *C*, and each is the product of the sweatshop. Kane-Pihi, the native fisherman of the story "On the Reef," is corrupted and brought to the miserable knowledge of human guile by the new civilization of his race, a man born guileless and condemned now to go on to the bitter end; he has eaten of the tree of knowledge and fallen in its shade. The envoy of the Christian world has accomplished this end, the American missionary, who spies out the gentlest of savages to teach him to die and then calmly folds his hands over the grave.

At an unnamed island (actually Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands) Stoddard finds the ideal friend in Kana-Ana, a youthful Queequeg, in whose company he observes that friendship is another thing among the uninitiated who know none of the Thirty-nine Articles of Civilization, the chief of which is to bully one's way through the world. But sadness creeps into this idyllic companionship. Among the fitful spells of conversation, the bathing, and the languor come the symptoms of approaching imbecility, not for the savage but for the expatriate. He discovers within himself, in the company of his contemporaries in these seas, the curse of Cain, the curse of the man who, seeking happiness in escape from civilization, makes life a burden by escaping too completely. Again, it is the ultimate, inevitable identification with the condition of birth, the authority of the culture condemned. Stoddard accounts for his return to San Francisco as an act of perversity in the human heart. He returned, like Melville, or like Rupert Brooke from his voyage to Tahiti, because to be born to the heritage of reason and intellect is to be bound to the life of the mind.

Robert Louis Stevenson sailed from San Francisco in June 1888, carrying with him the Polynesian romances of Melville and Stoddard, the only two men, as he thought, who had touched the South

THE NOBLE POLYNESIAN

Seas with genius. Stevenson might well have added his own name. His study, *In the South Seas*, is perhaps the finest ethnographic account of Polynesia before the twentieth century. Many of its pages are exotic and the ideal of the primitivist is once more defined. But the study is rational and honest, and its method is established upon knowledge excelling that of any other contemporary thinker in these seas. Stevenson's three voyages, before he finally settled in Samoa in 1890, took him to Hawaii, the Marquesas, the Paumotus, Tahiti, the Gilberts, and the Marshalls. There is, of course, the simple fact of his quest for health. But Stevenson as a traveler is also another disturbed man seeking a milieu more tolerable than that of London or Paris. With Melville and with Loti he touches the primitive world of Nukuhiva, a face of the planet, he says, showing an almost prehistoric emptiness. Life there stands stock-still with a sense of isolation profound and refreshing. The Marquesan is the most beautiful of human beings, even though one must condemn his cannibalism. God's sweetest works are Polynesians. Yet even among the admirable Gilbertese one must see two women biting each other in a dogfight under the hot sun of noon. It is another vision of man's beastliness, touching in the observer a deeper sense than that with which we count the cost of battles. But, to be just to these barbarous islanders, one must remember the slums and dens of our cities. What the man of conscience passes in London alone on his way to dinner nauseates him.

Stevenson shows a mature attitude toward nature and a symbolic reference in moral terms very close to that of Melville. Melville found the natural world a shell of evil, painted like the harlot and concealing the charnel house within. The planet Venus, in Stevenson's sensitive account, stands blazing above a reef in the Gilberts, piercing the violet dusk with unearthly light. With Venus in one phase, certain fish in the lagoon are poisonous; in another phase the same fish are edible. The phases of the coral work the change. The symbol is deeply impressive: this organic reef, part alive, part putrescent, where even the clean sea and the bright fish are poisoned, the most stubborn boulders burrowed in by worms, the lightest dust venomous as an apothecary's drugs.

Stevenson takes his place as the primitivist in his exaltation of the Samoan, the easiest, the merriest, the most pleasure-loving of all Polynesians and, with the Hawaiians, the most tormented by the warring Western powers. His lament for Samoa is his final stand. No longer is it possible—and how much less so in our day!—that Polynesia should be let alone. The invasion of adventurers, opened by Captain Cook, has aroused the sleepers of the Pacific Seas in the midst of a century of competition. These island races, comparable to a shipful of crockery launched upon the stream of time, now make their desperate voyage among "the pots of brass and adamant."

The conclusion of these ethnographic studies brought Stevenson again to the craft of fiction. His experience was far different from that of Gauguin. But it is significant that death came to him in Samoa as he was at work on *Weir of Hermiston*. As he wrote to J. M. Barrie, it was a singular thing, indeed, that in the South Seas his imagination could inhabit so continually the cold gray Scottish hills from which he came. Europe is still the serpent in Paradise, and still she is the parent culture from which there is no real escape. Criticism owes a new evaluation to the Stevenson of Polynesia, the thinker in this best of Polynesian societies.

One might add to these records of Pacific voyages the names of other men, that of Jack London, for example. But to show the significance of the noble Polynesian as a moral symbol, these examples are sufficient. No fugitive escapes. He is filled with maddening unrest, as was Melville, because he cannot accept humanity in its entirety. But he is irrevocably bound to the civilization which he despises. His moral crisis is never resolved; and perhaps for him who cannot accept or even look upon the evil with the good there is no solution save that of a new philosophy and a new interpretation of a personal religion. In the light of Christianity, Melville's insistence upon Tahiti as the only fit place for the advent of Christ denies the whole doctrine of the Redemption in ignoring the world of reality and in removing evil as the obstacle to be overcome. The Polynesian remains noble not of himself but in the dream of what man was and that of what he might become. His meaning is involved in the vital substance of modern thought.

THE MARBLE INDEX

IT IS NOT surprising that Darwin's literary and philosophic critics have included two such brilliant satirists as Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw. Seldom has a writer offered such food for satire, not in himself but in the treatment accorded him. For Darwin had scarcely been thrown into the sulphurous pit by infuriated clergymen when he was snatched away and carried off to a sanctuary of his own by worshipping scientists. His lieutenant, Huxley, compared him, probably with justice, to Sir Isaac Newton. Unfortunately, he has remained ever since a little too much

The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of
Thought, alone.

He has become the scientific spirit on a pedestal, a snowy summit of majestic calm beneath which the thunderstorms of controversy have raged in vain.

The Darwin legend is another victory of science over religion and literature. Paradoxically, it is a victory over the facts as well. Not that Darwin lacked genius and greatness. Rather, as Butler fell into the satiric fallacy of arguing from human foibles to gigantic imposture and fraud, so, too, many scientific writers have succumbed to the biographical fallacy of inferring the man from his achievement. With the exception of Geoffrey West and possibly of Gama-

liel Bradford, Darwin's biographers have tended to tell one story with their facts and another with their editorial comment. Incidentally, they have passed over a rich and fascinating personality.

Darwin was never more like himself, and less like his legend, than in the great controversy—scientific, religious, and metaphysical—which flared up around *The Origin of Species*. England was overripe, yet terribly unready, for this book; and it rose before the national mind like a Banquo's ghost terminating the long banquet scene of the Exposition decade. Inevitably, it suggested the analogy from nature to man and became a kind of Anti-Bible. And as the Bible itself had long been taken for a biological and geological treatise, so *The Origin* became a treatise on religion and ethics, eventually on politics and sociology. Scientists themselves didn't know whether to reply to it with theology or science, and some of the keenest theology came from some of the most eminent scientists, though how much of this was professional zeal and how much professional jealousy was in some cases difficult to determine. Some objections, both clerical and scientific, proceeded from a misconception of the theoretical method. You could not see natural selection at work. Therefore it was a mere empty speculation. But in a more particular sense the sore point was natural

by William Irvine

selection itself. It seemed to substitute accident—or, as some felt, mere mechanism—for intelligent purpose in the natural order. Sternly confining his theology to his footnotes, Herschel declared in his *Physical Geography of the Globe* that he didn't in the least mind thinking of cosmic intelligence as operating impersonally through scientific laws. But neither cosmic intelligence nor anything so rationally ordered as the organic world could ever be regarded as the result of chance. Natural selection was an ingenious hypothesis but of course it could not be taken seriously. It omitted its own ultimate and governing factor. The American Asa Gray, though a warm and sincere Darwinian, held that, so far from representing chance, natural selection embodied a blind necessity totally incompatible with theism, unless the stream of variations themselves could be conceived as guided by design.

In his letters Darwin countered these criticisms with the utmost patience and showed incidentally that when practical necessity required, he was no mean metaphysician. You could not see natural selection at work? Of course not. Neither could you see gravitation at work. You inferred its working from its results. John Stuart Mill had assured Henry Fawcett that Darwin's reasoning was "in the most exact accordance with the strict principles

of logic." Darwin grumbled a little that Herschel wanted so much divine direction in biology and so little in astronomy, but of course made no complaint against Gray, whom he valued no less for intelligence than for generosity. He was "a complex cross of lawyer, poet, naturalist, and theologian." "Do not hurry over Asa Gray," he told Lyell. "He strikes me as one of the best reasoners and writers I ever read. He knows my book as well as I do myself." Nevertheless, Darwin felt that the more divine guidance in variations, the less reality in natural selection. Moreover, his study of domestic animals convinced him that variations were totally undesigned. Surely God had no interest in enabling man to develop such vanities as the fantail and tumbler pigeons. Darwin was quick to defend the integrity of his own principles but slow to follow the argument into theology. He was delighted to hear a clergyman endorse the theism of his book, but reluctant to do so himself.

Directly solicited on the religious question by Gray, he wrote:

With respect to the theological view of the question. This is always painful to me. I am bewildered. I had no intention to write atheistically. But I own that I cannot see as plainly as others do, and as I should wish to do, evidence of design and beneficence on all sides of us. There seems to me too much misery in the world. I cannot persuade myself that a beneficent and

THE MARBLE INDEX

omnipotent God would have designedly created the Ichneumonidae with the express intention of their feeding within the living bodies of Caterpillars, or that a cat should play with mice. Not believing this, I see no necessity in the belief that the eye was expressly designed. On the other hand, I cannot anyhow be contented to view this wonderful universe, and especially the nature of man, and to conclude that everything is the result of brute force. I am inclined to look at everything as resulting from designed laws, with the details, whether good or bad, left to the working out of what we may call chance. Not that this notion *at all* satisfies me. I feel most deeply that the whole subject is too profound for the human intellect. A dog might as well speculate on the mind of Newton. Let each man hope and believe what he can. Certainly I agree with you that my views are not at all necessarily atheistical. The lightning kills a man, whether a good one or bad one, owing to the excessively complex action of natural laws. A child (who may turn out an idiot) is born by the action of even more complex laws, and I can see no reason why a man, or other animal, may not have been aboriginally produced by other laws, and that all these laws may have been expressly designed by an omniscient Creator, who foresaw every future event and consequence. But the more I think the more bewildered I become; as indeed I probably have shown by this letter.*

In another letter to Gray, Darwin declared that he hoped for more from intelligent laymen than from professional scientists, "who have too firmly fixed in their heads that a species is an entity." Certainly laymen were interested, for the first

* *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, II, 105-6.

edition was sold out in a single day. Popular writers in magazines and newspapers jumped to every possible conclusion. According to some, Darwin had proved that nature is ugly and bloodthirsty, that ruthless egoism is the law of all life, that might is right and therefore Napoleon was right. He had elevated blind chance into a kind of law and shut God out of His universe. According to others, natural selection was a worthy symbol of the Divine Mind acting in nature. The *Origin* offered a vista of unlimited progress operating on the beneficent principle of fruitful competition.

Among the clergy, a few liberals were ready to accept the new ideas. Long a believer in evolution and strenuously convinced it offered a noble conception of God, Kingsley declared himself ready to follow any "villainous shifty fox of an argument" into whatever bogs and brakes it might lead. The great majority of his fellows, however, attacked with all the ferocity of vested interest sorely threatened. The controversial clichés of folly, madness, and atheism were worn to transparent thinness, and one reverend gentleman complained that he couldn't find words in the dictionary to express his hatred and contempt.

When the tremendous outburst of acrimony, ridicule, hatred, admiration, and professional envy broke upon *The Origin*, Darwin was far away in the somnolent depths of Ilkley and a water cure. He responded not a word, nor was it in his nature

WILLIAM IRVINE

to respond. Inevitably, his silence counted with the general public for Olympian calm and high philosophic detachment, which grew with the years into a legend. "The great thinker," writes G. T. Bettany, "fulfilling his duties as head of a family, charged with the burden of new thoughts and observations, slowly perfecting his life work, had neither time nor inclination for controversy."

Actually, Darwin had both time and inclination in abundance, nor was his silence either calm or detached. He was as sensitive to other people's opinions as he was curious about them. Praise filled him with elation, and blame plunged him into depression and uncertainty, or plagued him with indignation and insomnia. The extravagance of his language betrays the intensity of his feeling. After being thrown to the theologians by a fellow scientist, he broke out in humorous self-pity to Hooker, "He would, on no account, burn me, but he will get the wood ready and tell the black beasts how to catch me."

Probably the most formidable and wounding attack came from a man who was both a priest and a scientist. This was Darwin's old geology professor, the Reverend Adam Sedgwick, who had once predicted for him a brilliant scientific future. Condemning *The Origin* both in his published review and in his letter of acknowledgment to the author, Sedgwick maintained that "there is a moral or metaphysical

part of nature as well as a physical. Anyone who denies this is deep in the mire of folly." Ignoring causation, which is the will of God, Darwin had deceptively gone through the motions, but had not achieved the reality, of true induction. Natural selection is "but a secondary consequence," a sham battle maneuvered from above. By utterly repudiating final causes, Darwin has betrayed "a demoralised understanding" and done his best to plunge humanity "into a lower grade of degradation" than any yet recorded. Sedgwick particularly objected to "the tone of triumphant confidence" with which, at the end of his book, Darwin appeals to "the rising generation." Other passages made him laugh till his sides ached.

Quite characteristically, Darwin found Sedgwick's letter simply unintelligible. He was quite sincere. On occasion, he could see the ultimate consequences of a theory as well as any man; but in general metaphysical ideas made him uncomfortable, and unpleasant metaphysical ideas made him ill. His mind had a useful tendency to reject what was at once unpleasant and irrelevant to the scientific problem in hand. "The more I think the more bewildered I become" terminates more than one unwelcome religious discussion in his correspondence. Only after discussing Sedgwick's letter with Lyell at some length did

THE MARBLE INDEX

he concede: "I dare say I did greatly underrate its clearness." By nature dutiful and reverent, Darwin usually went to considerable trouble to avoid a combat, but now that his theory was embodied in a book and placed before the world, he suddenly felt very closely identified not only with its scientific actualities but its metaphysical implications. The supernatural interfered with the aesthetic symmetry of his ideas. In fact, the Deity was an epistemological inconvenience.

But Darwin did not confine himself to passive suffering. While the Victorian public was admiring his calm and lofty detachment, he was carrying on behind the scenes an eager and elaborate campaign for the success of his book. There was hardly an eminent scientist in Europe or America to whom he did not send a gift copy, accompanied with a letter exhibiting all that talent for disarming the mighty and pedagogically awful which he must have learned as a boy from propitiating his father. To utter irreconcilables he wrote letters which began

MY DEAR FALCONER,—

and which ended

I remain, my dear Falconer,
Yours most truly,
CHARLES DARWIN

In between, he suggested, "Lord, how savage you will be, if you read it, and how you will long to crucify me alive!" And then he suggested, "But if it should stagger you in ever so slight a degree . . ." He was

grave and respectful to Agassiz, flattering to de Candolle. He encouraged Hooker, egged on Huxley, argued with Lyell, asked Henslow for corrections. He acknowledged a great debt to Carpenter's *Comparative Physiology*, cautiously sounded him out, and on finding him favorable, urged him to write a review. When the review appeared, it was highly complimentary but fell short of announcing complete conversion. Darwin was pleased, but could not refrain from complaining to Lyell: "He admits that all birds are from one progenitor, and probably all fishes and reptiles from another parent. But the last mouthful chokes him. He can hardly admit all vertebrates from one parent."

To the intimate and sympathetic, he spoke of his exhaustion and his illness; to the timidly doubtful, he referred to the great men already converted; to the timidly respectable, he declared that all the theological opprobrium would fall on himself as the first offender, and grumbled humorously about suffering the silent pain of his female relations. He wanted everybody to tell him what everybody thought, and applied poultices to every bump and point of irritation: "I fear there is no chance of Bentham being staggered. Will he read my book? Has he a copy? I would send him one of the reprints if he has not." He was quick to sniff out anonymites: "I am perfectly convinced . . . that the review in the 'Annals' is by Wallaston; no one else in the world

would have used so many parentheses." Of one intricately and obstinately doubtful scientist he writes: "X. says — will go to that part of hell, which Dante tells us is appointed for those who are neither on God's side nor on that of the devil."

In short, Darwin was an eager partisan in his own interest. But who is not, particularly when there is something important at stake? The bright-eyed, fabulously bearded sage of inscrutable detachment is a legend suggested to a garrulous age by a portrait and a long newspaper silence. By nature, Darwin was an enthusiast—a sportsman, a humanitarian, a collector of rare and wonderful bugs. But one of his enthusiasms—strengthened by early friendship, travel, later illness, and a general incapacity for obvious action—was an enthusiasm for facts; and this made him a great observer. Because he was a man of genius and imagination, the enthusiasm for facts became by degrees an enthusiasm for truth; and this made him a great thinker. In general, he was professionally rather than temperamentally and inherently detached. Samuel Butler was in part right about him. Though a much franker, more open nature, he did resemble Gladstone in combining a somewhat devious egotism with relative unselfconsciousness. There was not, deep inside the visible Darwin, any more than inside the visible Gladstone, a tiny, articulate spectator of crystalline intelligence who saw everything and glozed over nothing. Darwin's integrity was

founded on outward fact rather than interior perception. Prejudice and preconception disappeared only when he approached a scientific problem, or, possibly, one of broad and vital personal concern. At the outset he was prejudiced against evolution, but the facts led him to the theory; and then, when he was prejudiced in favor of the theory, the facts spurred him to continual and vigilant criticism.

Though not luminously self-conscious, Darwin was vaguely, uneasily, sometimes clearly so—and to considerable depths. Shortly after the publication of *The Origin*, he wrote, in a letter to Hooker, a statement which in my opinion has the ring of sincere introspection: "I feel confident that for the future of the subject . . . , the assent and arguments and facts of working naturalists, like yourself, are far more important than my own book." On subjects that called forth less of his enthusiastic generosity, he was vaguer, uneasier. As for example, on his own faults:

Here is a good joke: H. C. Watson (who, I fancy and hope, is going to review the new edition of the 'Origin') says that in the first four paragraphs of the introduction, the words "I," "me," "my," occur forty-three times! I was dimly conscious of the accursed fact. He says it can be explained phrenologically, which I suppose civilly means, that I am the most egotistically self-sufficient man alive; perhaps so.

THE MARBLE INDEX

I wonder whether he will print this pleasing fact; it beats hollow the parentheses in Wollaston's writing.

I am, *my dear Hooker*, ever yours,

C. DARWIN

P.S.—Do not spread this pleasing joke; it is rather too biting.

Watson's suggestion was obviously startling and unfamiliar. And yet Darwin's letters, with their continual pleas to understand and forgive his egotism, at once make an admission and gloze over that admission. As a matter of fact, he was too good-natured to suspect himself; or rather, being on the whole very good-natured toward others, he assumed that they would be equally good-natured toward him. And certainly he had every reason to expect indulgence, for he was one of the most charming and generous of egoists. His agnosticism proceeds from the same kindly indulgence, or self-indulgence; as Huxley's proceeds from puritanical self-discipline. A world so full of pain and suffering could not possibly have been created by a benevolent God.

Like many other scientists, Darwin was too busy to be highly self-conscious. "I am very glad to get your photograph," he wrote Asa Gray: "I am expecting mine, which I will send off as soon as it comes. It is an ugly affair, and I fear the fault does not lie with the photographer." He rather hurriedly accepted himself as a fact and then turned to more important matters—in this case, to Henslow and *The Gardener's Chronicle*. Nor was he

filled with the desire to improve himself. Darwin represents a considerable amount of self-knowledge without the urge to self-perfection, as Huxley represents the urge to self-perfection without any self-knowledge at all.

Not only Darwin himself but all his relatives played a behind-the-scenes role in the evolution controversy. Looking on fascinated at the agonized convulsions of the English mind, lay, scientific, and religious, Darwin had forgotten all about the theological sensibilities of his family which had caused him to delay so long in bringing his book to completion. Gradually he became aware that they were with him almost to the last old maid. Had his book been universally ignored, they might have resented every blasphemous word of it. As it was, they grumbled a little, but seem to have devoted their main energies to hating offensive reviewers with a hearty and solid tribal loyalty. Even Darwin's elder brother Erasmus, a gentle and whimsically intelligent bachelor, took part in the great campaign of *The Origin* to the extent of sounding out Dr. Henry Holland, who was undergoing a first perusal. Erasmus happened to mention the eye before the eminent physician got to that point. Like every body else, he boggled. In fact,

it took away his breath—utterly impossible—structure—function, &c., &c., &c., but when he had read it he hummed and hawed, and perhaps it was partly conceivable, and then he fell back on the bones of the ear, which

were beyond all probability or conceivability.

Erasmus confesses that for his own part he has been a little weak in the head of late. Nevertheless, *The Origin* seems to him the most interesting book he has ever read. He "can only compare it to the first knowledge of chemistry." Perhaps he doesn't feel enough "the absence of varieties," but he doubts "if everything now living were fossilized whether the paleontologists could distinguish them." The truth is, he prefers a priori reasoning. "If the facts won't fit in, why so much the worse for the facts is my feeling." He repeats that he is astonished at the book. Nevertheless, he predicts that the ideas will prove to have been thought up already by someone else. And so it proved — as his brother learned a few months later — by a writer on arboriculture and naval timber. Erasmus also predicted that if his brother studied ants long enough, he would discover that they had their bishops as well as their soldiers and slaves. "Ants display the utmost economy," observed Charles with regretful humanitarianism, "and always carry away a dead-fellow creature as food."

While eminent scientists bungled and frowned and scratched their heads over *The Origin*, all the young Darwins became Darwinians with the quick, clear, instinctive apprehension of intelligent children. Horace astonished his father with a theory about adders:

Horace said to me yesterday, "If every one would kill adders they would come to sting less." I answered: "Of course they would, for there would be fewer." He replied indignantly: "I did not mean that; but the timid adders which run away would be saved, and in time they would never sting at all." Natural selection of cowards!

Obviously, Darwin was an esoteric prophet. He could withdraw into the wilderness and find his thoughts there, but he could not preach in the market place. Fortunately, like Bentham, he could attract and hold a small group of able disciples. Before the world, as in the study, he was strong in the dignified and sagacious statesmanship of Lyell, the shrewd industry and devoted loyalty of Hooker, and the brilliant literary and political gifts and the splendid pugnacity of Huxley. All three men administered unfailing epistolary comfort and advice. Hooker made his fine introduction to *Flora Tasmaniae* a confession of evolutionary faith. Lyell gave a lawyer's suggestions for better marshaling the argument of *The Origin*, announced his conversion, and after nearly thirty years of hesitation, resolved to apply the perilous new principles to the perilous subject of man. With a magnificent display of his talents, Huxley began that characteristic process of hurrying up history to an early and triumphant acceptance of Darwinian ideas.

by Leif Erickson

SLOGANS are powerful. Political campaigns succeed if the political managers are fortunate enough to strike on a slogan of wide appeal—for example, “The New Deal” of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Soap and cigarettes are sold through the happy jingle and the pleasant thought that a cigarette is “Kind to Your Throat.”

Proponents of monopoly of the national forests, following the many examples before them in the political and business world, have found two pleasant-sounding, persuasive slogans to describe and sell monopoly. These are “sustained yield” and “co-operative agreement.” No one could argue against sustained yield; a mere saying of the words brings forth pleasant connotations. A pleasant-sounding, persuasive term is co-operative agreement. Everyone believes in co-operation; everyone believes in agreement. So the Forest Service-sponsored program for monopoly of the people’s timber is officially entitled sustained-yield-co-operative agreement. A wonderful-sounding idea, particularly when it is proposed by an agency that over the years, beginning with Gifford Pinchot, has had the respect and support of the people generally.

Thus, those of us who oppose monopolistic agreements, as these are provided in Public Law 273, 78th Congress, and a similar, earlier statute, Public Law 405, 75th Congress, applying to Interior Department timber, are said by writers and speakers who support these agreements to be against sustained yield, against co-operation, against agreement, and, in general, to be enemies of the Forest Service. Nothing can be farther from the truth. We believe in sustained yield—but we believe, too, that the agreements now urged by the Forest Service will not achieve this desired end. We believe in co-operation and agreement—but we believe that these are not one-way streets. We do not oppose the Forest Service; we believe the Service in general is doing a splendid job—but we do oppose this particular proposal, as we will oppose any future proposal of the Forest Service which we believe will defeat, as does this one,

FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

the fundamental reasons for the existence of the national forests.

In 1946, I was representing as legal counsel a small pole operator in the little town of Troy in the heart of the Kootenai National Forest in northwestern Montana. Since the work required frequent trips to that community, I became well acquainted with the people there—the merchants, the teachers, the timber operators, the farmers, the workingmen.

One day a committee came to me and told me that the Forest Service was working on an agreement with the J. Neils Lumber Company under which that company would be given the right to purchase exclusively 89 percent of the federal saw timber in the Kootenai National Forest. The members told me there would be no competitive bidding for this timber. They told me that in arriving at the price of the timber the actual cost of operations of the Neils Company would be taken into account and that the price fixed would guarantee a profit to the Neils Company. They told me that the Forest Service proposed to require the Neils Company to put in a mill at Troy to rough saw 10,000,000 feet, which would provide employment for about ten men. They said that the Forest Service was seeking their approval of the program and that the sawmill at Troy was, they believed, being held out as bait to secure it.

I couldn't believe what I heard. I refused to believe what I heard. The committee was insistent. That started me on the long trail. I had been a lifelong admirer of Gifford Pinchot. I was generally familiar with the struggle culminating in the Teddy Roosevelt administration which saved for the people most of the remainder of the public domain and large areas of forested lands. I knew that the rallying cry was, "End monopoly of the natural resources." I couldn't believe that the Forest Service itself could now propose a program so at variance with the original purpose of Gifford Pinchot and the other great pioneers of conservation. It was many months before I brought myself to believe that the agreement proposed was correctly described. It was worse.

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

Even so, I might not, at this particular time, be putting into print what seems to me to be the case against the new policy except for one recent incentive. In the Spring issue of *The Pacific Spectator* appeared an article, "Timber Trouble," by my good friend, Joseph Kinsey Howard, upholding the Forest Service stand. Accompanying the article was an editorial footnote asking for a statement of the other side. This is that "other side." To make it readily intelligible to readers outside the affected area, let me briefly summarize a part of Mr. Howard's argument.

Mr. Howard agrees that the so-called sustained-yield-co-operative agreements will result in monopoly by one company of 89 per cent of the federally owned saw timber in the Kootenai National Forest. He admits that it would result in making Libby, for at least the sixty years of the proposed agreement, a one-company town. He agrees that the agreement closes the door to opportunity to new mill enterprises in the area. He admits that it would result in speedy liquidation of forests on lands owned by other operators who would not be able to buy federal timber. He admits that the agreement is discriminatory.

In Mr. Howard's view and in the view of the Forest Service, these things are justified by their bringing stability of employment to those working for the J. Neils Lumber Company and continuity of operation (and of profit) to that company, and by assuring good forest management on some 169,000 acres of timberland (of which not less than 50,000 is logged over, burned-over land requiring replanting) owned by the J. Neils Company.

Mention is made in Mr. Howard's article that plans for similar co-operative agreements in Oregon and California were withdrawn after opposition developed at hearings. The agreements referred to were one involving the Forest Service at Marysville, California, and one involving the Interior Department at Marcola, Oregon. In both those cases, public opposition was virtually unanimous. No public organizations or representatives of the public appeared in support of the agreements. After the hearings, in both instances the proposals were rejected, and in each case the orders of rejection were based upon a complete lack of public support. Opposition

LEIF ERICKSON

on the part of representatives of the people was unanimous and overwhelming.

When and if the proposal on the Kootenai Forest gets to the hearing stage, the situation will be the same. Numerous public meetings sponsored by the Forest Service or those of us opposing the proposal in northwestern Montana were largely attended, and the opposition expressed not only by speakers but by many members of the audience demonstrated that opposition to the Kootenai proposal is stronger, if possible, than was the opposition to the California and Oregon proposals.

Mr. Howard's article speaks of the U.S. Forest Service tradition as "The greatest good of the greatest number in the long run" and justifies all on the basis of that slogan. The slogan is a good one, but standing alone it is insufficient. For example, big ranches are presumably more efficient than little ranches. Big ranches, then, could produce meat more cheaply than little ranches. It is to the benefit of the consumer, who is the "greatest number," to get his meat cheaply; therefore, if we accept the slogan as Mr. Howard does, the Forest Service should introduce agreements with the big cattle and sheep ranches to turn over to them the exclusive grazing privileges in the national forests.

It was an attempt on the part of the big ranchers to monopolize the grazing land that brought Bernard DeVoto out of his easy chair armed with a broadsword. It was that proposal, opposed by the Forest Service, which brought to the aid of the Forest Service, as Mr. Howard points out in his article, in a tooth-and-claw defense of the national forests the conservationists, wildlife enthusiasts, the Farmers' Union, and labor organizations. That fight was won. It was a fight against the monopoly of grazing resources. Mr. Howard was active in support of Mr. DeVoto and the Forest Service in opposing that program monopoly.

Most of the arguments that could be advanced in favor of the so-called sustained-yield-co-operative agreements (stability of employment, stability of communities, stability of industry, the interests of the consumers) could be as well applied to the attempt of the big ranchers to monopolize the pasture lands of the national

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

forests, as are advanced to justify the Forest Service-sponsored program for turning over the timberlands of the national forest to the big lumber operators. A chief distinction between the two situations is that in the one case the Forest Service, true to its tradition, led the fight against monopoly, whereas in this case the monopoly is fostered and supported by the Forest Service and we who oppose monopoly of natural resources are referred to as "impetuous liberals, their labor allies, and a few farmers," whose protests "quiver with outrage." The Montana Farmers' Union, the Grange locals, and the Farm Bureau organizations in Oregon and Washington are the few farmers leading in this fight as they did in the fight led by DeVoto.

Yes, we are outraged. We are lashing out at monopoly, and the sponsors of that monopoly, including the bureau, inevitably feel some of the sting of that lash. If and when the Kootenai proposal is revived, we shall renew our fight with the support of liberals, impetuous and otherwise, of such labor organizations as the Lumber and Sawmill Workers International, AFL, and the International Woodworkers of America, CIO, of farmers, businessmen, small lumber operators, and, above all, of the people, those who own the Kootenai National Forest as they own all national forests.

"Timber Trouble" adopts the argument used by Forest Service speakers that the monopoly proposed is not a true monopoly because it is not a monopoly of the market but only of the timber. The argument is naïve almost beyond belief. The monopolies Pinchot was talking about were monopolies of the natural resources, not monopolies of the market. The evil he was trying to destroy was the land grabbing, timber grabbing, mineral grabbing that was vesting in big companies the control of the natural resources. They were exactly the same kind, quality, and degree of monopolies these proposed agreements would create.

It is strange, indeed, to hear from a liberal of the standing of the author of "Timber Trouble" an argument justifying a one-company town which would exist at Libby for the sixty years covered by the proposed agreement. If this agreement goes through, with the exception of some one hundred people employed by a small

LEIF ERICKSON

zonolite plant and a few railroad employees, every man in the area covered would work directly or indirectly for the J. Neils Lumber Company. Every male child born in the area would eventually be faced with the choice of remaining to work for the lumber company or getting out. The company store, the company-dominated Chamber of Commerce, the company-dominated union—all would be there with the approval of the Forest Service. As Mr. Howard points out, Libby is already a long way on the road to being a company town. The agreement would complete the job.

The Forest Service, with its control over the vast acreage of timber in the Kootenai Forest, could stop that trend by making its sales of timber to furnish stability to small, efficient operators. Instead it has by the proposed agreement chosen to strengthen the stranglehold on the people in the area through the creation of this monopoly.

There never has been a good company town and there never will be a good company town. No matter how good the faith of the company or how sincere the desire of the Forest Service to guarantee to the people of the community freedom and democracy, one-company domination inevitably blights, and the fact that the agreement is made in the name of sustained yield and of the "greatest good to the greatest number in the long run" will not change its effect here.

Mr. Howard says, "The social climate of the community is important." With that I agree. It is much more important than any other consideration—much more important than even sustained yield; but this is not a case where we choose between alternatives. We do not need to choose monopoly, company towns, with sustained yield on the one hand and freedom and democracy with ravaged forests and impoverished peoples on the other.

The Forest Service has control of 1,211,000 acres of the total commercial forest acreage in the area. It requires good forest practices in that area whether the timber is sold to the J. Neils Lumber Company or to any other operator. The law requires it. The J. Neils Lumber Company, which has a large investment in plant and facilities, has for the past several years engaged in a program of scientific forestry and forest management—witness numerous articles in the *Spokesman's Review*, the *Great Falls Tribune*, and lumber periodi-

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

cals which point out that the quality of forest management is higher on the Neils private holdings than on the federal forests themselves. The Forest Service, according to Mr. Howard, says the management is "enlightened and efficient and is credited with the best cutting, utilization, and protection practices in the area." The Neils Company has never been faced with the necessity for operating its mills on its own timberlands and never will. It has recently made one purchase on Pinkham Creek of some 200,000,000 feet, and when that is gone the forest-management program contemplates opening an adjacent area to the J. Neils Lumber Company which will yield some 300,000,000 feet. It has been the policy of the Forest Service to make its sales large enough in the Kootenai Forest so that a big company like the Neils Company can effectively utilize the timber, and there has not been competition in the last ten years by other operators for any of these large sales.

In the old days lumber companies "cut out and got out." Those days are gone. There is no place for them to move. To suggest that the J. Neils Lumber Company, which is credited by the Forest Service as being exceptionally enlightened, has in mind any program contemplating self-liquidation of a profitable enterprise is going to a great extreme to attempt to sell monopoly of the national forests.

Proponents of the agreements justify them, in the main, because of the stability they would provide the favored community. Eighteen miles from Libby is the town of Troy, with a population of about one thousand. At the north edge of the area covered by the proposed agreement is the community of Eureka, with a population of about twelve hundred. The limits of the area included in the proposed agreement are within three miles of that town. Some twenty sawmills, employing several hundred men, operate there. A certain amount of timber outside of the area and within the Kootenai National Forest—twelve million feet a year, says the Forest Service—will be set aside for these operators at Eureka, Rexford, and Trego, all communities in the extreme northeastern corner of the forest boundaries. A small sawmill will saw 10,000 feet a day; twelve million feet of annual cut on the national forest would sup-

LEIF ERICKSON

port six such mills. There is a small amount of private timber available in addition to the timber on the national forest. Allowing for that small amount of private timber and for the seasonal shutdowns, at least half of the present mills in the Eureka-Rexford-Trego area will have to shut down. Without the co-operative agreement, the allowable cut for that area, according to the management plan for the Kootenai National Forest, would be thirty million feet a year.

Mr. Howard is concerned about "ghost towns left to rot or burn, the disappearance of tax values, and the sale of seven-room houses for \$35.00." If this agreement is made that's what will happen to Eureka and that's what will happen to Troy.

The agreement provides stability for the one company that would be permitted to buy federal timber at a value to be fixed by the Forest Service and without competition. This rule, under the proposal, does not apply to the small operators left to chew the bone of the six million feet. They must bid competitively. They must practice the law of the survival of the fittest. With them it is a case of dog eat dog. If stability for one operator is important, why is it not for the rest? Isn't it just as important for the employee of the small mill to have steady work, for his family to eat regularly, as it is for the employees of the big mill?

"Timber Trouble" says "opportunity for newcomers will not only be narrowed, it will be virtually eliminated." Whose forest is this? Does a national forest belong to the people who reside within its limits? Are people who live outside its limits not in the same standing as those who live within it?

A new mill and a new operator have come to Troy in the face of, as stated in "Timber Trouble," a warning by the Forest Service that it could not be adequately supplied from government sales if the agreement is concluded. That mill is equipped with a band resaw. It turns out a finished, planed product. It has established outlets in the Middle West and has an efficient marketing setup. It employs in the woods and in the mill more than one hundred men. It is not a rough-saw mill to employ ten men, such as is proposed in the agreement.

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

There is timber in the Kootenai Forest for all. The Hutchinson Report, which was prepared in 1942 under the direction of the Forest Service, gives the annual allowable cut in Lincoln County as 127,400,000 board feet. The present total cut by J. Neils and all other operators approximates 80,000 feet a year. The J. Neils Lumber Company, because of its size and efficiency of operation, will, under any circumstances, have a preferred competitive position. It will continue to practice sustained-yield cutting on its own lands. It must practice sustained-yield cutting on federal forest lands, as must every other purchaser of federal timber. We challenge anyone to prove that this proposed agreement will add one acre of timberland to a sound forest-management program.

If this proposal is to be justified in any way, it should be radically changed. Its present effect is to give to one lumber company a sixty-year supply of timber, with no investment, with no interest to pay, and with no taxes. We believe the agreement guarantees to that company a profit. In that circumstance the agreement should limit the profit, too. That is the rule applied to public utilities where the rate guarantees a profit, and we can see no reason why the rule should not apply where not only is a profit guaranteed but the timber supply itself is furnished by the people of the United States.

If bringing land into timber production is a paramount reason for creating this monopoly, then the agreement is woefully inadequate. Not less than fifty thousand acres of the land in the Neils ownership is cut-over, burned-over area, much of it in abandoned homesteads. The Bowman Report, which is the foundation for all of the Forest Service figures on the Kootenai National Forest, says of this land, "These lands [lands first acquired by the J. Neils Company] would be among the most valuable lands in the unit if they had been cut carefully and managed wisely. Overcutting and long neglect has reduced their capacity to produce. Yields from them will be meager for a long time to come." Cut-over land will generally reseed itself, but little of these fifty thousand acres will be because of several burns and the degree of overcutting. This land must be replanted, but the agreement that is supposed to place such a

LEIF ERICKSON

heavy burden on the co-operator and to bring so much land into production requires, under Section 11, that the Neils Company must restock one thousand acres each *ten* years. Figure that out. It would take five hundred years to restock the land we say must be replanted if it is to become productive.

The amount of timber available can be increased not only by good forestry but by imposing higher standards of utilization. What does this agreement require of the monopoly operator? Does it impose a higher standard in any respect on him than it does on the competitive purchaser, on the operator with the small mill? It does not. Section 14 of the proposal says the co-operator need only apply the same standards of utilization as are applicable to forest timber sales in western Montana and northern Idaho.

Processing the timber to a higher degree of manufacture increases the employment available. Here is what the co-operator is required to do under Section 15 of the proposal. It agrees to “develop processes and facilities for more complete utilization and refinement of manufacture of saw timber, and, *to the degree it is economically possible to do so, keep pace with advances made in these fields by the lumber industry in the Western Montana–Northern Idaho region.*”

The J. Neils Lumber Company is the largest operator in the western Montana–northern Idaho region. No Montana operation even approaches it in size. No northern Idaho–western Montana operator will get its timber at its appraised value, yet this company by agreement will only have to keep pace on utilization with the small mills bidding competitively for timber. It will not even have to do that if it is not economically feasible. Mr. Howard admits that the agreement is not, as he says, “sufficiently explicit about the improved standards of utilization to be required of the co-operator.” On this point, the language of the proposal speaks for itself.

“Timber Trouble” assumes that the granting of the timber monopoly to the large company will assure stable employment, good years and bad alike, and that the troubles that have come to Lincoln County are the result of overcutting. The Hutchinson Report, which preceded the Bowman Report, in speaking of the

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

collapse of half the timber industry [of Lincoln County] during the 'twenties did not come about because the timber supply as a whole was approaching exhaustion. Even today there is an enormous reservoir of timber. Limited markets rather than limited timber supply must be blamed for what happened." The Bowman and Hutchinson reports are Forest Service reports, not ours. Lincoln County situation of the 'twenties and 'thirties says, "The

But what is the primary purpose to be served by the national forests? That purpose is to give to the people, all of the people, the maximum benefit and enjoyment of these forests. The Kootenai is unexcelled for its scenery, its hunting, and its fishing. We object to this agreement because it subserves all other uses to that of growing saw timber. There are references to recreational use in the agreement, but the part they play is minor indeed. The emphasis is on growing saw timber. The roads, in the main, are to be built by the co-operator. Roads make available hunting, fishing, and camping sites. They open up the vistas of the magnificent mountains and snowfields of the Kootenai. Here are some of the provisions of the agreement on roads found in Section 13. "Roads built or to be built by the parties hereto on or giving access to the National Forest shall, subject to the hereafter stated provisions of this section, be made available for such degrees of public use as are determined by the Forest Service to be necessary and feasible under local circumstances consistent with the objectives of this agreement."

Further, in the same section, this sentence appears: "The Company agrees to permit such other uses as may be safely accommodated and which will not unduly interfere with the Company's log hauling under reasonable safety and traffic regulation *as specified by the company.*"

How can it be said that language like this will serve to bring "the greatest good to the greatest number in the long run?" How are the people, all of the people, to be assured the maximum use and enjoyment of their property, the Kootenai National Forest, if the roads are to be available to them only to "the extent feasible under local circumstances consistent with the objectives of this agree-

LEIF ERICKSON

ment” and “subject to the traffic regulations specified by the company?”

Perhaps the most disturbing language to be found in “Timber Trouble” is that this is a new and complex timber-management device; that it is an experiment in husbandry in natural resources, which is unique, and that it will have “wide-ranging consequences in development of natural resource policy.”

If this agreement should be approved and extended to other areas as suggested, it would result in locking up the natural timber resources in monopolies and would mark the end of a policy which in every field of government requires that all people have equal access to the lands and properties which the people themselves own. Shades of Gifford Pinchot and Teddy Roosevelt!

Finally, it is said that these monopoly agreements must be approved because those of us opposing them do not have a satisfactory alternative solution. In the first place, we take the position that the proposed monopoly agreements are no solution at all to the problems that exist. In the second place, we believe that the Forest Service, and Mr. Howard in “Timber Trouble,” have drawn a picture of disappearing timber resources that simply does not exist. According to the Copeland Report and to Forest Service figures, as contained in “Forest and National Prosperity—A Reappraisal of the Forest Situation in the United States, August, 1948,” and other reports of the continuing forest survey, the rate of growth and the rate of drain of our forest resources is nearer to a balance today than it has been since the Republic was founded.

Real and marked progress has been made by the Forest Service, by private landowners, aided and encouraged by state legislation, as well as national, to achieve a sustained-yield program on a national scale. We feel the Forest Service itself has failed to render the assistance, encouragement, and co-operation it could to owners of private timberlands and to members of forest communities to bring about the degree of good forestry that could be attained and the degree of community stability possible with the forest resources we have.

That this is true in Lincoln County is borne out by the fact that

MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED

only recently has the Forest Service appointed a citizens' advisory committee—a committee, by the way, made up of members extremely friendly to the proposed co-operator. In an exhaustive social and economic study of Lincoln County made by the Kaufmanns of the University of Michigan under the sponsorship of the Montana Study of the University of Montana and in co-operation with the U.S. Forest Service, Region 1, the Kaufmanns said, "If the best interests of all of the major groups in the community are to be served, the public must have a voice in determining forest policy. Heretofore all major decisions have been made chiefly or entirely by the Forest Service and one large operator."

Long-range cutting budgets, construction of access roads (dependent, of course, on securing federal funds), increased standards of timber utilization, establishment of working circles to support dependent communities, continued progress through admittedly slow but effective education—these will go a long way toward meeting the problems which to the author of "Timber Trouble" seem so overwhelming.

"Timber Trouble" overlooks, too, a powerful present-day economic compulsion. In the early days it was profitable to "cut out and get out," to exhaust the timber and move on. Those days are gone. Whether they like it or not, owners of private timberlands have to practice better and better forest management, and as time goes on this will be increasingly the case.

Finally, the local situation in the Kootenai is to be considered. Seventy-seven percent of the timberland there is in the national forests. This timber is on a sustained-yield program now. It cannot be overcut. Mr. Howard's article states that in Montana and northern Idaho the cut in the national forest has increased 500 percent. The cut is still not up to the allowable sustained-yield cut. There is no foundation for the inference that the rate will be permitted to increase. If the rate of cut has thus increased, it has done so only with the permission and encouragement of the Forest Service. Since the Forest Service has complete control of rate of cut in national forests, it may be taken for granted that whatever rate is permitted is still within the sustained-yield capacity of the forests.

LEIF ERICKSON

And in Montana, at least, such increase as has occurred has been, in considerable part, in lodgepole pine and other types of timber that had no available market in past years. The curse of the national forests in western Montana and northern Idaho is undercutting, not overcutting. Nor is there support for the statement in the article that "unless something is done the precious private timber stand of Lincoln County will be exhausted in two decades." The major owner, the J. Neils Lumber Company, is operating a sustained-yield program as stated above. It would be economic suicide for it to do otherwise. The co-operative agreement would have no effect on the remaining private timber.

We impetuous liberals, our labor allies, and a few farmers are not lashing out at the Forest Service. We have been and continue to be against any proposal under which the national forests will come under monopoly control. Applying Mr. Howard's own test, this venture cannot succeed and these agreements cannot be made, for says Mr. Howard, "The social climate of the community is important: the venture cannot succeed if the people are ill disposed toward it."

The people of Lincoln County and the people of the West are ill disposed to these monopolies sponsored by the Forest Service. They don't like the social climate bred by monopoly. They reject the political and economic climate of the company town.

We rest on the words of Gifford Pinchot, who in his last book, *Breaking New Ground*,* said, "Since conservation's objective is the ownership, control, development, processing, distribution, and use of the natural resources for the benefit of the people, *it is by its very nature the antithesis of monopoly*. . . . Monopoly of resources which prevents, limits or destroys *equality of opportunity* is one of the most effective of all ways to control and limit human rights, especially the right of self-government. . . . A moral and intellectual price, a price in knowledge and understanding, in education, in degradation of standards, and in limited freedom of thought and action, must be paid also. Here may well be the heaviest cost of all."

* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1937.

THOMAS WOLFE:

by Neal Cross

FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS I have been reading from a pile of thick volumes stacked by the side of my chair, the novels and short stories of Thomas Wolfe. I had read them all once before—*Look Homeward, Angel* when I was in college, and each subsequent volume at the time of its appearance. Each wove its spell about me; with each one I was choked with the rage of frustration which the author had felt; with the completion of each one I experienced the shout of wordless triumph which was also Wolfe's. I was a young man.

Since that time I have often wondered about Wolfe and have felt a growing suspicion that my earlier wholehearted enthusiasm may have been wrong; that I had been duped by a thunderous rhetoric. My present judgment lies somewhere between my first enchantment and my later suspicion. If I were asked to name an American novelist greater than Wolfe, I should be unable to do so. Melville, perhaps, but no other. Nonetheless, I believe that Wolfe failed, and that his failure is exactly that of many of the more sensitive Americans of our century. It is, in short, our common fault. Before I develop this thesis, however, it is expedient to set down the critical principles on which I base my judgment.

First, let me define two aspects of a term I shall use in this essay, the term of artistic truth. Such a truth is one peculiar to itself. It is not a fact which can be learned. Artistic truth lets us live in company with the artist, through a significant experience. From this experience, the artist cuts away the irrelevancies and reveals at last, clean and naked, a meaning. The reader, coming from such a revelation, can exclaim, "Now I know what my experience means! Now I have come one step farther in knowing what *I* mean!"

Second, artistic truth has form, has an internal logic. A work of art may start in chaos—some of the greatest have, indeed, done so—but it moves toward and arrives at resolution and order. Unless such order is reached at last, its audiences are cheated of their

IF I AM NOT BETTER . . .

fulfilled experience. They come forth only more bewildered than at first. O Lost!

Turning to Wolfe then, what, in the light of these two principles, are the special criteria by which we shall judge him? Evidently, they must be those we use for the greatest authors. They could not be otherwise, for Wolfe set for himself the same task that Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante, and Aeschylus set for themselves in their day, and he must, therefore, be judged according to his success or failure in accomplishing that task.

Time and time again Wolfe tells us what he is trying to do. He is first concerned with understanding America. His concern with the ten thousand towns of America, with American names, with the lives of millions of people in America, his passion for journeys and the great railroads all bespeak his attempt to swallow and digest the whole of his native land. Indeed, his instinct to trace the history of his own family as its roots are struck down into America is another evidence of this hunger for his own country. More specifically, he is concerned with the nature of American life; for he, like many others, is convinced that our lives have somehow become barren. Wolfe makes his belief clear early in his work. In *Of Time and the River* he looks at a Sunday afternoon crowd around a railroad station, and speaks his thought:

The feeling returned to him—the feeling that had come to him so often in recent years with a troubling and haunting insistence—that “something” had come into life, “something new” which he could not define, but something that was disturbing and sinister, and which was somehow represented by the powerful, weary, and inhuman precision of these great, glittering, stamped-out beetles of machinery. And consonant to this feeling was another concerning people themselves: it seemed to him that they, too, had changed, that “something new” had come into their faces, and although he could not define it, he felt with a powerful and unmistakable intuition that it was there—that “something” had come into life that had changed the lives and faces of the people, too.*

* *Of Time and the River* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935).

THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER

This new thing he recognizes as evil, and he feels, again as many do, that it has something to do with standardization, with acceptance, with severance from the earth. In the face of this, his search and goal is the golden land of which he speaks so often. He speaks of it in *The Web and the Rock* thus:

From the first years of coherent memory, George had the sense of the overpowering immanence of the golden life. It seemed to him that he was always on the verge of finding it. In his childhood it was all around him, impending numbly, softly, filling him with an intolerable exultancy of wordless joy. It wrenched his heart with its wild pain of ecstasy and tore the sinews of his life asunder, but yet it filled his soul with the triumphant sense of instant release, impending discovery—as if a great wall in the air would suddenly be revealed and sundered, as if an enormous door would open slowly, awfully, and with the tremendous majesty of an utter and invisible silence.*

This door symbol is recurrent in all of Wolfe's work. References to it become fewer in the later novels, but the symbol persists to the end.

Wolfe's great theme, then, is that of the illness and the evil which have beset his native land. His search is for a way of life which will banish that evil. It is the theme which Goethe took in *Faust*, the problem of Dante in the *Commedia*, the quest for which Aeschylus found an end in the *Oresteia* and in *Prometheus*. It is the great theme in literature, "What is Man?"—a question asked afresh in each epoch in man's history, a question which must find its answer before man can be at peace in his circus-world.

How far did Thomas Wolfe succeed in working out this theme? In my opinion, he failed.

Early in life he set Love and Fame as his goals. These were the subjects of his earliest daydreams when, as a boy, he imagined himself as Bruce-Eugene, the explorer, the Western desperado, the prelate, each time saving the life, the virtue, or the faith of a beautiful maiden and winning her love. As late as *Of Time and the River* he still daydreams of finding the handbag and returning it to the young and beautiful widow from whom he first accepts a reward of five thousand dollars, and later her love as a sort of lagniappe. At the beginning of *You Can't Go Home Again*, his hero, here as always

* *The Web and the Rock* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1939).

NEAL CROSS

the projection of himself, reiterates his desire for love and fame; after his experience with Esther, however, he sees that love is not a valid goal for the artist; following his experience with Lloyd McHarg, he recognizes the hollowness of fame.

Instead, he insists that the artist must seek truth, find it, and speak it clearly and aloud. He proceeds, then, to reveal the truth he has found. What is it? It is that there is no return; that in our world, home must always be in the present and the future, never in a dream of youth, a retreat to a golden age of the past, a flight to romantic nature. He sees that the best men of our time are, like Foxhall Edwards, followers of Ecclesiastes. The philosophy of these men is Stoicism. They will do whatever comes to their hands to do. They will do it with all their might. But they have no hope. They will not attack the fundamental problems, for they are convinced that they have no chance of changing the order of things as they are; and if they could change them, any other order would be as bad.

As all of us know who have read the last great and moving chapter of *You Can't Go Home Again*, Wolfe denies this fatalistic philosophy and asserts that man-alive must make the great and desperate attempts, must fight the great and losing battles, must seek and speak the truth. I should be the last to deny the power of this chapter. But what of its truth? What has the author said? He has said that the enemy is "Single selfishness and compulsive greed." He has said that the true discovery of America lies before us, that the institutions we have built and which govern our lives are self-destructive and must be destroyed before the new life comes into being. He speaks of the Golden City again:

To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow.*

Are we duped by rhetoric here? That our accustomed institutions are falling into ruin we know. That we must build them again,

* *You Can't Go Home Again* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940).

THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER

more mighty, and more flexible—this, too, is part of the knowledge of most thinking men. But how build them? Where is the pattern, the form, the Idea? The door which Wolfe sought through all the years of his life remains unfound; the wall remains unbreached. O Lost!

Thomas Wolfe, more than any man in America since Melville, I believe, explored the secret places of American life. He gulped experience and hungered for more. But at the end of his vast search he came out with little more than platitudes, and we are left without the truth.

Before we inquire into the reasons for this failure, we might well remark on the excellence of his books. Seldom in literature does one find such a complete evocation of sensation as throughout these volumes. Wolfe's descriptions of the taste of hundreds of foods, the feel of a landscape in October or April, the sight of Oxford students on the playing fields, the stinks of markets just before dawn—all these come home to us. Each of us has tasted, felt, seen, or smelled enough so that, reading, we cry, "I know, I know." Each of us has raised the shade of a Pullman window and watched the dawn-stirring life in small towns which we shall never see again, and this experience we live through a dozen times with Thomas Wolfe. We know his wonder and our own at the mysteries of time and movement. These things Wolfe does superbly.

A more important aspect of his work is his expression of the dilemma of the twentieth-century American. I doubt that there is one of us who has not felt the promise of America and who has not relived it in Wolfe's great apostrophe which ends:

So, then, to every man his chance—to every man, regardless of his birth, his shining, golden opportunity—to every man the right to live, to work, to be himself, and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him—this, seeker, is the promise of America.*

All of us have known, too, the pessimism which springs from high aspiration for the nature of men.

* *You Can't Go Home Again* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940).

NEAL CROSS

Yes, this is man, and it is impossible to say the worst of him, for the record of his obscene existence, his baseness, lust, cruelty, and treachery, is illimitable . . . Yet if the gods could come here to a desolate, deserted earth where only the ruin of man's cities remained, where only a few marks and carvings of his hand were legible upon his broken tablets, where only a wheel lay rusting in the desert sand, a cry would burst out of their hearts and they would say: "He lived, and he was here."*

We have felt, too, the pressure of our standardized society. We have seen the products of the Standard Concentrated Production Units of America, No. 1, and in the Standard Concentrated Chaos we have felt the loss of our freedom, our very humanity.

In his expression of these common feelings, Wolfe has diagnosed the central problem of our time better, I think, than has any other writer. But statement of the problem is not enough, and beyond that point Wolfe fails us.

The chief cause of that failure, it seems to me, is that his concern was solely with himself; that, therefore, he lacked humility before his art form and before other people. This lack expresses itself in three ways immediately apparent—in his failure to sympathize with other people; in his concern for experience as an end in itself; and in lack of discipline. Let us consider each of these.

From a technical point of view, Wolfe chose the easiest way to write and the hardest way to write a novel. He made himself the hero. We can grant the truth of his assertion, made in the *Story of a Novel*, that every novel is to some extent autobiographical. The author can write only what he knows by having lived it. But that being accepted, most writers take this intimate experience and place it in a world removed from themselves. This creation of a world external to the author allows him to see his characters as individuals and to see them completely: protagonist, villain, incidental characters who serve to move the action or act as catalysts around whom movement takes place. By placing himself at the center of his own story, Wolfe sees other characters only as they affect him.

Such a placement of self reveals the lack of humility of which we have just spoken. Eugene Gant or George Webber is God. Others

* *Ibid.*

serve only as priests and acolytes in the temple. The development of Eugene or George is all that matters; others can—and usually do—go to hell. Wolfe reveals little genuine compassion for the plight of others. One by one, Eugene or George (and either is Thomas Wolfe) uses the other people of the story; character by character he discovers the flaw which renders them no longer useful, and man by man and woman by woman he deserts them with no thought of any consequences upon their lives.

Wolfe's loneliness may be accounted for here. Most intellectual and sensitive people experience isolation, for the activities of the majority—like the games of the people in Plato's cave—seem to them stupid and pointless. The common man cannot understand the thinking man, and between the two there is little communication; no communion. But most of us have our friends, our wives, our families, where communion does exist, where loneliness is mitigated. Thomas Wolfe knew none of this. Not that he could not understand people. Seldom in literature do we find such complete analyses of the individuals whom the author-hero encountered. But analysis is different from communication, different from communion. It is different from love, and the hero-figure in Wolfe's novels—the self-figure—seems incapable of love. The members of family, Eugene's for example, exist only to further his progress and are dropped later except as an occasional source of money; others who are not family—Joel Pierce, Francis Starwick, Esther Jack, Foxhall Edwards—all have the same fate. Esther Jack serves as perhaps the best example. George Webber protests his love for her throughout the entire volume of *The Web and the Rock*. On frequent occasions, however, George decides to leave her, and his reason is always that he has concluded she stands in the way of his progress. He has never a thought of her in his decisions. This is not love; this is merely the use of a person until the person has served his purpose. Either from a moral or an artistic point of view, and I am not sure that the two are far apart, this treatment of character blots the book.

Another shortcoming is that Wolfe regards his individual experience as important in itself. For page after page, episode after

NEAL CROSS

episode, the reader is led through accounts of drunkenness, of death, of parties, of visits to women of high or low repute, of glimpses of life in Oxford, in London, or in a thousand other places. These are interesting enough, and if they serve the purpose of the novelist in revealing his truth, well and good. But every person in the world has had many experiences, some sordid, some beautiful. Each of us has had his first encounters with sex and alcohol. It is difficult to believe that Thomas Wolfe's early fumbblings in these matters are of importance to his readers unless these fumbblings have a valid place within the logic of his art. In many instances they seem to have no such place. The only order to be found within the books is the chronological order of Wolfe's own life. Disorder is present in both the large organization and the small details—in such a detail, for example, as the appearance and naming of Fagg Sudler, who, before the page on which he appeared is ended, has been given another name. Only a slip, yet a slip that, because it is one of many, betrays the careless, overproud attitude of the author toward his work and toward his public.

In larger matters, this lack of self-discipline results in books inordinately long. Against critics and editors who suggested that he cut his work down to size, Wolfe complained that they were men of small soul, men who could not understand his own boundless spirit. Most writers, especially most beginners at writing, can sympathize with him here. But most writers learn to assess the worth of criticism, to reshape, to mold their matter into new forms. Wolfe perhaps could not learn; at least, he did not. And yet the constant reworking of identical material in the novels suggests his realization that he was still failing from book to book. He was, however, never to bring himself under control, not even in *The Web and the Rock*, though this book is less loose in plan than its predecessors.

In relation both to his own time and to posterity, Wolfe stands—or so it seems to me—at much the same place that Rousseau stood in the eighteenth century. Rousseau saw the human spirit crushed and distorted by the artificial forms of monarchy and the dry scaffolding of rationalism, and he led the revolt against them. Wolfe saw human freedom crushed by mechanization, and Wolfe, too, led

the revolt against this oppression. There is, however, a significant difference between the two. Wolfe was by far the better observer. His senses caught and recorded gestures, grimaces, tastes, sounds, and sights as Rousseau's never did.

Rousseau takes as the theme for his *Confessions*, "If I am not better than other men, I am at least different." Wolfe, whose writings are more nearly confessions than novels, might well have adopted the same motto. Each man performed a service to his time, for each made a forceful case for the freedom of the individual spirit. Each was widely popular, and thus the message of each reached a multitude of people and shook them awake.

From our vantage point, two centuries later, it is easy to evaluate the work of Rousseau. He was a leader in the movement for freedom, but his definition of freedom allowed for a complete lack of discipline.

The greatest harm that Wolfe has done is to convince many that mere self-expression is enough—again, one of the doctrines of Rousseau. As a result, many promising young writers, taking Wolfe as their model, have smeared their egos on paper, without form, and finally, without expression of artistic truth.

Wolfe's work, in my opinion, will live as Rousseau's has lived. Two centuries from now his novels will still be read, as many of us still read the *Confessions* or *La Nouvelle Heloise*. Readers of this later century will see Wolfe's sentimentality, his arrogance, his enormous loquacity—and yet his work will stay alive.

For with Thomas Wolfe, as with most writers, the best of him and the worst of him are inseparably mixed. Lacking discipline, lacking humility, his artistry failing therefore to reach its full fruition, he yet stands alone as a writer of passionate and moving prose. As a recorder of experience there is none better than he, none who has so caught the perplexity which besets us in a time of chaos. Yet his sentimental concern with self fails to find an adequate logic. We must wait for a greater artist who can create a synthesis between Wolfe's freedom and an adequate pattern for life before the central question of our time, "What is Man?" can be answered.

Faculty Meeting

RICHARD ARMOUR

Convened, except for those who make it a point of honor
To be late and thus thought busy,
At four;
Adjourned, after dispatching half an hour's business,
At six.

Scholars, dispassionate and logical in articles for the
 learned journals,
Become passionate and illogical on departmental budgets,
On promotion and tenure,
And on a change in the wording of section five, paragraph
 three, subparagraph two
Of regulations regarding class attendance;
Patient searchers after truth by means of Bunsen burners,
 microfilms, and the interlibrary loan—
Honest men, modest men, fearless men—open their coats
(Why double-breasted?)
To bare their Phi Beta Kappa keys,
Clear their throats importantly, move, second the motion,
 and with a faint remembrance of Robert's Rules of Order
Call for the question after a furtive look at their watches.

Faculty members individually
Are people.
Faculty members collectively
Are faculty members.

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

by Carl Landauer

THE GRAVE STRUGGLE in which our country has become involved is a boon to the witch-hunters. War creates an atmosphere in which it is difficult to maintain discriminating judgment, and in which the public is less concerned about injustices to individuals than about dangers to the national community. Although the witch-hunters have failed to prove their specific accusations, they may have succeeded in convincing a large audience that the invasion of South Korea, by revealing the evil plans of world communism, has justified their drive for ruthless purges.

Actually, the Korean crisis has taught us nothing essentially new about the nature or the intentions of the Communist movement. It has only emphasized what all competent observers have known for a long time: that communism is a very great danger to the security of the United States. The greater the danger, however, the more is it necessary to avoid hysteria, and with a cool judgment to investigate the points of strength and of weakness in our opponent. The simple device of hitting hard whenever we see something red not only endangers innocent bystanders but also leads us into the enemy's traps. A general who, at the first sign of the enemy always stages a frontal attack in full force has a good chance of seeing his army annihilated.

Why is communism an enemy? It cannot be said too often that a movement is not inimical to democratic government because it proposes changes in our social and economic organization. Even the advocacy of changes which we find good reason to reject fulfills a function in a democracy; such reform proposals force us to think about the rationale of existing institutions. Nor is there anything particularly vicious or menacing in the idea of the Communists that necessary changes in the social structure are effected through conflicts between social classes. Rather, the decisive point is the doctrine that these conflicts must be fought on the part of the "vanguard of the proletariat"—the Communist party—without restraint by moral law or by those laws of democracy which impose on every party

CARL LANDAUER

respect for the arbitrament of the polls and for the inalienable rights of its opponents. Not all fellow travelers and not even all members of the Communist party accept the doctrine behind this kind of conflict with all its implications, but the inner circle of the Communist world movement acts on the theory that in the period of transition from capitalism to full communism the restraining rules of human conduct are suspended to whatever extent they stand in the way of the "proletarian struggle." Lenin has stated this clearly enough:

We declare that our ethics is completely subordinate to the interests of the proletarian class struggle. We derive our ethics from the interest of the proletarian class struggle.*

By applying this rule to international conflicts, which it regards only as a particular phase of the class struggle, the Soviet government has become a reactionary force in the sense that it tries to destroy the modest beginnings of a moral law in international affairs and to revert to jungle law. People who agree on rules of conduct in their struggle for conflicting ideals can live together without violence, but where one group claims freedom from all restraints in the struggle for its goal, internal and external peace are gravely endangered.

Communism, however, has enormous difficulties in keeping its followers in the line of "temporary" ethical nihilism. The Communist movement has often been described as "monolithic." This characterization is correct to the extent that the inner circle tries to achieve among its followers complete unity of faith, but the guardians of the Stalinist creed have been only moderately successful in their efforts. The number of nonconformists has been large almost from the beginning, and in the degree that the Communist leadership tightened the safeguards against heresy, the dissenters left the party in ever increasing numbers. At least among the American intelligentsia, the number of ex-Communists is by this time probably greater than that of cardholders and faithful fellow travelers. Even

* U. I. Lenin, speech at the Third All-Russian Congress of Communist Youth Organizations, October 1920. Translated from the German edition of Lenin's collected works (Wien-Berlin: *Verlag fuer Literatur und Politik*, 1930), Vol. 25, p. 483. So far as the present author knows, this volume has not appeared in English.

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

more significant than the size is the continuity of the stream of disappointed men and women out of the party: from their number in the past, one might have guessed that communism must by now be entirely depleted of minds capable of independent thought, but still the stream of heretics who leave the party shows no signs of diminishing. In all countries the fringes of the Communist movement are continually breaking off, and some of those who had formerly belonged to the nucleus shift to the fringes. Granted that the optimists in our midst who see new Titos emerging in all Communist-dominated countries of Europe and Asia anticipate an improbable development, yet Moscow did have a lot of trouble with some of its followers in the satellite countries, in occupied Germany, and in the West; and in some areas that came under Russian control the NKVD spent at first almost as much effort on arresting and liquidating old Communists as upon eliminating anti-Communists.

What is the reason for this plethora of heresy? No common denominator can be found for all the different motives which have caused people to leave the Communist party, but the most frequent reason is fairly obvious. In the 1920's and 1930's many men and women joined the party in the belief that it represented the most vigorous wing of the movement for freedom and against economic injustice. Even before World War II, some of these people had received sufficient shocks to drive them out. Others were disillusioned by the Hitler-Stalin pact. But those who remained received new encouragement when "Browderism" became the order of the day and the Communists pretended more vociferously than before to be truly democratic. From Moscow's point of view, Browderism was a ruse of war against the democracies, but we have reason to assume that many members of the Communist parties of the West accepted that policy more or less at face value. Now these people are again receiving an object lesson on the true nature of communism.

Unfortunately, the innumerable testimonies by ex-Communists concerning their experiences within the party give little information about a particularly interesting question: how many of the leaders and subleaders of the Communist party of the United States have recognized Browderism as a ruse, and to what extent was the rank

CARL LANDAUER

and file let into the secret that the strategy of "co-operation with capitalism" was intended only as an emergency measure, to be reversed when Hitler's armies had been driven from Russian soil? Undoubtedly, that secret was not in its entirety passed on by the inner circle to the tens of thousands of members; if it had been, it would not have been a secret. No Communist in the country, to be sure, can have believed that the more extreme statements made by Earl Browder in that period were completely sincere. For instance, nobody who had read previous Communist literature could assume that Browder was giving true expression to long-range Communist policy when he wrote in his booklet, *Victory and After*:

We give the formal assurance, which is backed up by our deeds, that we will not raise any socialistic proposals for the United States, in any form that can disturb . . . national unity. To all those who are still haunted by the "spectre of Communism," we offer the services of the Communist Party itself to lay this ghost.*

But the average Communist, while recognizing statements in this vein as part of a political strategy, in all likelihood believed that his party was truly seeking a common basis with liberals and with democratic socialists, and took this effort as an indication that communism had always been essentially a defender of democracy. Nor does it seem improbable that this belief existed even in the minds of some of the higher functionaries. Certainly the shift from Browderism to Fosterism did not immediately eradicate that belief. Perhaps the strongest evidence is the continued flow of dissenters out of the party, for in order to be disillusioned one must first have entertained illusions.

Yet to many of us non-Communists it seems unbelievable that anybody should deceive himself about the nature of the Communist regime and about Soviet policies on the world scene. In order to gain an understanding of the mental twilight in the Communist ranks, one must realize how deeply and how firmly the groundwork was laid for illusions. Stalinism is a logical evolution of Leninism, as evidenced by the passage quoted from Lenin's speech (and by a

* Earl Browder, *Victory and After* (New York: International Publishers, 1942), p. 113.

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

wealth of other material), but at its start the party was something different from what it is now. Communism began as a movement for greater freedom and more human happiness, although even in its early phase it used means which were bound to negate these ends. Lenin was merciless toward anti-Communists, but at least within the party he tried to preserve a considerable degree of free discussion. The evolution of the Soviet police state was rather slow—slow enough for numerous individuals never to feel any very distinct break. Many of the party, it is true, must have seen symptoms of the gradual evaporation of humanitarian and democratic spirit, but since they could not stop this process they apparently persuaded themselves that those symptoms were mere surface phenomena, unpleasant enough but without fundamental significance. Man has an enormous faculty to believe that which he wishes to believe.

In the Soviet Union, of course, a wishful thinker had to be very discreet about his ideas in order to survive. In the Western countries, however, those responsible for the party line must have regarded the wishful thinkers as useful and cannot have wanted to disillusion them “prematurely”—if, that is, doing so could be avoided without encouraging dangerous deviations. In the West, and especially in the United States, where the influence of the Communist party lies less in the numbers of its declared followers than in the host of sympathizers, many of whom would repudiate Stalinism if they realized its true meaning, the party has an enormous stake in the preservation of illusions. Is it not reasonable to assume that those who direct the policies of the movement—and whom nobody can accuse of a passion for frankness—are deliberately trying to preserve the self-deception of the Innocents and semi-Innocents in their membership, and that therefore not all Communist cardholders have fully assimilated the political morals of Stalinism?

What political strategy, then, ought to be followed in combating communism on the domestic scene? No such strategy, of course, can offset the effect of military defeat by Red armies, or can be effective when large population groups are in despair over economic insecurity, social injustice, or racial discrimination. An adequate political strategy against the Communist danger at home is no sub-

CARL LANDAUER

stitute either for armament, military and diplomatic, or for social reform, but a necessary complement to both. With this reservation in mind, however, what rules should be observed if we are to promote the democratic cause?

First rule.—It must be made clear at all times that we stand for freedom and that communism represents the most oppressive regime now existing on the face of the earth. It is therefore important to beware of excessive zeal in internal defense measures. Methods which smack of the police state put in jeopardy the very values we wish to salvage, burden the consciences of liberals at home and abroad, and discourage them from taking a strong stand against communism. Such tactics aid the Communist cause more than an army of spies could possibly do.

Warnings of this kind are sometimes opposed with the argument that in an emergency like the present we cannot afford to be doctrinaires of liberty. We certainly have to take some security measures which do not fit well into our set of institutions. If all possible improvements were made in the loyalty-investigation procedure inaugurated by President Truman, that procedure would still retain repugnant features: the accused, for instance, could not be granted the right of confrontation with the witnesses on whose testimony his loyalty has been questioned, since no agency with the functions of the FBI could retain its effectiveness if it revealed its sources of information. But for the very reason that we have to do a few things not in the line of the liberal tradition, it is wise for us to lean over backward to avoid even the appearance of violating the rights of dissenters, so long as no vital security interest is at stake. Proposed discriminatory measures against Communists should be scrutinized to see whether they are really effective weapons against communism or are merely apt to make life unpleasant for individual Communists. The latter effect should not be a purpose of American policy. No person in his senses can advocate that we tolerate Communists in our laboratories of nuclear physics or in our foreign service, but the rules which are appropriate for the Atomic Energy Commission and the State Department should not be so extended as to cover, say, college professors of English or movie actors.

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

Second rule.—It should be made easy for Communists to leave their party. They should not be called upon to burn publicly that which they have venerated; many decent men and women will shrink from this ultimate step, especially when the break with their former cause is still new. Although we should not let an ex-Communist into state secrets until we have watched him for a considerable time and are convinced of his integrity, we should pay him the respect due any human being who has gone through a great inner conflict, and we should certainly not ban him from routine jobs in government service.

Grossman's book, *The God That Failed*, in which ex-Communists have recorded the story of their rising doubts and final repudiation of their creed, shows that the process by which these men have separated themselves from the party which once was their intellectual and spiritual home has been very gradual. There must still be many within the ranks who are destined to go the way of Koestler and Silone. Persecution of the Communist party will induce some of these to silence their doubts and rally to their cause. We should not, of course, merely for their sake, leave anything undone that might substantially contribute to our security, but the consolidating effect which pressure from without cannot fail to have is an additional reason to refrain from merely punitive measures.*

Third rule.—Necessary as some security investigations and other negative measures are, the emphasis in our struggle against communism should be placed upon the positive side: educating Americans (and others) to an understanding of democracy, showing them the meaning of the present world struggle and the conditions under which it must be fought, strengthening their will to preserve mankind's heritage of liberty. Enormous pressure has been brought to

* Recently a number of cities have enacted legislation requiring city employees to swear that they have not been members of the Communist party for the last several years. These ordinances, being retroactive, penalize not merely Communists but also ex-Communists. Their ethical justification is questionable, and still more questionable is their wisdom. A Communist who suffers for his party can count on assistance from the party. An ex-Communist, ostracized for his past affiliation, is in a near-hopeless position; nobody is likely to help him. Many a would-be Koestler might therefore tell himself that he must suppress his qualms of conscience and stick to the group which was his sole resource.

CARL LANDAUER

bear upon colleges and universities to exclude Communists from teaching jobs,* but how many of those who watch our institutions of higher learning for "dangerous deviations" have inquired whether these institutions give their students a full chance to learn what it is that we are defending against communism, what has made communism strong, and why it is so deadly a danger that we must use even military force to check it?

The strategic role of positive democratic action becomes clear when we again consider that in the domestic struggle against communism our vital objective is to cut the Communists off from their sympathizers, those who serve them as a medium for influencing public opinion. No control measure can prevent the contacts of Communist spokesmen with this stratum—not even if we were to go the whole way to the police state. On the contrary, the more the negative measures are multiplied, the more talking points are supplied to our opponents. But liberals, even muddleheaded liberals, can be effectively shown the fallacies of Communist propaganda. If we, as a people, are not lackadaisical, we can so reduce this "transmitting medium" as to make it, in the main, ineffective. We can even frustrate the activities of that type of fellow traveler more dangerous than a declared Communist—those who persistently asserted the Chinese Communists to be mere agrarian reformers; who utilized the anti-imperialist instincts of the average American to make him not only critical of British and Dutch colonialism but mistrustful of the British and Dutch peoples; who pictured the Palestine question as a mere issue between an antisemitic Colonial Office in London and Jewish patriots fighting for liberty; who even today decry every attempt at the economic rehabilitation of Germany as a pro-Nazi measure. It is not difficult to reveal the untruth of these contentions

* Reasons against barring Communists from teaching positions in universities seem even now stronger than the arguments for the exclusion policy—in fact, absence of restrictions (except in laboratories of nuclear physics, and so on) seems more important today than before the Korean crisis. Whenever social science instructors concern themselves with the problems of the present, they must explain to their students why many of them will again have to interrupt their pursuit of private happiness for the physical defense of a free society. An instructor who is not equally free to accept or to reject communism will be suspected of protecting his bread and butter when he criticizes Communist philosophy or policies.

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

and the cynicism which is often behind them, but the revelation does not come by itself*

Why is it that we find so many witch-hunters, insistent on purges, and so few critics who put the finger on the really sore spot, our failure to make a sufficiently intense effort in democratic education? It is easier, certainly, to shout for the tightening of controls than to find why democratic education, in schools and outside them, has been deficient, but something more than merely seeking the easier way seems to be at the root of that disparity. Democratic education and free discussion will appear effective weapons against communism only to a person who is deeply convinced of the value of a free society. Apparently, the witch-hunting kind of anti-Communist rarely possesses that conviction and is therefore not a good counselor in the elaboration of a policy against the Eastern brand of totalitarian propaganda. Nationally and internationally, communism can be beaten only under the flag of freedom. Belief in human freedom, however, has implications other than hostility to communism, and only those who embrace the cause of liberty and human dignity in all its aspects qualify as proper standard-bearers in the struggle against Moscow. We may add to our list a final rule: leaders and spokesmen in this struggle should be chosen with discriminating judgment; for not everybody who curses the Communists is ready to support those values which we need to defend against the onslaught from the East.

* Each of these fallacies, of course, has adherents who do not deserve to be labeled fellow travelers. But when we find an accumulation of these distorted ideas, we are forced to assume that the person concerned is at least under Communist influence.

THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 386)

Humanism of Thornton Wilder") is a native of Colorado. Until last year he was on the staff of the University of Florida. He is now in the Department of English at the University of Washington. Articles of his writing have appeared in *Musical America*, *American Speech*, and *School and Society*.

ERIC WILSON BARKER ("Night Swim") is the author of poems which have appeared in more than a dozen American magazines and of a volume of verse, *The Planetary Heart*, introduced by John Cowper Powys. Mr. Barker lives in Berkeley. "Night Swim" is his first contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*.

"WYCLIFFE ALLEN" ("I Am a Bureaucrat") is the pen name of a federal employee. That he considers it the part of prudence to use a pen name places an additional emphasis on what he says of the unnecessary difficulties of the "bureaucratic" career.

ALEJANDRO R. ROCES ("My Brother's Peculiar Chicken") says of the substance of his story, "I first heard this story when I was a child in the Philippines. For this reason I have always thought that it was Philippine folklore. But three years ago I heard the same story in a Mexican cockpit. And last year I had the identical story told to me in a cockpit in South Carolina. . . . So, as you see, the enclosed story is folklore. But it is not the folklore of certain groups of people or of a

certain region. It is the folklore of a sport."

HELEN PINKERTON ("That Time Survived") makes here her first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*. Miss Pinkerton, a Montanan by birth and upbringing, was the holder of a poetry fellowship at Stanford University during 1949-50.

JAMES R. BAIRD ("The Noble Polynesian") was a member of the English Department of the University of Hawaii at the time of writing this article. He has since moved to the mainland and now lectures on American literature at Connecticut College.

Of his earlier activities Mr. Baird says, ". . . during and after the war I was on active duty in the Navy in the military government of the Marshall and the Caroline islands. . . . In 1948-49 I was abroad as a fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation for study in France and England of primitivism in literature of the last century. . . . my present project, an evaluation of Melville's Pacific experience in relation to his mature work and to the history of contemporary primitivism."

WILLIAM IRVINE ("The Marble Index") is professor of English at Stanford University. He is the author of a book on Walter Bagehot and of *The Universe of G. B. S.*, brought out by Whittlesey House last year. The present "Skeptic" forms part of a joint critical biography of Darwin and Huxley on which he has been at work for the past two years.

THE AUTHORS

LEIF ERICKSON ("Monopoly-For-est Service Sponsored") is a Montanan with a long history of service within the state, both political and economic. He is at present a practicing attorney in Helena, Montana, is chairman of the Western Montana Council for CVA and a member of the board of directors of MVA. Of his professional interest in the subject under discussion Mr. Erickson says, "In this timber proposition, I have represented as attorney the Montana Farmers' Union, the Lumber and Sawmill Workers International, Western Montana Lumbermen's Association, Tobacco Valley Lumbermen's Association, Western Forest Industries Association, the Troy Development Association, and a number of other interested individuals and organizations."

"Monopoly" is Mr. Erickson's first contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*.

NEAL CROSS ("Thomas Wolfe: If I Am Not Better . . .") teaches in the Division of the Humanities at the Colorado State College of Education. He is co-editor with E. A. Cross of *Types of Literature* and *Heritage of World Literature*, and co-author with Leslie Dale Lindow of *The Search for Personal Freedom*. Articles of his writing have appeared in *English Journal*, *College English*, and other journals.

The present article is his first in *The Pacific Spectator*.

RICHARD ARMOUR ("Faculty Meeting") is professor of English

at Scripps College and one of the best known of present-day writers of light verse. His poem in an earlier *Spectator* ("Academic Procession") pictured professors appearing "suddenly in blazing flower" for their great day, Commencement. This one shows them settled again to the year's grind. Mr. Armour's latest book of verse, *For Partly Proud Parents*, was brought out by Harper & Brothers this year.

CARL LANDAUER ("How to Fight Communism") writes with a special authority. A native of Munich, Germany, he was an active member of the Social Democratic party there during the years of Hitler's rise, participating in that party's struggles against Nazis and Communists alike. With Hitler's accession to power in 1933, Professor Landauer was removed from the staff of the Institute of Business Administration in Berlin, and deprived of his position as managing editor of *Der deutsche Volkswirt*. In the same year, he was invited to the University of California at Berkeley, where he has taught since 1934 with the exception of the winter of 1949-50, which was spent in teaching at the Free University of Berlin.

Professor Landauer is the author of *Theory of National Economic Planning* and of various articles. One of particular interest in the light of his present topic is "The American Way—As It Appears to an Emigré from Germany," published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1938.

INDEX TO VOLUME IV

- ACADEMIC PROCESSION, Richard Armour, No. 3, 369
- ALGAR, JAMES, The Animated Film: Fantasy and Fact, No. 1, 4-20
- "ALLEN, WYCLIFFE," I Am a Bureaucrat, No. 4, 440-45
- AMERICAN FABLE, Rosalie Moore, No. 2, 187-96
- AMES, MAJOR ARTHUR, The Beleaguered Wagon Train, No. 3, 320-22
- ANDERSON, HAROLD L., The Fine Language of Oregon Justice, No. 3, 271-77
- ANIMATED FILM: FANTASY AND FACT, THE, James Algar, No. 1, 4-20
- APPRAISAL, THE SPECTATOR'S: Asia in Change, by T. A. Bisson, No. 1, 68-80; Substance and Art in New Western Books, by Richard G. Lillard, No. 2, 174-86; The Humanism of Thornton Wilder, by Joseph J. Firebaugh, No. 4, 426-38
- ARMOUR, RICHARD, Academic Procession, No. 3, 369; Faculty Meeting, No. 4, 497
- AS OF THAT TIME, James R. Caldwell, No. 1, 60-67
- ASIA IN CHANGE, T. A. BISSEON, No. 1, 68-80
- AUTHORS, THE: No. 1, 2-3, 122-23; No. 2, 130-31, 250-51; No. 3, 258-59, 381-83; No. 4, 386-87, 507-8
- BAIR, TOM, Thoughts of Aeneas, No. 1, 81
- BAIRD, JAMES R., The Noble Polynesian, No. 4, 452-65
- BARKER, ERIC WILSON, Night Swim, No. 4, 439
- BELEAGUERED WAGON TRAIN, THE, Major Arthur Ames, No. 3, 320-22
- BISSEON, T. A., Asia in Change, No. 1, 68-80; Virgin Land Versus Good Earth, No. 3, 370-80
- BITTER WALL, THE, John R. Ferrone, No. 4, 411-25
- BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES, H. M. SILVER, No. 4, 404-10
- BREUER, BESSIE, "Home Is a Place," No. 1, 97-103
- BRICKELL, HERSHEL, My Friend Sanchez, No. 3, 337-41
- BROWN, LOVERNE, The Venomous Toadstool, No. 3, 286-89
- CALDWELL, JAMES R., As of That Time, No. 1, 60-67
- CHILDREN OF A VACUUM, Allan B. Cole, No. 2, 153-59
- COBLENTZ, STANTON A., Earthquake, Fire, and Flood, No. 2, 144-52
- COLE, ALLAN B., Children of a Vacuum, No. 2, 153-59
- CROSS, NEAL, Thomas Wolfe: If I Am Not Better . . . , No. 4, 488-96
- CUTTING, WINDSOR C., M.D., New Drugs and Drug Science, No. 3, 260-70
- DAWN REDWOODS ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA, THE, Mariam Allen deFord, No. 2, 173
- DEFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN, The Dawn Redwoods Arrive in California, No. 2, 173
- DEVOTO, BERNARD, The Invisible Novelist, No. 1, 30-45
- DONOHUE, JAMES, The Munich Student Revolt, No. 1, 49-59
- EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD, Stanton A. Coblentz, No. 2, 144-52
- EDEN IN PERIL, Lovell Thompson, No. 2, 197-213
- EDITORIALS, No. 1, 1; No. 2, 129, 249; No. 3, 257, 383; No. 4, 385
- ERICKSON, LEIF, Monopoly—Forest Service Sponsored, No. 4, 474-87
- ESPEY, JOHN J., The Two Japans of Laffadio Hearn, No. 3, 342-51
- FACULTY MEETING, Richard Armour, No. 4, 497
- FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY, Now Is Always Beginning, No. 2, 236
- FERRONE, JOHN R., The Bitter Wall, No. 4, 411-25
- FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE, THE, Harold L. Anderson, No. 3, 271-77
- FIREBAUGH, JOSEPH J., The Humanism of Thornton Wilder, No. 4, 426-38
- FITCH, ROBERT E., Reinhold Niebuhr, *Excubitor!* No. 3, 306-18
- GAY, ROBERT M., Innocent Aboard, No. 1, 82-96
- GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE, Leslie Smith, No. 2, 224-35
- GROSS, CLEO SIBLEY, One Thing or Another, No. 1, 29
- HANNA, PAUL R., The Philippines—Meeting of East and West, No. 2, 214-23
- HARPER, LAWRENCE A., Shall the Professors Sign? No. 1, 21-29
- HENRY JAMES AND "THE WHOLE FAMILY," B. R. McElderry, Jr., No. 3, 352-60
- HESIOD READ IN 1949, Alfred Neumeyer, No. 1, 104-20
- HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE, Dixon Wecter, No. 2, 160-72
- "HOME IS A PLACE," Bessie Breuer, No. 1, 97-103
- HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM, Carl Landauer, No. 4, 498-506
- HOWARD, JOSEPH KINSEY, Timber Trouble: How Can We Get Sustained Yield? No. 2, 132-43
- HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER, THE, Joseph J. Firebaugh, No. 4, 426-38
- I AM A BUREAUCRAT, "Wycliffe Allen," No. 4, 440-45
- INNOCENT ABOARD, Robert M. Gay, No. 1, 82-96
- INVISIBLE NOVELIST, THE, Bernard DeVoto, No. 1, 30-45

INDEX TO VOLUME IV

- IRVINE, WILLIAM, *The Marble Index*, No. 4, 466-73
- KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD, *Things That Go Bump in the Night*, No. 3, 362-68
- LANDAUER, CARL, *How to Fight Communism*, No. 4, 498-506
- LETTER FROM WISCONSIN: MCCARTHY ON THE HOME FRONT, David H. Stevens, No. 3, 278-85
- LEVI, ADELE, *There Is No Axiom*, No. 3, 361
- LILLARD, RICHARD G., *Substance and Art in New Western Books*, No. 2, 174-86
- LOVE'S HUSBANDRY, Julie Sloane, No. 3, 319
- MCELDERRY, B. R., JR., *Henry James and The Whole Family*, No. 3, 352-60
- MARBLE INDEX, THE, William Irvine, No. 4, 466-73
- MAY, HENRY F., *Through European Eyes*, No. 2, 237-48
- MOORE, ROSALIE, *American Fable*, No. 2, 187-96
- MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED, Leif Erickson, No. 4, 474-87
- MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT, THE, James Donohoe, No. 1, 49-59
- MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN, Alejandro R. Rocas, No. 4, 446-50
- MY FRIEND SANCHEZ, Herschel Brickell, No. 3, 337-41
- NEUMEYER, ALFRED, *Hesiod Read in 1949*, No. 1, 104-20
- NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE, Windsor C. Cutting, M.D., No. 3, 260-70
- NIGHT SWIM, Eric Wilson Barker, No. 4, 439
- NOBLE POLYNESIAN, THE, James R. Baird, No. 4, 452-65
- NOW IS ALWAYS BEGINNING, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, No. 2, 236
- ONE THING OR ANOTHER, Cleo Sibley Gross, No. 1, 29
- PARKINSON, THOMAS, *Some Recent Pacific Coast Poetry*, No. 3, 290-305
- PHILIPPINES—MEETING OF EAST AND WEST, THE, Paul R. Hanna, No. 2, 214-23
- PINKERTON, HELEN, *That Time Survived: Point Lobos, 1950*, No. 4, 451
- REINHOLD NIEBUHR, "EXCUBITOR!" Robert E. Fitch, No. 3, 306-18
- ROCAS, ALEJANDRO R., *My Brother's Peculiar Chicken*, No. 4, 446-50
- SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN? Lawrence A. Harper, No. 1, 21-29
- SHIRLEY, SYLVIA, *Slow Journey*, No. 3, 323-36
- SILVER, H. M., *Books in Cans and Envelopes*, No. 4, 404-10
- SLOANE, JULIE, *Love's Husbandry*, No. 3, 319
- SLOW JOURNEY, Sylvia Shirley, No. 3, 323-36
- SMITH, LESLIE, *The Grass on the Other Side*, No. 2, 224-35
- SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY, Thomas Parkinson, No. 3, 290-305
- STERN, ALFRED, *What Is Existentialism?* No. 4, 388-403
- STEVENS, DAVID H., *Letter from Wisconsin: McCarthy on the Home Front*, No. 3, 278-85
- STEWART, GEORGE R., *Truth Crushed to Earth at Gravelly Ford, Nevada*, No. 1, 46-48
- SUBSTANCE AND ART IN NEW WESTERN BOOKS, Richard G. Lillard, No. 2, 174-86
- THAT TIME SURVIVED: POINT LOBOS, 1950, Helen Pinkerton, No. 4, 451
- THERE IS NO AXIOM, Adele Levi, No. 3, 361
- THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT, Joseph Wood Krutch, No. 3, 362-68
- THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER . . . , Neal Cross, No. 4, 488-96
- THOMPSON, LOVELL, *Eden in Peril*, No. 2, 197-213
- THOUGHTS OF AENEAS, Tom Bair, No. 1, 81
- THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES, Henry F. May, No. 2, 237-48
- TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD? Joseph Kinsey Howard, No. 2, 132-43
- TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC: Truth Crushed to Earth at Gravelly Ford, Nevada, by George R. Stewart, No. 1, 46-48; *The Beleaguered Wagon Train*, by Major Arthur Ames, No. 3, 320-22; *The Marble Index*, by William Irvine, No. 4, 466-73
- TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH AT GRAVELLY FORD, NEVADA, George R. Stewart, No. 1, 46-48
- TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, THE, John J. Espey, No. 3, 342-51
- VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL, THE, LoVerne Brown, No. 3, 286-89
- VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH, T. A. Bisson, No. 3, 370-80
- WECTER, DIXON, *The Historian as Cultural Agent*, No. 2, 160-72
- WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM? Alfred Stern, No. 4, 388-403

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- ACADEMIC PROCESSION, Richard Armour, IV, 369
- ADVENTURER TOO SOON, Bernard DeVoto, I, 369-75
- ALBERTSON, DEAN, The Discovery of Gold in California as Viewed by New York and London, III, 24-31
- ALGAR, JAMES, The Animated Film: Fantasy and Fact, IV, 4-20
- "ALLEN, WYCLIFFE," I Am a Bureaucrat, IV, 440-45
- AMERICAN FABLE, Rosalie Moore, IV, 187-96
- AMES, MAJOR ARTHUR, The Beleaguered Wagon Train, IV, 320-22
- ANDERSON, HAROLD L., The Fine Language of Oregon Justice, IV, 271-85
- ANIMATED FILM: FANTASY AND FACT, THE, James Algar, IV, 4-20
- ANNUAL REPORT, UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES, Leopoldo Bancain Uichanco, III, 4-23
- ANTELOPE CREEK, Wilson Clough, III, 216-17
- Anthropology:** See
MAN AND MAMMOTH IN AMERICA
- Appraisal, The Spectator's:** See
ASIA IN CHANGE
CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES, 1940-46
F. S. C. NORTHROP'S "THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST"
HENRY JAMES AND THE ACTRESS
HOMAGE TO HENRY ADAMS
HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER, THE
IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED
PAUL ROSENFELD: THE LISTENER
STEINBECK: ONE ASPECT
SUBSTANCE AND ART IN NEW WESTERN BOOKS
TRANSFIGURATION OR RENEWAL?
TWO CRITICS OF SOCIETY — MARX AND THOREAU
WESTWARD MOVEMENT IN FICTION — 1947, THE
YEAR OF WESTERN NONFICTION, A
- ARE TRANSLATORS PEOPLE? Howard Mumford Jones, II, 479-84
- Arizona:** See
ARIZONA STRIP, THE
ARIZONA STRIP, THE, Juanita Brooks, III, 290-301
- ARMOUR, RICHARD, Academic Procession, IV, 369; Faculty Meeting, IV, 497
- ARNOLD, RICHARD K., A Problem in Creation, I, 428-34
- AS OF THAT TIME, James R. Caldwell, IV, 60-67
- Asia:** See
ANNUAL REPORT, UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
ASIA IN CHANGE
CAN CHINESE CULTURE SURVIVE WESTERNIZATION?
CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES, 1940-46
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS
JOSÉ RIZAL
LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF EDUCATION IN CHINESE UNIVERSITIES
MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS
SURRENDER AT PONAPE
TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, THE VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH
ASIA IN CHANGE, T. A. Bisson, IV, 68-80
- Atomic bomb:** See
ATOMIC BOMB AND THE CIVILIAN CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY, THE
LIVING WITH THE ATOM
PRELUDE TO BIKINI
VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL, THE
ATOMIC BOMB AND THE CIVILIAN CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY, THE, Lawrence A. Kimpton, II, 206-15
- Australia:** See
BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA, THE
AVERY, EMMETT L., Vachel Lindsay in Spokane, III, 338-53
BACON, WALLACE A., *In dulce júbilo*, III, 354
BAILEY, THOMAS A., Finnish Facts, I, 336-38; Russian-American Relations: Legend and Fact, III, 55-62
BAIR, TOM, The Hunter, II, 424-40; Pink Cement, III, 355-64; Thoughts of Aeneas, IV, 81
BAIRD, JAMES R., The Noble Polynesian, IV, 452-65
BALL, ROBERT HAMILTON, If We Shadows Have Offended, I, 97-104
BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA, THE, Brian Elliott, III, 112-23
BARKER, ERIC WILSON, Night Swim, IV, 439
BARROW, WILLIAM HULBERT, War Neurosis — A Peacetime Product, III, 386-94
BAUER, HARRY C., Books at the University of Washington, III, 63-72
BECK, WARREN, The Far Whistle, III, 311-27
BEHOLD A PALE HORSE, Rhoda LeCoq, III, 237-52
BELEAGUERED WAGON TRAIN, THE, Major Arthur Ames, IV, 320-22
BENNETT, MERRILL K., Connecticut Summer: 1907, III, 218-36
- Biography:** See
DISOBEDIENT DIPLOMAT
HUMANITARIAN, MOUNTAIN STYLE
I AM A BUREAUCRAT
"I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT"
JACOB HAMBLIN: APOSTLE TO THE LAM-ANITES
JOSÉ RIZAL

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- "LA BIMBINI"
 LAWYER RATIONALIZES HIS JOB, A
 LIVING WITH THE ATOM
 MARBLE INDEX, THE
 MY FRIEND SANCHEZ
 PATTERN FOR DEMAGOGUES
 PAUL ROSENFELD: THE LISTENER
 REAL DENNIS KEARNEY, THE
 SAINTLY NARCISSA AND THE BLOND
 BARMAID
 THOREAU
 TIMBER KING
 VACHEL LINDSAY IN SPOKANE
 BISSON, T. A., *Asia in Change*, IV, 68-80;
 Virgin Land Versus Good Earth, IV,
 370-80
 BITTER WALL, THE, John R. Ferrone, IV,
 411-25
Books, future of: *See*
 BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES
 TWILIGHT OF THE PRINTED BOOK, THE
 BOOKS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHING-
 TON, Harry C. Bauer, III, 63-72
 BOOKS AT UCLA, Robert Vosper, II,
 113-22
 BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES, H. M.
 Silver, IV, 404-10
 BRACHER, FREDERICK, Steinbeck and the
 Biological View of Man, II, 14-29
 BRAYMER, MARJORIE, *Two Poems:* John
 Muir, *Sierra Landscape*, III, 200
 BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNI-
 CATION, THE, Louis B. Wright, I, 27-
 35
 BRETNOR, R., *Finale*, III, 170-75
 BREUER, BESSIE, "Home Is a Place," IV,
 97-103
 BRICKELL, HERSCHEL, *My Friend Sanchez*,
 IV, 337-41
 BROOKS, JUANITA, *The Arizona Strip*, III,
 290-301; *Jacob Hamblin: Apostle to the*
 Lamanites, II, 315-20
 BROWN, LOVERNE, *The Venomous Toad-*
 stool, IV, 286-89
 BURKE, MARIE LOUISE, *New School*, II,
 308-14
 CALDWELL, JAMES R., *As of That Time*,
 IV, 60-67
California: See
 CALIFORNIA CENTENNIALS: A STUDY IN
 EXTREMES
 CITY THAT WANTED THE TRUTH, THE
 DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA AS
 VIEWED BY NEW YORK AND LONDON
 MORE BETTER, LESS BETTER
 NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR, THE
 ON DYING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
 PACIFIC COAST POETRY, 1947
 WHO ARE THE "PACHUCOS"?
 CALIFORNIA CENTENNIALS: A STUDY IN EX-
 TREMES, Robert G. Cleland, I, 225-34
 CAN CHINESE CULTURE SURVIVE WESTERN-
 IZATION? Chu You-Kuang, II, 412-23
 CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNA-
 TIONAL AFFAIRS? A. C. Krey, I, 76-
 87
 CARHART, ARTHUR H., *Don't Fence Us In!*
 I, 251-64
 CARPENTER, FREDERIC I., *The Time of*
 William Saroyan's Life, I, 88-96
 CEREMONY IN GWALIOR, David G. Mandel-
 baum, II, 262-77
 CHILDREN OF A VACUUM, Allan B. Cole, IV,
 153-59
China: See
 CAN CHINESE CULTURE SURVIVE WESTERN-
 IZATION?
 CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES,
 1940-46
 ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT:
 SOME PROBLEMS
 LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF ED-
 UCATION IN CHINESE UNIVERSITIES
 MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS
 VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH
 CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES, 1940-46,
 Lawrence Sears, I, 285-95
 CHU YOU-KUANG, *Can Chinese Culture*
 Survive Westernization? II, 412-23
 CITY THAT WANTED THE TRUTH, THE,
 Carey McWilliams, III, 177-88
 CLARK, EDWIN, *Henry James and the Ac-*
 tress, III, 84-99
 CLARK, WALTER VAN TILBURG, *The Ghost*
 of an Apprehension, III, 254-63
 CLARY, WILLIAM W., *A House Divided*, II,
 253-61
 CLELAND, ROBERT G., *California Centen-*
 nials: A Study in Extremes, I, 225-34
 CLOUGH, WILSON, *Antelope Creek*, III,
 216-17
 COBLENTZ, STANTON A., *Earthquake, Fire,*
 and Flood, IV, 144-52
 COLE, ALLAN B., *Children of a Vacuum*,
 IV, 153-59
 COLUMBUS LEGEND, THE, Francis R. John-
 son, I, 56-57
 COMBELLACK, C. R. B., *Two Critics of So-*
 ciety—Marx and Thoreau, III, 440-45
Communism: See
 COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE ACADEMIC
 PROFESSION, THE
 HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM
 LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE
 UNIVERSITIES
 MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS
 COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE ACADEMIC
 PROFESSION, THE, J. H. Hildebrand, III,
 166-69
 CONDLIFFE, J. B., *The Economic Aspects*
 of Soviet-American Relations, II, 233-
 40
 CONNECTICUT SUMMER: 1907, Merrill K.
 Bennett, III, 218-36
 CONSENT AND COERCION IN GOVERNING,
 T. V. Smith, I, 315-25

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED, Eldon L. Johnson, III, 459-72
- Conservation:** *See*
DON'T FENCE US IN!
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUS-
TAINED YIELD?
- Contemporary American scene:** *See*
BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES
BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNI-
CATION, THE
CITY THAT WANTED THE TRUTH, THE
DON'T FENCE US IN!
EDEN IN PERIL
HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM
LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE
UNIVERSITIES
LET RADIO BE FAIR TO US!
LET'S BE FAIR TO RADIO
LET'S GIVE THE VETERANS AN EDUCATION
LIVING WITH THE ATOM
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
ON DYING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
PATTERN FOR DEMAGOGUES
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUS-
TAINED YIELD?
WAR NEUROSIS—A PEACETIME PRODUCT
WHO ARE THE "PACHUCOS"?
WRINGING THE BILL OF RIGHTS
- Coughlin, Charles E.:** *See*
PATTERN FOR DEMAGOGUES
- CRAFT OF THE FILM SCORE, THE, Robert U. Nelson, I, 435-46**
- CREATION OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, THE, Joseph Henry Jackson, II, 176-81**
- CROSS, NEAL, Thomas Wolfe: If I Am Not Better . . . , IV, 488-96**
- CROWDER, FARNSWORTH, More Better, Less Better, III, 104-11**
- CURTIS, CHARLES P., Wringing the Bill of Rights, II, 361-74**
- CUTTING, WINDSOR C., M.D., New Drugs and Drug Science, IV, 260-70**
- CYNIC'S PRAYER, Gustav Davidson, III, 402**
- DAPHNE, John Heath-Stubbs, III, 83**
- Darwin, Charles:** *See*
MARBLE INDEX, THE
- DAVIDSON, GUSTAV, Cynic's Prayer, III, 402**
- DAWN REDWOODS ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA, THE, Miriam Allen deFord, IV, 173**
- DECLINE OF THE PROFESSIONAL AMERICAN THEATRE, THE, Hubert C. Heffner, I, 58-75**
- DEFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN, The Dawn Redwoods Arrive in California, IV, 173; The Real Dennis Kearney, II, 454-57**
- DEVOTO, BERNARD, Adventurer Too Soon, I, 369-75; The Invisible Novelist, IV, 30-45; Queen City of the Plains and Peaks, I, 162-74**
- Dickens, Charles:** *See*
LITTLE LESS THAN A GOD
- DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA AS VIEWED BY NEW YORK AND LONDON, THE, Dean Albertson, III, 24-31**
- DISOBEDIENT DIPLOMAT, Virginia Voorheis Wickersham, II, 458-66**
- DOBIE, J. FRANK, Tales of Don Coyote, III, 153-65**
- DODDS, JOHN W., Let Radio Be Fair to Us! I, 376-90**
- DONAT, JOSEPH, AND MILLARD SHEETS, Wild Horses—Mexico (drawing), I, facing 361**
- DONOHUE, JAMES, The Munich Student Revolt, IV, 49-59**
- DON'T FENCE US IN! Arthur H. Carhart, I, 251-64**
- DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE, Boris Ilyin, II, 83-87**
- DRY HILL, THE, Virginia Esterly Dunbar, II, 288**
- DUNBAR, VIRGINIA ESTERLY, Three Poems: Ride to the Coast, Revelation by Fog, The Dry Hill, II, 287-88**
- EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD, Stanton A. Coblentz, IV, 144-52**
- EATON, WALTER PRICHARD, Little Less Than a God, I, 265-71**
- ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS, THE, J. B. Condliffe, II, 233-40**
- ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS, Eugene Staley, I, 144-61**
- Economics:** *See*
ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS, THE
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS
FADING LINE BETWEEN DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICY, THE
NEW EUROPE: A BALANCE SHEET OF THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WORLD WAR II
- EDEN IN PERIL, Lovell Thompson, IV, 197-213**
- EDITORIALS: I, 1; II, 1; III, 1-3, 253, 365; IV, 1, 129, 249, 257, 383, 385**
- Education:** *See*
ANIMATED FILM: FANTASY AND FACT, THE
ANNUAL REPORT, UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNICATION, THE
CAN CHINESE CULTURE SURVIVE WESTERNIZATION?
COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE ACADEMIC PROFESSION, THE
EDUCATION FOR CONVERSATION
HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE
LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE UNIVERSITIES
LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF EDUCATION IN CHINESE UNIVERSITIES

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- MOSAIC: A PERSONAL ESSAY
SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?
EDUCATION FOR CONVERSATION, Max
Radin, I, 2-13
ELLIOT, WILLIAM FOSTER, A Note on Cause
and Effect, III, 284-88; Report from
Palomar, IV, 121
ELLIOTT, BRIAN, The Ballads of Australia,
III, 112-23
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, Thoreau, I,
464-77
ERICKSON, LEIF, Monopoly—Forest Serv-
ice Sponsored, IV, 474-87
ESPEY, JOHN J., The Two Japans of
Lafcadio Hearn, IV, 342-51
Essay, familiar: *See*
CONNECTICUT SUMMER: 1907
EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD
EDEN IN PERIL
GALLOPING CONSUMER, THE
HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN THE SCIENTIFIC
MALE
INNOCENT ABOARD
"LA BIMBINI"
LATE-LEARNER AMONG THE MATHEMA-
TICIANS
LAWYER RATIONALIZES HIS JOB, A
LITTLE LESS THAN A GOD
LIVING WITH THE ATOM
LONDON REVISITED
MOSAIC: A PERSONAL ESSAY
MY FRIEND SANCHEZ
ON DYING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT
Essay, general: *See*
ADVENTURER TOO SOON
BOOKS IN CANS AND ENVELOPES
CEREMONY IN GWALIOR
CHILDREN OF A VACUUM
EDUCATION FOR CONVERSATION
"FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS, THE"
HESIOD READ IN 1949
HOMAGE TO HENRY ADAMS
INVISIBLE NOVELIST, THE
SURRENDER AT PONAPE
TOWARD A RESPONSIBLE ART
TWILIGHT OF THE PRINTED BOOK, THE
EVERSON, WILLIAM, Time of Year: Three
Poems of Autumn, III, 384-85
F. S. C. NORTHROP'S "THE MEETING OF
EAST AND WEST," Robert Grinnell, I,
214-24
FACULTY MEETING, Richard Armour, IV,
497
FADING LINE BETWEEN DOMESTIC AND
FOREIGN POLICY, THE, Peter H. Odegard,
II, 467-78
FAR WHISTLE, THE, Warren Beck, III,
311-27
FARMER, MABEL, School Orchestra (draw-
ing), III, *facing* 125
"FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS, THE," Theodore
Morrison, I, 235-50
FENN, WILLIAM P., Life, Liberty, and the
Pursuit of Education in Chinese Uni-
versities, II, 56-78
FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY, Now Is Always
Beginning, IV, 236
FERRONE, JOHN R., The Bitter Wall, IV,
411-25
Fiction: *See*
AMERICAN FABLE
AS OF THAT TIME
BEHOLD A PALE HORSE
BITTER WALL, THE
DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE
FAR WHISTLE, THE
FINALE
GHOST LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI
GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE
HALF-HOUR TILL MIDNIGHT
HUNTER, THE
ISLANDER
LONG HOT DAY, THE
MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN
NEW SCHOOL
PROBLEM IN CREATION, A
SLOW JOURNEY
SURGEON, THE
TALES OF DON COYOTE
FINALE, R. Bretnor, III, 170-75
FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE, THE,
Harold L. Anderson, IV, 271-85
FINNISH FACTS, Thomas A. Bailey, I,
336-38
FIREBAUGH, JOSEPH J., The Humanism of
Thornton Wilder, IV, 426-38
FITCH, ROBERT E., Reinhold Niebuhr,
Excubitor! IV, 306-18
FOLKLORE AND THE STUDENT OF LITERA-
TURE, Archer Taylor, II, 216-23
Foreign policy: *See*
CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNA-
TIONAL AFFAIRS?
ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN
RELATIONS, THE
FADING LINE BETWEEN DOMESTIC AND
FOREIGN POLICY, THE
HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE
NEW EUROPE: A BALANCE SHEET OF THE
ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WORLD
WAR II, THE
UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION,
OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLI-
TICS
FORESTER, C. S., London Revisited, I,
131-37
Forestry: *See*
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET
SUSTAINED YIELD?
FRANK, WALDO, Paul Rosenfeld: The Lis-
tenser, II, 224-32
FROM THE FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE TO THE
SCIENCE OF THE FAIRY TALE, Fletcher
Pratt, II, 193-205

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- GALLOPING CONSUMER, THE, Celeste Turner Wright, II, 123-25
- GAY, ROBERT M., *Half-Hour Till Midnight*, II, 159-75; *Innocent Aboard*, IV, 82-96; *Mosaic: A Personal Essay*, I, 175-83
- GEOFFREY, WILLIAM (translator), *Moralities*, by Paul Valéry, III, 209-15
- GHOST LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, A Mark Twain Manuscript, with Foreword by Samuel C. Webster, II, 485-93
- GHOST OF AN APPREHENSION, THE, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, III, 254-63
- GLORIA VICTIS! THE SPIRIT OF 'FORTY-EIGHT, Albert Guérard, II, 441-53
- Government: See**
- ATOMIC BOMB AND THE CIVILIAN CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY, THE
 - CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS?
 - CONSENT AND COERCION IN GOVERNING
 - FADING LINE BETWEEN DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICY, THE
 - GOVERNMENT BY HABIT
 - I AM A BUREAUCRAT
 - UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION, OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLITICS
 - WRINGING THE BILL OF RIGHTS
- GOVERNMENT BY HABIT, Eldon L. Johnson, I, 405-16
- GRANDMOTHER ENGLAND TAKES IN THE WILD WEST, Helene Maxwell Hooker, I, 305-14
- GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE, Leslie Smith, IV, 224-35
- GRIFFITH, BEATRICE, *Who Are the Pachucos?* I, 352-60
- GRINNELL, ROBERT, F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West*, I, 214-24
- GROSS, CLEO SIBLEY, *One Thing or Another*, IV, 29
- GROUP OF REGION POETS, A, Muriel Rukeyser (editor), II, 42-55
- GUÉRARD, ALBERT, *Gloria Victis! The Spirit of 'Forty-eight*, II, 441-53
- HALF-HOUR TILL MIDNIGHT, Robert M. Gay, II, 159-75
- HANNA, PAUL R., *The Philippines—Meeting of East and West*, IV, 214-33
- HARPER, LAWRENCE A., *Shall the Professors Sign?* IV, 21-29
- HEATH-STUBBS, JOHN, Daphne, III, 83
- HEFFNER, HUBERT C., *The Decline of the Professional American Theatre*, I, 58-75
- HELM, MacKINLEY, *The Mexican Painters*, I, 417-27
- HENRICH, EDITH, *Poetry as Communication*, III, 125-40
- HENRY JAMES AND THE ACTRESS, Edwin Clark, III, 84-99
- HENRY JAMES AND "THE WHOLE FAMILY," B. R. McElderry, Jr., IV, 352-60
- HESIOD READ IN 1949, Alfred Neumeyer, IV, 104-20
- HILDEBRAND, J. H., *The Communist Party and the Academic Profession*, III, 166-69
- HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE, Dixon Wecter, IV, 160-72
- History, American: See**
- ADVENTURER TOO SOON
 - ARIZONA STRIP, THE
 - CALIFORNIA CENTENNIALS: A STUDY IN EXTREMES
 - COLUMBUS LEGEND, THE
 - DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA AS VIEWED BY NEW YORK AND LONDON, THE
 - EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, AND FLOOD
 - ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS, THE
 - HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE
 - HOUSE DIVIDED, A
 - "I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT"
 - NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR, THE
 - PRELUDE TO BIKINI
 - SOIL OF FREEDOM
 - SURRENDER AT PONAPE
 - UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION, OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLITICS
 - WEST AS SEEN FROM THE EAST (1800-1850), THE
- History, general: See**
- CHILDREN OF A VACUUM
 - ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS
 - FADING LINE BETWEEN DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICY, THE
 - FINNISH FACTS
 - GLORIA VICTIS! THE SPIRIT OF 'FORTY-EIGHT
 - GRANDMOTHER ENGLAND TAKES IN THE WILD WEST
 - LOST ANALOGY, 1815-1947, THE
 - MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS
 - MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT, THE
 - NEW EUROPE: A BALANCE SHEET OF THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WORLD WAR II, THE
 - RUMBLINGS OVER THE ANDES
 - RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT
 - THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES
 - WHO IS CLO? WHERE IS SHE?
- HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION, Franklin Walker, II, 127-33
- HOLT, W. STULL, *Uncle Sam as Deer, Jackal, and Lion, or The United States in Power Politics*, III, 41-54
- HOMAGE TO HENRY ADAMS, Robert A. Hume, II, 299-307
- "HOME IS A PLACE," Bessie Breuer, IV, 97-103
- HOOKE, HELENE MAXWELL, *Grandmother*

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- England Takes In the Wild West, I, 304-14
- HOUSE DIVIDED, A, William W. Clary, II, 253-61
- HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM, Carl Landauer, IV, 498-506
- HOWARD, JOSEPH KINSEY, Humanitarian, Mountain Style, III, 201-8; The Hutterites: Puzzle for Patriots, II, 30-41; Sainly Narcissa and the Blond Barmaid, II, 331-37; Timber Trouble: How Can We Get Sustained Yield? IV, 132-43
- HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN THE SCIENTIFIC MALE, Earl D. Lyon, III, 189-99
- HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER, THE, Joseph J. Firebaugh, IV, 426-38
- HUMANITARIAN, MOUNTAIN STYLE, Joseph Kinsey Howard, III, 201-8
- HUME, ROBERT A., Homage to Henry Adams, II, 299-307; Rodeo Parade, III, 40
- HUMORLESS INDIAN, THE, Virgil K. Whitaker, I, 458-63
- HUNTER, THE, Tom Bair, II, 424-40
- HUTTERITES: PUZZLE FOR PATRIOTS, THE, Joseph Kinsey Howard, II, 30-41
- I AM A BUREAUCRAT, "Wycliffe Allen," IV, 440-45
- "I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT," Wallace Stegner, I, 184-87
- Idaho:** *See*
HUMANITARIAN, MOUNTAIN STYLE
- IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED, Robert Hamilton Ball, I, 97-104
- ILYIN, BORIS, Down the Road a Piece, II, 83-87
- "IN DULCE JUBILO," Wallace A. Bacon, III, 354
- INNOCENT ABOARD, Robert M. Gay, IV, 82-96
- International:** *See*
CAN CHINESE CULTURE SURVIVE WESTERNIZATION?
CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS?
CHILDREN OF A VACUUM
CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES, 1940-46
CONSENT AND COERCION IN GOVERNING
GRANDMOTHER ENGLAND TAKES IN THE WILD WEST
LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF EDUCATION IN CHINESE UNIVERSITIES
MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS
MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT, THE
NEW EUROPE: A BALANCE SHEET OF THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WORLD WAR II, THE
RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT
THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES
TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, THE
UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION, OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLITICS
- INVISIBLE NOVELIST, THE, Bernard DeVoto, IV, 30-45
- IRVINE, WILLIAM, The Marble Index, IV, 466-73
- ISLANDER, Ben Ray Redman, III, 422-39
- JACKSON, JOSEPH HENRY, The Creation of Joaquin Murieta, II, 176-81
- JACOB HAMBLIN: APOSTLE TO THE LAMINITES, Juanita Brooks, II, 315-30
- James, Henry:** *See*
HENRY JAMES AND THE ACTRESS
HENRY JAMES AND "THE WHOLE FAMILY"
- Japanese, the:** *See*
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS
NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR, THE
SURRENDER AT PONAPE
TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, THE
JOHN MUIR, Marjorie Braymer, III, 200
JOHNSON, ELDON L., Consent of the Governed, III, 459-72; Government by Habit, I, 405-16
JOHNSON, FRANCIS R., The Columbus Legend, I, 56-57
JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD, Are Translators People? II, 479-84
JORDAN-SMITH, PAUL, The Westward Movement in Fiction—1947, II, 107-12
JOSÉ RIZAL, Daniel E. Kerman, I, 326-35
KEITH, JOSEPH JOEL, The Neighbor, III, 289
KERMAN, DANIEL E., José Rizal, I, 326-35
KIMPTON, LAWRENCE A., The Atomic Bomb and the Civilian Control of Atomic Energy, II, 206-15
KNOWLES, SQUIRE, Mardi Gras Dancers, Haiti (drawing), II, *facing* 1
KREY, A. C., Can Law Supplant Force in International Affairs? I, 76-87
KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD, Things That Go Bump in the Night, IV, 362-68
"LA BIMBINI," Angelo M. Pellegrini, III, 446-58
LAGUNA COVE (drawing), Paul Landacre, II, *facing* 241
LANDACRE, PAUL, Laguna Cove (drawing), II, *facing* 241
LANDAUER, CARL, How to Fight Communism, IV, 498-506
LATE-LEARNER AMONG THE MATHEMATICIANS, Inez Thrift, II, 182-92
- Law:** *See*
CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS?
FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE, THE
LAWYER RATIONALIZES HIS JOB, A
WRINGING THE BILL OF RIGHTS
LAWYER RATIONALIZES HIS JOB, A, Russell E. Smith, III, 274-83
LECOQ, RHODA, Behold a Pale Horse, III, 237-52

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE UNIVERSITIES, Henry Nash Smith, III, 329-37
- LET RADIO BE FAIR TO US! John W. Dodds, I, 376-90
- LET'S BE FAIR TO RADIO, Hartzell Spence, I, 339-51
- LET'S GIVE THE VETERANS AN EDUCATION, Bayard Quincy Morgan, II, 88-97
- LETTER FROM WISCONSIN: MCCARTHY ON THE HOME FRONT, David H. Stevens, IV, 278-85
- LEVI, ADELE, There Is No Axiom, IV, 361
- LEWIS, OSCAR, The Outlook for Western Publishing, I, 138-43
- Libraries:** See
BOOKS AT UCLA
BOOKS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
- LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF EDUCATION IN CHINESE UNIVERSITIES, William P. Fenn, II, 56-78
- LILLARD, RICHARD G., Substance and Art in New Western Books, IV, 174-86; Timber King, I, 14-26; A Year of Western Nonfiction, II, 388-98
- Lindsay, Vachel:** See
VACHEL LINDSAY IN SPOKANE
- LITTLE LESS THAN A GOD, Walter Prichard Eaton, I, 265-71
- LIVING WITH THE ATOM, Viola Lockhart Warren, II, 349-59
- LONDON REVISTED, C. S. Forester, I, 131-37
- LONG HOT DAY, THE, Patricia Farrell Zeller, III, 395-402
- Los Angeles:** See
CITY THAT WANTED THE TRUTH, THE
ON DYING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
WHO ARE THE "PACHUCOS"?
- LOST ANALOGY, 1815-1947, THE, Golo Mann, II, 3-13
- LOVE'S HUSBANDRY, Julie Sloane, IV, 319
- LYNCH, JOHN A., The Surgeon, III, 73-82
- LYON, E. WILSON, The Western Scholar, I, 399-404
- LYON, EARL D., Human Behavior in the Scientific Male, III, 189-99
- MCELDERRY, B. R., JR., Henry James and *The Whole Family*, IV, 352-60
- MACGOWAN, KENNETH, Man and Mammoth in America, II, 289-98
- MCWILLIAMS, CAREY, The City That Wanted the Truth, III, 177-88
- MAKERS OF FICTION (editorial), III, 253
- MAN AND MAMMOTH IN AMERICA, Kenneth MacGowan, II, 289-98
- MANDEL, ARTHUR A., The New Europe: A Balance Sheet of the Economic Consequences of World War II, II, 338-48
- MANDELBAUM, DAVID G., Ceremony in Gwalior, II, 262-77
- MANN, GOLO, The Lost Analogy, 1815-1947, II, 3-13
- MARBLE INDEX, THE, William Irvine, IV, 466-73
- MARDI GRAS DANCERS, HAITI (drawing), Squire Knowles, II, facing 1
- MAY, HENRY F., Through European Eyes, IV, 237-48
- Medicine:** See
NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE
WAR NEUROSIS—A PEACETIME PRODUCT
- MEETING CRISIS WITH UNDERSTANDING: UNESCO, Wallace Stegner, II, 241-52
- MEXICAN PAINTERS, THE, MacKinley Helm, I, 417-27
- Mexico:** See
DISOBEDIENT DIPLOMAT
MEXICAN PAINTERS, THE
VOICE OF MEXICO: THE "CORRIDO"
WHO ARE THE "PACHUCOS"?
- MILES, JOSEPHINE, Pacific Coast Poetry: 1947, II, 134-50
- MILITARY GENIUS OF ROBERT E. LEE, THE, Fletcher Pratt, II, 79-82
- MONGUIÓ, LUIS, Voice of Mexico: The *Corrido*, II, 98-106
- MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED, Leif Erickson, IV, 474-87
- Montana:** See
HUTTERITES: PUZZLE FOR PATRIOTS, THE
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD?
- MOORE, ROSALIE, American Fable, IV, 187-96; Shipwreck, III, 176
- MORALITIES, by Paul Valéry, translated by William Geoffrey, III, 209-15
- MORE BETTER, LESS BETTER, Farnsworth Crowder, III, 104-11
- MORGAN, BAYARD QUINCY, Let's Give the Veterans an Education, II, 88-97
- MORRISON, THEODORE, "The Fault, Dear Brutus," I, 235-50
- MOZAIC: A PERSONAL ESSAY, Robert M. Gay, I, 175-83
- MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS, Robert C. North and John H. Paasche, III, 141-52
- Moving pictures:** See
ANIMATED FILM: FANTASY AND FACT, THE
CRAFT OF THE FILM SCORE, THE
HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION
IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED
- MUMFORD, LEWIS, Transfiguration or Renewal? I, 391-98
- MUNICH STUDENT REVOLT, THE, James Donohoe, IV, 49-59
- MY BROTHER'S PECULIAR CHICKEN, Alejandro R. Roces, IV, 446-50
- MY FRIEND SANCHEZ, Herschel Brickell, IV, 337-41
- NEIGHBOR, THE, Joseph Joel Keith, III, 289

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- NELSON, ROBERT U., *The Craft of the Film Score*, I, 435-46
- NEUMEYER, ALFRED, *Hesiod Read in 1949*, IV, 104-20
- NEVIUS, BLAKE, *Steinbeck: One Aspect*, III, 302-10
- NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE, Windsor C. Cutting, M.D., IV, 260-70
- NEW EUROPE: A BALANCE SHEET OF THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WORLD WAR II, THE, Arthur A. Mandel, II, 338-48
- NEW SCHOOL, Marie Louise Burke, II, 308-14
- NIGHT SWIM, Eric Wilson Barker, IV, 439
- NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR, THE, Henry Tani, I, 203-13
- NITZE, WILLIAM A., *Pascal and the Modern Dilemma*, I, 361-68
- NOBLE POLYNESIAN, THE, James R. Baird, IV, 452-65
- NORTH, ROBERT C., AND JOHN H. PAASCHE, *Moscow and the Chinese Communists*, III, 141-52
- NOTE ON CAUSE AND EFFECT, A, William Foster Elliot, III, 284-88
- Novel, the:** *See*
HENRY JAMES AND "THE WHOLE FAMILY"
HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION
INVISIBLE NOVELIST, THE
SICK AMERICAN NOVEL, THE
STEINBECK AGAINST STEINBECK
STEINBECK AND THE BIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MAN
STEINBECK: ONE ASPECT
THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER . . .
WESTWARD MOVEMENT IN FICTION—1947, THE
- NOW IS ALWAYS BEGINNING, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, IV, 236
- ODECARD, PETER H., *The Fading Line Between Domestic and Foreign Policy*, II, 467-78
- ON DYING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, Dixon Wecter, II, 375-87
- ONE THING OR ANOTHER, Cleo Sibley Gross, IV, 29
- Oregon:** *See*
FINE LANGUAGE OF OREGON JUSTICE, THE
MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
PACIFIC COAST POETRY: 1947
TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD?
- OUTLOOK FOR WESTERN PUBLISHING, THE, Oscar Lewis, I, 138-43
- PAASCHE, JOHN H., AND ROBERT C. NORTH, *Moscow and the Chinese Communists*, III, 141-52
- PACIFIC COAST POETRY: 1947, Josephine Miles, II, 134-50
- Pacific islands:** *See*
NOBLE POLYNESIAN, THE
SURRENDER AT PONAPE
- Painting:** *See*
MEXICAN PAINTERS, THE
WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE?
- PAMPLONA REMEMBERED (FEAST OF SAN FERMIN), Ben Ray Redman, III, 100-103
- PARKINSON, THOMAS, *Some Recent Pacific Coast Poetry*, IV, 290-305
- PASCAL AND THE MODERN DILEMMA, William A. Nitze, I, 361-68
- PATTERN FOR DEMAGOGUES, Wallace Stegner, II, 399-411
- PAUL ROSENFELD: THE LISTENER, Waldo Frank, II, 224-32
- PELLEGRINI, ANGELO M., *La Bimbini*, III, 446-58
- Philippines, the:** *See*
ANNUAL REPORT, UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
PHILIPPINES — MEETING OF EAST AND WEST, THE
JOSÉ RIZAL
PHILIPPINES—MEETING OF EAST AND WEST, THE, Paul R. Hanna, IV, 214-33
- Philosophy:** *See*
F. S. C. NORTHROP'S "THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST"
NOTE ON CAUSE AND EFFECT, A
PASCAL AND THE MODERN DILEMMA
TWO CRITICS OF SOCIETY—MARX AND THOREAU
WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?
- PINK CEMENT, Tom Bair, III, 355-64
- PINKERTON, HELEN, *That Time Survived: Point Lobos*, 1950, IV, 451
- Poetry, articles dealing with:** *See*
BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA, THE
"FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS, THE"
GROUP OF REGION POETS, A
HESIOD READ IN 1949
PACIFIC COAST POETRY: 1947
POETRY AS COMMUNICATION
SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY
VOICE OF MEXICO: THE "CORRIDO"
POETRY AS COMMUNICATION, Edith Henrich, III, 125-40
- PRATT, FLETCHER, *From the Fairy Tale of Science to the Science of the Fairy Tale*, II, 193-205; *The Military Genius of Robert E. Lee*, II, 79-82
- PRELUDE TO BIKINI, Hugh Hildreth Skillington, I, 36-55
- PROBLEM IN CREATION, A, Richard K. Arnold, I, 428-34
- PROBLEM IN FICTION, A, Wallace Stegner, III, 368-75
- PROFESSOR IN SCANDINAVIA, THE, Waldemar Westergaard, I, 296-304
- Publishing:** *See*
ARE TRANSLATORS PEOPLE?
OUTLOOK FOR WESTERN PUBLISHING, THE
QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS AND PEAKS, Bernard DeVoto, I, 162-74

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

RADIN, MAX, Education for Conversation, I, 2-13

Radio: See

CRAFT OF THE FILM SCORE, THE

HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION

LET RADIO BE FAIR TO US!

LET'S BE FAIR TO RADIO

REAL DENNIS KEARNEY, THE, Miriam

Allen deFord, II, 454-57

REDMAN, BEN RAY, Islander, III, 422-39;

Pamplona Remembered (Feast of San Fermin), III, 100-103

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, "Excubitor!" Robert E. Fitch, IV, 306-18

REPORT FROM PALOMAR, William Foster Elliot, IV, 121

REVELATION BY FOC, Virginia Esterly Dunbar, II, 287-88

RIDE TO THE COAST, Virginia Esterly Dunbar, II, 287

ROCES, ALEJANDRO R., My Brother's Peculiar Chicken, IV, 446-50

RODEO PARADE, Robert A. Hume, III, 40

ROOD, JOHN, What's It Supposed to Be? I, 196-202

RUKEYSER, MURIEL (editor), A Group of Region Poets, II, 42-55

RUMBLINGS OVER THE ANDES, C. Langdon White, III, 403-20

Russia: See

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS, THE

MOSCOW AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT

RUSSIAN - AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT, Thomas A. Bailey, III, 55-62

SAINTLY NARCISSA AND THE BLOND BARMAID, Joseph Kinsey Howard, II, 331-37

Saroyan, William: See

TIME OF WILLIAM SAROYAN'S LIFE, THE

Scholarship: See

ARE TRANSLATORS PEOPLE?

BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNICATION, THE

WESTERN SCHOLAR, THE

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA (drawing), Mabel Farmer, III, facing 125

Science: See

ATOMIC BOMB AND THE CIVILIAN CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY, THE

MAN AND MAMMOTH IN AMERICA

NEW DRUGS AND DRUG SCIENCE

PRELUDE TO BIKINI

STEINBECK AND THE BIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MAN

WAR NEUROSIS—A PEACETIME PRODUCT

SEARS, LAWRENCE, China Through American Eyes, 1940-46, I, 285-95; Toward a Responsible Art, II, 278-86

SERIOUS BUSINESS OF SEMPER TOOK, Clinton Williams, III, 421

SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN? Lawrence A. Harper, IV, 21-29

Shaw, George Bernard: See

SHAW: IRONIST OR PARADOCTOR?

SHAW: IRONIST OR PARADOCTOR? Alan Reynolds Thompson, I, 113-29

SHEETS, MILLARD, AND JOSEPH DONAT, Wild Horses, Mexico (drawing), I, facing 361

SHIPWRECK, Rosalie Moore, III, 176

SHIRLEY, SYLVIA, Slow Journey, IV, 323-36

Short story, writing of: See

GHOST OF AN APPREHENSION, THE

"HOME IS A PLACE"

PROBLEM IN FICTION, A

STORY OF A STORY, THE

SICK AMERICAN NOVEL, THE, Sophus Keith Winther, I, 105-12

SIERRA LANDSCAPE, Marjorie Braymer, III, 200

SILVER, H. M., Books in Cans and Envelopes, IV, 404-10

SKILLING, HUGH HILDRETH, Prelude to Bikini, I, 36-55

SLOANE, JULIE, Love's Husbandry, IV, 319

SLOW JOURNEY, Sylvia Shirley, IV, 323-36

SMITH, HENRY NASH, Legislatures, Communists, and State Universities, III, 329-37; Soil of Freedom, II, 151-58

SMITH, LESLIE, The Grass on the Other Side, IV, 224-35

SMITH, RUSSELL E., A Lawyer Rationalizes His Job, III, 274-83

SMITH, T. V., Consent and Coercion in Governing, I, 315-25

SOIL OF FREEDOM, Henry Nash Smith, II, 151-58

SOME RECENT PACIFIC COAST POETRY, Thomas Parkinson, IV, 290-305

South America: See

HISTORIAN AS CULTURAL AGENT, THE

MY FRIEND SANCHEZ

RUMBLINGS OVER THE ANDES

SPENCE, HARTZELL, Let's Be Fair to Radio, I, 339-51

SPINCARN, LAWRENCE P., Thunder of the Buffalo, III, 328

SPOEHR, ALEXANDER, Surrender at Ponape, III, 376-83

STALEY, EUGENE, Economic Development in the Orient: Some Problems, I, 144-61

STEGNER, WALLACE, "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night," I, 184-87; Meeting

Crisis with Understanding: UNESCO,

II, 241-52; Pattern for Demagogues, II,

399-411; A Problem in Fiction, III, 368-

75

Steinbeck, John: See

SICK AMERICAN NOVEL, THE

STEINBECK AGAINST STEINBECK

STEINBECK AND THE BIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MAN

STEINBECK: ONE ASPECT

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- STEINBECK AGAINST STEINBECK, Donald Weeks, I, 447-57
- STEINBECK AND THE BIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MAN, Frederick Bracher, II, 14-29
- STEINBECK: ONE ASPECT, Blake Nevius, III, 302-10
- STERLING, J. E. WALLACE, Who Is Clio? Where Is She? I, 272-84
- STERN, ALFRED, What is Existentialism? IV, 388-403
- STEVENS, DAVID H., Letter from Wisconsin: McCarthy on the Home Front, IV, 278-85
- STEWART, GEORGE R., Truth Crushed to Earth at Gravelly Ford, Nevada, IV, 46-48; The Twilight of the Printed Book, III, 32-39; The West as Seen from the East (1800-1850), I, 188-95
- STORY OF A STORY, THE, Jessamyn West, III, 264-73
- SUBSTANCE AND ART IN NEW WESTERN BOOKS, Richard G. Lillard, IV, 174-86
- SURGEON, THE, John A. Lynch, III, 73-82
- SURRENDER AT PONAPE, Alexander Spoehr, III, 376-83
- SURRENDORF, CHARLES, Wells Fargo, Columbia (drawing), II, *facing* 361
- TALES OF DON COYOTE, J. Frank Dobie, III, 153-65
- TANI, HENRY, The Nisei Since Pearl Harbor, I, 203-13
- TAYLOR, ARCHER, Folklore and the Student of Literature, II, 216-23
- THAT TIME SURVIVED: POINT LOBOS, 1950, Helen Pinkerton, IV, 451
- Theater:** *See*
- DECLINE OF THE PROFESSIONAL AMERICAN THEATRE, THE
- IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED
- Theology:** *See*
- REINHOLD NIEBUHR, "EXCUBITOR!"
- THERE IS NO AXIOM, Adele Levi, IV, 361
- THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT, Joseph Wood Krutch, IV, 362-68
- THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER . . . , Neal Cross, IV, 488-96
- THOMPSON, ALAN REYNOLDS, Shaw: Ironist or Paradoctior? I, 113-29
- THOMPSON, LOVELL, Eden in Peril, IV, 197-213
- THOREAU, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, I, 464-77
- THOUGHTS OF AENEAS, Tom Bair, IV, 81
- THRIFT, INEZ, Late-Learner Among the Mathematicians, II, 182-92
- THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES, Henry F. May, IV, 237-48
- THUNDER OF THE BUFFALO, Lawrence P. Spingarn, III, 328
- TIMBER KING, Richard G. Lillard, I, 14-26
- TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD, Joseph Kinsey Howard, IV, 132-43
- TIME OF WILLIAM SAROYAN'S LIFE, THE, Frederic I. Carpenter, I, 88-96
- TIME OF YEAR: THREE POEMS OF AUTUMN, William Everson, III, 384-85
- TOWARD A RESPONSIBLE ART, Laurence Sears, II, 278-86
- Tradition and the Skeptic:** *See*
- BELEACUERED WAGON TRAIN, THE
- COLUMBUS LEGEND, THE
- CREATION OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, THE
- FINNISH FACTS
- HUMANITARIAN, MOUNTAIN STYLE
- HUMORLESS INDIAN, THE
- "I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT"
- MARBLE INDEX, THE
- MILITARY GENIUS OF ROBERT E. LEE, THE
- REAL DENNIS KEARNEY, THE
- RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: LEGEND AND FACT
- SAINTLY NARCISSA AND THE BLOND BARMAID
- TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH AT GRAVELLY FORD, NEVADA
- TRANSFIGURATION OR RENEWAL? Lewis Mumford, I, 391-98
- TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH AT GRAVELLY FORD, NEVADA, GEORGE R. STEWART, IV, 46-48
- TWAIN, MARK, Ghost Life on the Mississippi, An Unpublished Manuscript, with Foreword by Samuel C. Webster, II, 485-92
- TWILIGHT OF THE PRINTED BOOK, THE, George R. Stewart, III, 32-39
- TWO CRITICS OF SOCIETY—MARX AND THOREAU, C. R. B. Combellack, III, 440-45
- TWO JAPANS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, THE, John J. Espey, IV, 342-51
- UICHANCO, LEOPOLDO BANCAN, Annual Report, University of the Philippines, III, 4-23
- UNCLE SAM AS DEER, JACKAL, AND LION, OR THE UNITED STATES IN POWER POLITICS, W. Stull Holt, III, 41-54
- United Nations:** *See*
- MEETING CRISIS WITH UNDERSTANDING: UNESCO
- Universities:** *See*
- ACADEMIC PROCESSION
- BOOKS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
- BOOKS AT UCLA
- COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE ACADEMIC PROFESSION, THE
- FACULTY MEETING
- LEGISLATURES, COMMUNISTS, AND STATE UNIVERSITIES
- PROFESSOR IN SCANDINAVIA, THE
- SHALL THE PROFESSORS SIGN?
- Utah:** *See*
- JACOB HAMBLIN: APOSTLE TO THE LAMANITES

INDEX TO VOLUMES I-IV

- VACHEL LINDSAY IN SPOKANE, Emmett L. Avery, III, 338-53
- VALÉRY, PAUL, *Moralities*, translated by William Geoffrey, III, 209-15
- VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL, THE, LoVerne Brown, IV, 286-89
- Verse: See**
- ACADEMIC PROCESSION
- ANTELOPE CREEK
- CYNIC'S PRAYER
- DAPHNE
- DAWN REDWOODS ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA, THE
- DRY HILL, THE
- FACULTY MEETING
- "IN DULCE JUBILO"
- JOHN MUIR
- LOVE'S HUSBANDRY
- NEIGHBOR, THE
- NIGHT SWIM
- NOW IS ALWAYS BEGINNING
- ONE THING OR ANOTHER
- PAMPLONA REMEMBERED (FEAST OF SAN FERMIN)
- REPORT FROM PALOMAR
- REVELATION BY FOG
- RIDE TO THE COAST
- RODEO PARADE
- SERIOUS BUSINESS OF SEMPER TOOK
- SHIPWRECK
- SIERRA LANDSCAPE
- THAT TIME SURVIVED: POINT LOBOS, 1950
- THERE IS NO AXIOM
- THOUGHTS OF AENEAS
- THUNDER OF THE BUFFALO
- TIME OF YEAR: THREE POEMS OF AUTUMN
- VENOMOUS TOADSTOOL, THE
- Veterans: See**
- LET'S GIVE THE VETERANS AN EDUCATION
- VIRGIN LAND VERSUS GOOD EARTH, T. A. Bisson, IV, 370-80
- VOICE OF MEXICO: THE "CORRIDO," Luis Monguió, II, 98-106
- VOSPER, ROBERT, *Books at UCLA*, II, 113-22
- WALKER, FRANKLIN, *Hollywood in Fiction*, II, 127-33
- WAR NEUROSIS — A PEACETIME PRODUCT, William Hulbert Barrow, III, 386-94
- WARREN, VIOLA LOCKHART, *Living with the Atom*, II, 349-59
- Washington: See**
- MONOPOLY—FOREST SERVICE SPONSORED
- PACIFIC COAST POETRY: 1947
- TIMBER KING
- TIMBER TROUBLE: HOW CAN WE GET SUSTAINED YIELD?
- VACHEL LINDSAY IN SPOKANE
- WEBSTER, SAMUEL C., *Foreword to Ghost Life on the Mississippi*, by Mark Twain, II, 485-92
- WECTER, DIXON, *The Historian as Cultural Agent*, IV, 160-72; *On Dying in Southern California*, II, 375-87
- WEEKS, DONALD, *Steinbeck Against Steinbeck*, I, 447-57
- WELLS FARGO, COLUMBIA (drawing), Charles Surrendorf, II, *facing* 361
- WEST, JESSAMYN, *The Story of a Story*, III, 264-73
- WEST AS SEEN FROM THE EAST (1800-1850), THE, George R. Stewart, I, 188-95
- WESTERGAARD, WALDEMAR, *The Professor in Scandinavia*, I, 296-304
- WESTERN SCHOLAR, THE, E. Wilson Lyon, I, 399-404
- WESTWARD MOVEMENT IN FICTION—1947, THE, Paul Jordan-Smith, II, 107-12
- Weyerhaeuser, Frederick: See**
- TIMBER KING
- WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM? Alfred Stern, IV, 388-403
- WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE? John Rood, I, 196-202
- WHITAKER, VIRGIL K., *The Humorless Indian*, I, 458-63
- WHITE, C. LANGDON, *Rumblings Over the Andes*, III, 403-20
- WHO ARE THE "PACHUCOS"? Beatrice Griffith, I, 352-60
- WHO IS CLIO? WHERE IS SHE? J. E. Wallace Sterling, I, 272-84
- WICKERSHAM, VIRGINIA VOORHEIS, *Disobedient Diplomat*, II, 458-66
- WILD HORSES — MEXICO (drawing), Millard Sheets and Joseph Donat, I, *facing* 361
- Wilder, Thornton: See**
- HUMANISM OF THORNTON WILDER, THE
- WILLIAMS, CLINTON, *Serious Business of Semper Took*, III, 421
- WINTHER, SOPHUS KEITH, *The Sick American Novel*, I, 105-12
- Wolfe, Thomas: See**
- THOMAS WOLFE: IF I AM NOT BETTER . . .
- WRIGHT, CELESTE TURNER, *The Galloping Consumer*, II, 123-25
- WRIGHT, LOUIS B., *The Breakdown of Intellectual Communication*, I, 27-35
- WRINGING THE BILL OF RIGHTS, Charles P. Curtis, II, 361-74
- Writing technique: See**
- ANIMATED FILM: FANTASY AND FACT, THE
- "FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS, THE"
- GHOST OF AN APPREHENSION, THE
- "HOME IS A PLACE"
- INVISIBLE NOVELIST, THE
- POETRY AS COMMUNICATION
- PROBLEM IN FICTION, A
- QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS AND PEAKS
- STORY OF A STORY, THE
- YEAR OF WESTERN NONFICTION, A, Richard G. Lillard, II, 388-98
- ZELVER, PATRICIA FARRELL, *The Long Hot Day*, III, 395-402

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Winter 1950

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